THE SHEET MUSIC OF HEAVEN

(Spiritual Song)

THE MIGHTY TRIUMPHS OF SACRED SONG



By CLAYTON F. BERSTINE

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(Spiritual Song)

The Mighty Triumphs of Sacred Song

BY

C. F. DERSTINE

"Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of the saints."

SECOND EDITION

MENNONITE PUBLISHING HOUSE

SCOTTDALE, PA.

1926

Introductory Remarks

This book has been called by an expert on Christian Songs as "The only music book of its kind in the world." It is a unique treasure for several reasons: It contains a Lecture on Christian Song, which embodies knowledge that is needed to promote singing with intelligence and deep spiritual appreciation of these melodies of heaven called "Spiritual Songs," or "The Sheet Music of Heaven." This collection of hymns and songs was made possible only by the noteworthy co-operation of outstanding Song Book Publishers in America who have given the privilege of using some of their most expensive copyright songs. This in part was made possible because the author of this book is not in the Song Book business, and was not working for his own interest, but for the cause of Christian Song in general.

This book is a miniature encyclopedia of interesting and instructive facts concerning song and music. Celebrated authors of songs and writers of music are brought to the attention of the reader in a lively and concise way, men whose memories should be kept fresh in the minds of on-coming generations. There are good books in circulation which give data in a more thorough and detailed way, but this has purposely been avoided so as to meet the needs of the busy masses who have neither the time, money, nor desire to search in great detail, as do students of Hymnology. The author desires to give credit to Mr. Theron Brown, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, Mr. Ira Sankey, Mr. Lorenz and others for noteworthy service in this direction, whose books we have occasionally quoted.

Beautiful and helpful new songs are always welcome to lovers of song, and classic old songs make their own peculiar appeal. This large collection of the better class of both kinds was given the Church by the foremost authors of this age, as well as by renowned authors of bygone days. The compiler had no special class in view, the songs are not his own personal favorites. He has sought to select such songs that every lover of music and song might find his own favorite songs. It is hardly to be expected that any one person will appreciate all the songs selected. The author's aim is to give most of the essential familiar hymns of the Church, frequently called "Standard" and "Immortal" songs, as well as the outstanding songs of the present day that are expected to render a noteworthy ministry. New songs add freshness to the old songs of the past, and have revivalistic and evangelistic power.

This book is sent on its ministry with heartfelt thanks to God and His glorious Son, Jesus Christ, whose name and cause it seeks to forward, by the promotion of "Evangelical Christianity."

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CO-OPERATING PUBLISHERS AND OTHERS

This book can be procured from the following Publishers, as well as all kinds of Sacred Song Books. We are naming only the outstanding Hymn and Song Book of each company. They have by their courtesy made possible this useful book. Combined, these Publishers stand in the front rank as the greatest Christian Song Publishers in the world. Below this list will be found the names of others who have contributed to this book, some of whose names have become known internationally in the Christian Church.

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THE SHEET MUSIC OF HEAVEN

or

The Mighty Triumphs of Sacred Song

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock. and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.—Psa. 40:2, 3.

Where is God my maker, who **giveth songs** in the night?—Job 35:10.

Can I hear any more the voice of **singing men** and **singing women**? II Sam. 19:35.

The last quoted passage of Scripture is the question that Barzillai put to King David when he offered him a place in his palace in Jerusalem; this eighty-year-old gentleman would know whether song and music made by human lips would cheer him in the sunset hours of his life. Can we imagine a world without music? It would truly be a monotonous existence.

Ever since the creation of the world music has been as essential to man's existence as food and raiment. Ever since the morning stars (angelic host) sang together in glory while the Creator formed and fashioned the world, man has had an undying need for music in his heart.

When Christ on the eve of His death on the Cross sang a hymn with His disciples, He touched chords in the human heart that were broken, but to-day the mighty wave of sacred song is proof evident that Christian song is indeed the "Sheet Music of Heaven." The worship of heaven and its songs will truly be of a higher order, but not of higher or better themes than the song in this world that exalts God, Jesus Christ, Holiness, Righteousness, and the Grace of God.

Already there are about 400,000 sacred songs written in about 200 languages and dialects. When the 700 languages into which the Bible has been translated shall all be heard from, it will increase that mighty chorus. Who among the list of mortals can estimate the great power for good that these songs have been?

Salvation and song have been twin sisters. Wherever the heart of a man has been changed, there the new song has been heard from the lips of redeemed men and women. From the lips of profanity and vileness to hymns of holiness and praise to God has been the experience of millions. Expressions of worship, prayer and praise arise to God through the avenue of sacred song from the voices of millions in all lands and climes.

Great revivals have ridden on the crest of Christian song throughout the ages. The songs sung during the Reformation period had much to do with the great spiritual upheavals of that era. The courage of many martyrs was stimulated by the enthusiasm of song. Many times after the fagots were lit, amid the crackling flames could be heard the song of a dying saint. Women went to the scaffold as they did to the altar on their bridal day, encouraged in the hour of their terrible ordeal by some song that gave the necessary courage to be true to Christ and His Gospel till the last.

Dwight L. Moody was wont to say that he believed that his singing evangelist, Sankey, sang more people back to God than he ever preached back. The association of Gospel preaching and the spiritual singing of Sacred Songs make a powerful combination to change lives and nations. More powerful for good are they than the best code of laws to make men good. Someone has said, "He who does not sing at his work is a dangerous man."

The much beloved poet Longfellow recognized the power of song, that God gives in the night seasons, when he wrote:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

He was more of a philosopher than a poet who wrote, "If I may write a nation's songs, I care not who writes her laws." Nations have risen and fallen by the power of the songs that were sung within their boundaries. Sing me the songs of a nation, and it does not take much of a prophetic eye to see whether that nation shall rise or decline. Songs are an index of the heart and inner life of individuals and nations. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," but the mouth is the tell-tale of what is going on inside.

Someone has aptly written that music rules the world.

"Music rules the natural world. That was a great day when the planets first swung in place and space. That was a greater day when the spheres were anointed with song. The world was born with music—when the 'stars first sang together.' The world was redeemed with music—'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' The world will end with music—'the song of Moses and the Lamb.' God's great organ is Nature. 'The stars are the keys.' The stars—

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

"All the air is filled with invisible bells, angels are the ringers and the mountains ring with music and all the hills sing with joy. The fifing of the winds, the beating of the waves, the sighing of the bough, the whisk of the bird's wing—these are part of Nature's great orchestra. The chirping robin, the twittering swallow, the caroling lark, the trilling thrush, the warbling canary, these are part of Nature's great choir. The dirge of the tree-tops, the moaning of the seas, the weird soundings of the woods, the whisper of the spring, the cadence of the waterfall, the zephyr of the winds, the rhythm of the brook—these are Nature's minor chords.

"The deep roar of the ocean as it beats against the rocks, the thundering oratorio of the cataract, the crash of the storm, 'the music of the spheres'—these are Nature's major chords. 'Everything that hath breath' doth declare that music rules the world of nature."

There is an opportunity to render service for God in every community by directing its song life, by inspiring the people to sing wholesome songs. Outside of the worship of God every home should have its constant periods of singing. The prophet Isaiah urged more than 700 years before Christ, "Make sweet melody, sing many songs, that thou mayest be remembered." God is constantly seeking to make men happy, and each should contribute his share to the sum total of the world's pure joys.

The individual who possesses a heart that is tuned to singing makes the world more cheery. He radiates a spirit that makes for better living. It is worth going blocks to hear a singer whose face is lit up by the power of the song that comes past the lips.

The writer of this poem expresses a worthwhile truth:

Beauty, Music and Love

Though the world has many shadows,
  Yet there's beauty everywhere
Do we raise our eyes to see it;
  In its grandeur we may share.
In the bursting buds of springtime,
  In the sunset's golden glow,
There is e'er a charm and splendor
  Which all beauty-lovers know!

Oh, the world is full of music,
  As in bird note sweet and clear,
Or in happy childish voices,
  Do we have a list'ning ear!
There is music in the brooklet
  As it gurgles on its way,
In the nestling's waking twitter
  At the first fair gleam of day!

Aye, the world is full of loving,
  Do we have a heart that feels
All the tender lovingkindness
  Which the Father's love reveals;
Or the mother's gentle accents
  As she lulls her babe to rest
In the mystic, brooding silence
  While the sun sinks in the west!

—Edna A. Eaton.

Luther once called music "the daughter of heaven." There are more commands in the Bible to sing than to pray. This brings our minds to Him, from whom the inspiration to sing has come.

THE ORIGIN AND SOURCE OF MUSIC AND SONG

God Himself is music and harmony. Before sin entered the world there was no discord or minor note in all creation. Tears, the opposite of music, were never seen until man turned his back on God and lost the music of the soul. The prophet Zephaniah tells us that the Creator Himself sings. Speaking of His people Israel, it is said that He "rejoiced over Israel with singing." The earliest records give the fact that song is one of the wonders of heaven. The Sacred Book informs us that Jesus sang. The old temple worship with its grand ritual was kept alive by the addition of music at the express command of God. At the dedication of the temple there were 200,000 singers. There were 120 directors of music on that wonderful occasion.

In lands where God is unknown song has died out. It is the joy of the missionary of our day to make Christ known in these lands, and again to hear the voice of Singing Men, Women, and Children. The following by a missionary in China makes an appeal to the heart:

"When we have begun to know the blessings of the Jehovah-song, we can understand how it is that in heathen lands music is not music at all—only a tragic counterfeit, a cruel deformity. Charles Ernest Scott, of China, was asked what he had found of real music in that black land of heathenism, and this is what he answered:

"'I have walked hundreds of miles, along side of, behind, and in front of, many Chinese, and have listened intently to their weird, minor, nasal cavortings in high falsetto, vainly trying myself to imitate and reproduce those sounds. I understand something of what real music is, having spent a good many years studying it, and practicing it, but by the largest stretch of the imagination I cannot call this singing.

"'There are several Buddhist chants, with which the common folks are familiar. Some of these have been used with Christian words and put into our church hymnals; but they are concessions to Chinese tradition, and are very few in number. They begin and end in minors, are full of quaverings and as loaded with melancholy as an egg is with meat. Weird,

there is a vein of sadness in them as of joy unattained, of hope unrealizable. They give many people a sense of unutterable homesickness.

"'I have moved among the peasants in the fields, among the traders at the market, among the travelers bound on festival pilgrimages, among thousands in the wild frenzies of "mob worshiping" at famed temples, among people in many kinds of heathen processions, but never have I among them heard **music.** To the music-lover as such it is depressing in the extreme; all this heathen world of **noise,** and of countless faces, dull, or expressionless, or stupid, or sottish, or evil, or leering, or bestial, or unutterably sad, even while they chant to make worship.

"'If leaden motives cannot be transfused into golden deeds, neither can the conditions of heathen horror be expected to produce in those who sit in darkness glad and holy song to the Creator and Preserver, Savior and Lord, whom they know not.'"

It is expressly stated in the third chapter of Lamentations, the sixty-third verse, that God is not only the origin of Music and Song, but that He is the music of His own beings. "I am their music." A modern newspaper, in a poem, seeks to unfold how the Divine Being seeks to bring out the music of a harmonious and happy life from all His creatures.

The Music of Man's Heart

Since ever the world was fashioned,
  Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
  Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
  On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of a forest,
  He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth His hand to the ocean,
  He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
  Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
  He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song as a mother
  Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music Divinest and dearest,
  Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
  He draws from the heart of man.

THE DIVINE URGE TO SING

"Singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord," is the divine injunction. The Lord appreciates the life most that is tuned to song. The happy Christian is most apt to render the most service to his fellowmen. The smile on the face and the song of the heart is one of the best advertisements for the Gospel. Just to see a saved man smile and to feel the pulse of a joyful heart is a real treat. Moffatt translates Ephesians 5:18-20 thus:

Be filled with the Spirit, converse with one another in the music of psalms, in hymns, and in songs of the spiritual life, praise the Lord heartily with words and music, and render thanks unto God the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ at all times and for all things!

"Come before his presence with singing," is one of the preparatory ways to get ready to meet God. The Lord urges His people to come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. This everlasting joy is the "SHEET MUSIC OF HEAVEN" in the souls of Christ's followers. Dear Christian, don't sit on the banks of God's river repining. Plunge into that stream that makes glad the city of God. That stream is blood red, flowing from Golgotha's hill. Sin has been atoned for. Plunge in and be pardoned, then go out into the world with the new song on your lips, and many shall hear it and they too shall believe.

THE DIVINE INTENT IN SINGING

Everything that God has brought into existence has an object in its creation, every faculty possessed by man should be brought into use. Singing sacred music meets some of the most crying needs of humanity.

The first object of singing is the rendering to God of praise and adoration in a pleasurable way. It brings to the surface the powers of worship, makes man to remember the source of his every good. It calls attention to the holiness of God. It urges man to see the redemptive work of Jesus Christ in His perfect life, and in the shedding of His blood as a ransom price for the sins of mankind. It keeps before the mind of man the doctrines and principles of the Bible. It aids man to be happy in the face of death, since it constantly describes the beauty and glory of the world beyond.

In the second place, sacred song serves the purpose of speaking to others, as well as warning others of their impending doom, urging them to be saved and to prove by their lives that they are Christians indeed. During the great Chicago fire, while D. L. Moody was urging sinners to repentance and faith in Christ, with apparently no visible results, Sankey sang that old-time hymn, little thinking that the song was to become literally true that night when many passed into eternity, without finding refuge in Christ. He sang to others:

"Today the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly,
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
The Spirit calls today,
Yield to His power,
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour."

While Sankey was singing this song, the skies were red and the clanging of bells with rushing crowds made more vivid those warning words. The singer's voice was drowned by the loud noise of the fire engines rushing past the hall and the tolling of bells, among which could be heard, ever and anon, the deep sullen tones of the great city bell in the steeple of the old court-house close at hand, ringing out a general alarm. Surely in song we sing to others.

Another intention in the use of Sacred Song is the singing to ourselves. "Speaking to yourselves," is the way the apostle Paul states the same matter. Millions have preached to themselves in the singing of songs. Much of the Biblical knowledge possessed by many Christians was obtained by their knowledge of sacred songs. In the following song the singer sings largely to himself:

"My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
Fight on, my, soul till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode."

A fourth object of Sacred Song is the help it gives the soul in its defense against the wiles of the devil. The soul's adversary is constantly and relentlessly waging a warfare against the souls of those who have clearly and definitely placed themselves on the Lord's side. This battle sometimes becomes exceedingly bitter. The believer has different ways and methods of defense. In this message we would urge the use of Song as a means of defense. There are songs that encourage the soul, that strengthen faith, that inspire hope. There are songs that can be sung to the devil that will put him to rout. For instance, when the soul rests its salvation on the finished work of Christ and sings:

"My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness,
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

THE "WHAT" OF SINGING

The question of "What shall we sing?" is a live one. The production of good songs is a colossal task, but both question and task have been met. Consecrated men and women in all ages down to the present time have given us worthwhile words and music. The apostle advises the singing of "psalms, hymns and spiritual songs." These cover a vast scope in every realm of life.

We should sing of mercies past. It should never be forgotten that God the Fountain Head of all our mercies has been gracious in the yesterdays of life. God in the eternity that is past, before He made the hills or scooped out space for the mighty sea, or hung the planets in this large universe, thought of us, loved us, had mercy upon us, gave Christ to die for us, recorded our names in the Book of Life. Yea, we should sing of mercies past, and future good implore.

Songs of salvation should fall from our lips, such as, "Since I Have Been Redeemed." Songs of Repentance, or a godly sorrow for sins and the errors of the past have a place, such as "Just as I am, Without One Plea." This was written by Charlotte Elliott after a brief period of backsliding. The songs of Christian service have their place, such as "Rescue the Perishing, Care for the Dying." Many have been stirred to a greater concern for the lost by songs of this character. Songs of righteousness and true holiness need constant utterance in the individual life and in the Church of our Lord. Of this group the following is a representative song, and has wide acceptance, "Help me to be Holy, O Father of Light." Songs of consecration are helpful; such as "I'll Live for Him, Who Died for Me." The singer should be able to sing songs of judgment, as the psalmist David, when the Lord punished him for his wrongs, he said, "I will sing of thy just judgment."

THE "HOW" OF SINGING

Some excuse themselves by saying, "I enjoy singing, but I can't sing myself." This at first seems a plausible reason, but on closer examination of the Scriptures we find that what God is pleased with, all humanity can have part in. The Bible requires one to sing in the Spirit; that is, in the real inner consciousness of the soul, meaning every expression uttered by the lips. If this is done the songs that are sung become a part of our own character. We are exhorted to sing "with the understanding." This leads to thoughtful appreciation of what the lips utter, in the nature of the music itself as well as is in the words of the song. The Lord does not appreciate hearing us sing that which is so lifeless that it does not move our own minds. Intelligent singing of songs is one of the mightiest factors in the building of character that this world has known.

When a former opera singer came to a town she was requested to sing at a community revival. She replied, "Since my son ran away from home, I have ceased singing, entirely." This woman had left the stage, then became a Christian, but she felt that she could not sing, till her boy would be back home again with her. The pastor urged her to sing anyhow. She complied. She truly sang in the spirit the song, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" God answered the longings of her broken heart by bringing her boy into that large crowd. He was converted that night, as well as some other mothers' boys. If all our singing were as truly singing in the Spirit as that song was that night, who would be capable of imagining the changed world that would be ours?

If we would always "sing unto the Lord" as we ought, songs and singing would never become wearisome. Much of the singing of today is aimed too low; it is aimed at being pleasing to man. Often the thought of the Lord never enters the mind of the singer. Frequently song is only directed at the ears of men. This entirely misses the Divine object and intent.

It is said of a certain minister, who, disgusted with the singing of his choir, prayed a rather unique prayer: "Lord, bless the singing of the choir to our hearts; you know what they sang, but we do not." This was no gentle rebuke, but it may have been merited. We ourselves have heard singing that made us wonder what foreign language we were listening to, and sometimes it seemed as if no language were used. The story is told of a certain mother whose son had gone to a foreign country for voice training and musical culture. On his return home his mother was accosted as to the success of her son. She replied, "He must have been successful, for he can now sing and nobody understands what he is singing about." May God bless that large generation of folks that are still singing unto the Lord, and we are sure that they will be singing to folks, thus being a blessing.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord." Thus the apostle Paul drafts every man to sing, for noise is within the range of every man's capabilities. The Lord even appreciates the singer with a "cracked" voice. It may bore man, but the Lord is not bored, if but the motive is good, the heart stirred, and the understanding in action. Some of the world's most acceptable music may have been quite inferior singing. In the world to come the Lord will adjust the musical box of the poor singer, but He has never promised in that world to change the heart of the man out of tune with Himself and right. If you know nothing of Rythmics, Melodics, and Dynamics, sing anyhow.

THE "WHEN" AND "WHERE" OF SINGING

The time and place to start the singing habit is in childhood, at the opening portals of life. This is the time when the best impressions are made, as well as the most permanent. In this fertile period of life the grooves are made that too often settle for all time the bent and characteristics of the individual. Sitting beside an elderly lady who had reached the century mark, all but eight years, I noticed her blind eyes. I had known that she could barely hear the sound of the voice, except when the speaker would scream into her ears. She seemed so contented and happy. I just had to ask her one question. It was this, "You seem so happy and contented. Tell me, What makes that possible in your quiet and dark world?" She replied, "When I get lonesome I start to sing the songs I learned when I was a little girl, and repeat the Bible verses I learned when I was young." What a lesson for all to learn that are younger.

Daily we ought to sing from the depth of our whole being:

"I owe the Lord a morning song,
Of gratitude and praise,
For the kind mercies He has shown
In lengthening out my days."

Sing when the children are small. When the child sits upon its mother's lap, sing it to sleep with Christian lullabys. Sing when they are in the nursery, sing as they leave the parental roof for school. Sing Christian Hymns when the battle of life for them has begun. Sing when they are approaching "Fool's Hill." Sing when they are about ready to leave the home place for all time. Then there will be hallowed memories that will stay by them, then the songs will come back on the air, when they will need the help of the ministry of those songs and the truth which they convey. No wonder the song writer wrote thus: "Sing Me the Songs My Mother

Sang in Childhood Long Ago." No wonder the poet has penned the following beautiful lines:

Mother's Hymns

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended;
The singer sleeps at last;
While I sit gazing at her armchair vacant,
And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,
As, singing soft and low
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,
She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph
Or loud-toned trumpet's call,
Bidding the people "prostrate fall before Him,"
"And crown Him—Lord of all."

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,
That leaned upon His Word,
Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection,
"I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"
She bade farewell to fear;
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,
She "read her title clear."

Joyful she saw "From Greenland's icy Mountains"
The Gospel flag unfurled;
And knew by faith "the morning light was breaking"
Over a sinful world.

"There is a fountain," how the tones triumphant
Rose in victorious strains,
"Filled with that precious Blood, for all the ransomed,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pain, nor sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,
The Lover of her soul.

Sing by the Fireside, around the family hearth. The happiest homes are the singing homes, the happiest people are the singing people. Some of the fondest memories are the hours in the evening spent together in a songfest. They will remember for all time some of the precious hours spent in song, in some-

body's home. I can still hear the notes of the songs that often ended the day beneath the parental roof. An evening spent with the radio will not leave behind such precious memories. I can still hear those evening songs, "Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing, Ere Repose our Spirits Seal," or "In Mercy Lord Remember Me, Through all the Hours of Night."

A good way to begin the day is to sing in the morning. Taking a good bath of praise is a necessary toilet arrangement to make us presentable for public gaze. Many would see better days if they were begun with the voice of "singing men and singing women." Often victory or defeat is the result of a song that was breathed at the dawn of day, or failed to be sung. When the sun rises may the spirit rise, revived and refreshed by the quickening power of a spiritual song. A powerful preacher, once an infidel, was wont to walk out in the open fields when the sun was rising, singing songs of praise until his heart would naturally lift itself up in prayer to God; praise and thanksgiving were then as natural as breathing.

When the skies are clear, when life seems to go along as a song, when no crape hangs on the door, when the granary is full, when the pay envelope comes regularly—that is the time many lose their songs. "Why?" I am asked. Because in those days God is often forgotten. Trusting in riches and prosperity has been the snare of many a human being. May the Lord help that none of us may lose our song in the sunlit days.

When adversity strikes us as a storm, when the skies are black, overdrawn with clouds, when friends and loved ones have left us, when the fields are barren, when the wolf peers into the back door, when sickness and failing health make afraid, then I say, Sing. Yes, my brother, that is what the Good Book says. "Where is my God, that giveth songs in the night?" He can tune the heart to meet the worst. The Savior, while He lived among us thirty-three years, struck the worst season. He met the fiercest gale, the storms at their height met Him, the sins of the whole world bore down upon Him, and it is recorded that, "they sang an hymn." Seems I still hear the sincerity of His voice. It seems that He sang to the last line, for on the way to the Cross, He said, "My joy is

full." His heart was tuned for the worst. Surely we should sing in the night of adversity.

In days of persecution the saints of God sang. In the conflicts with the powers of darkness the singing saint is better armed for the fray. In past days men went to the stake and other forms of death with songs on their lips, because Christian Songs are the **Sheet Music of Heaven.** Song stiffens the backbone, strengthens waning faith, gives hope and cheer. When the powers of the underworld do their worst, keep the heart singing songs, such as:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate—
On earth is not his equal.

"And tho' this world, with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath will'd,
His truth to triumph through us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever."

No wonder that the foes of the Prince of Light trembled when they sang such songs in the Reformation days. The forces of sin cannot stand the song of righteousness and faith in the mighty One, who came with His garments dyed in blood. In the conflict our songs should partake of the spirit of a victor, for our cause is already won in the mind of God, only needing time to prove the same. May we sing the victor's song already.

Suppose Fanny Crosby had spent her days repining since the medical doctor was to blame for her blindness because of his limited knowledge or carelessness, the world would be a bit poorer, as well as Fanny Crosby. She would have passed from the stage of life with a few folks attending her funeral. As it was she will be a light and inspiration to the end of time. The Lord sanctified her blind eyes to her

soul's enrichment, as well as to His eternal glory. Her 6000 songs are a monument of more lasting duration than the costliest and most beautiful marble shafts possible to erect. In most song books of Christendom today appear the results of a soul that allowed God to tune her heart in her night season, with the **Sheet Music of Heaven.**

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

Annie Johnson Flint

"God * * who giveth songs in the night" (Job. 35:10).

We make our songs in the day of our gladness,
When life is all laughter and joy and delight,
When never a shadow has clouded our sunshine;
But God giveth songs in the night.
He giveth songs in the night of our sorrow,
When tears are our drink and when grief is our meat,
Till we silence our weeping and still our repining
To list to those cadences sweet.
He giveth songs in the night of affliction,
When earth has no sun and the heavens no star;
Like a comforting touch in the desolate darkness
His voice stealeth in from afar.
He giveth songs—and His music is sweeter
Than earth's greatest voices and gladdest refrains;
Our loveliest melodies shade to the minor,
But His keep their full major strains.
He giveth songs when our music is over,
When our voices falter and our tongues are mute;
When trembling hands drop from the lute and the harp-strings
And hushed are the viol and flute.
Give us Thy songs, O Thou Maker of music!
Teach us to sing, O Thou Bringer of joy!
Till nothing can silence the notes of our triumph
And naught our rejoicing destroy.

—The Christian Endeavor World.

The following true incident in the experience of a widely known Christian worker is worth giving a place in this book. This man and his wife lived entirely by faith, without a human source of support. His wife was rather reluctant for such a venture of faith, but she consented, only to murmur when the road became somewhat rough. One day when the cupboard was bare, the flour barrel empty, she remarked, "Now, Mr. ————, what have you got to say or sing about, no dinner in sight?" He saw that her faith had momentarily relapsed, and needed strengthening. He replied, "Isn't it possible to

praise God when He has withheld from us one meal? Now, wife, wouldn't it be better if we praised God with an empty stomach?" He lovingly got her about the neck and said, "Let us put our head into the empty flour barrel and sing the doxology," and they did. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below." Before the noon meal the Lord moved upon the heart of another lover of the Lord's work, and he delivered a barrel of flour before dinner; the meal was not even missed. Wouldn't it be base ingratitude to God to stop singing when every comfort fails to arrive on scheduled time?

In a room sat a very useful and well known Bible teacher, just a bit discouraged. Presently the noise of a large coal wagon was heard coming down the street. The driver was whistling a song. It was that much loved song, "Trust and Obey, For there's no Other Way, To be Happy in Jesus...." The distant rumbling noise of the wheels, and the notes of the whistler died out, never knowing until in that day when all shall be rewarded, what that song meant, what it accomplished in the heart of that one of the Lord's servants. Sing that song in the shop, or behind the plow, or in the kitchen, that God has put into your heart. The world is not ashamed of its songs, and why should we be? For our songs are not only hits to-day, but they will be in vogue when the hills and mountains shall be no more.

The place to go to in which to hear the best songs is the thousands of churches dotted over the world. One of the reasons for the permanency of Christ's Church is the character of the songs its adherents sing. One of the outstanding factors causing the preciousness of the moments spent in her sanctuaries are the songs of Zion. Much of the enthusiasm created during the two millenniums of the Lord's absence has been produced by the songs that were sung. Gospel hymns have in late years been the messengers of salvation to thousands. Christian and non-Christian have alike sung the same songs. This has brought large results for the cause of God in the world.

In a noon-day shop meeting in a large city where one of the finest railroads in the world has its shops, we noticed

men sitting at long tables eating their dinners. Some had finished, and started to play cards. This kind resented the idea of a religious meeting spoiling their fun. They sneered and refused to notice the evangelist and his quartette. Presently the quartette started singing. Verse by verse it made its impressions, the faces were lifted up, the playing ceased, the cards were stowed away, then deep interest. When the speaker gave his message nearly all hearts were ready. When the quartette sang the closing song, "You Can Have Heaven Here, Heaven Is Only Love," you could see the eyes turn moist. That same crowd requested another meeting. This time there were no sneers and no cards. This was another triumph for Gospel Song.

Traveling from Baltimore to Norfolk one cold winter evening, we hardly knew what to do so as to pass some of the time, for all were strangers, and most seemed occupied. We ourselves were tired from reading, having come about 1000 miles by rail. The conversation was at best very uninteresting, and at times of an exceedingly low tone. As the evening wore away a young man and woman walked into the room, intending to have some music. We suggested the singing of Gospel songs. The lady shrugged her shoulders somewhat, but the young man replied, "Why certainly, we could have some singing of Gospel Songs." In the course of the singing several men left the room; but it was soon crowded, and the corridors were filled. After the singing, the tone of conversation had changed, topics of a higher order were discussed, a new atmosphere was evident. A business man from Baltimore who has been in the habit of making that trip for a space of at least 20 years remarked, "This is the best conversation that I have heard in all that time. Surely those songs were worth while. I thank you all, for they have meant much to me."

In the night of death song has its ministry of faith, hope and consolation. Millions have been helped in the hour when the grim reaper of death stood before them. Many a dying bed has been lightened by the voice of singing men and singing women. In one of the hospitals of a prominent Canadian city lay a young man of 23 years, daily coming closer to the

end of his life. The nurse informed the widowed mother that life was only a matter of several days, and she said, "When I call you by phone, it means that your son is about to die." In the dead of night, at 2 o'clock a. m., the fateful phone message came. The mother hastened to the son's bedside through the streets of that city with a heavy heart. After her arrival the young man remarked, "Dying is a new and strange experience. I am afraid. I want you to pray and sing for me." She prayed, and then sang, her voice ringing through the halls of that institution:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

"Hide me O my Saviour hide,
Till the storms of life are past
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

The song ended. The young man's face was lit up as by a light from the upper world. He said, "Now, mother, I feel better; that's the kind of songs that help." A few more struggles with his decaying mortality, and then he passed out from time into the Lord's presence, there to enjoy the eternal chorus of the redeemed, where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore. Again we say that song rendered its beneficent service.

THE BIRTH OF GREAT SONGS

Far too little is known about the origin of the songs that we too often lightly sing. Nearly all great songs have sprung from the wells of great sorrow or some great joy. Every great song has a history all its own. If our songs had the power of speech to tell all that happened to the composers, there would be many messages told that would be worth going a long distance to hear. In the space of a few brief paragraphs, compared to what could and perhaps should be written, we have sought to give an idea of the origin of some worthwhile songs.

Ray Palmer was in college, passing through a serious period of doubts, unbelief, and a permanent adjustment of his life. Nearly driven to despair, about ready to give up being a Christian, he received help from the Lord. In the inspiration of that blessing he wrote upon an envelope one of the most enduring songs that has ever been written. He placed it in his pocket, carried it about for the space of two years, never thinking that this message of song would immortalize his name. That song is,

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary."

The writer has passed on, but that song will stay till the Lord of Ray Palmer will Himself return to earth at His second appearing.

It is indeed remarkable to know some of the strange men that God has used in the production of songs and music. This in part may be so that the glory may not go to the vessel, but to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. All classes of men and women were used to inspire the world to sing.

In the case of Wm. Cowper we have a unique personage. His entire life is worth reading. Being an invalid for the large part of his life, with a very temperamental personality, it is no wonder that he was tempted to doubt the mercy of he was able to write songs that have helped other souls to keep from the depths of despair that he was driven to. In God. This led him into much misery, and by this experience

the incident that caused one of his best songs to be written, he was saved as it were by Divine providence. He was bent on committing suicide by drowning. He ordered the cab driver to take him to a certain stream, but he by mistake took him to the wrong place. The driver the second time sought to take him to the place that he was directed to, but again he drove to the wrong spot. This Cowper took as Divine intervention, and his drooping faith revived, rising to its height in that beautiful and exceedingly helpful song, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform." The whole song is but the history of his own soul, during that desperate struggle within his own being.

The origin of the song, "Just As I Am," is well told in following story:

"In 1836 a young girl, Miss Charlotte Elliott, was preparing for a ball to be given in her native town. She started, one day, to her dressmaker to have a dress fitted for the occasion. On her way she met her pastor, an earnest, faithful man, and he learned her errand. He reasoned with her to stay away from the ball. Greatly vexed, she answered, 'I wish you would mind your own business!' and went on her wayward course.

"In due time the ball came off, and this young girl was the gayest of the gay. She was flattered and caressed; but after dancing all night, laying her weary head on her pillow only with returning light, she was far from happy. In all the pleasures there had been a thorn, and now her conscience made her wretched. Her pastor had always been a loving, cherished friend, and her rudeness to him rankled in her breast. More than all, the truth of his words came to her heart and would give her no rest. After three days of misery, during which life became almost insupportable, she went to the minister with her trouble, saying: 'For three days I have been the most wretched girl in the world, and now, oh, that I were a Christian! I want to be a Christian! What must I do?'

"'Just give yourself, my child, to the Lamb of God as you are.'

"'What! Just as I am?' she asked. 'Do you know that

I am one of the worst sinners in the world? How can God accept me as I am?'

"'That is exactly what you must believe,' was the answer. 'You must come to Him just as you are.'

"The young girl knelt down and offered her heart to God, guilty and vile as it was, to be cleansed and made fit for His own indwelling. As she knelt, peace—full, overflowing—filled her soul. Inspired by the new and rapturous experience, she then and there wrote the hymn beginning:

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

"Little did Charlotte Elliott think of fame, or of the immortality of the words she had written. It was simply putting her heart on paper; and, therefore, the hymn, born of a mysterious experience, appeals to other hearts needing the cleansing power of the blood of the Lamb."

The following brief account by James Franklin Young of the life of one of the most prolific song writers is very helpful:

"The gist of Watts' life is this—for we have to pick it up bit by bit—that he was the eldest of nine children in the family of Isaac Watts, a school teacher in Southampton, England, where he was born in July, 1674. 'His father was a decided nonconformist, and is often spoken of as a man of lively devotion, and because of this was imprisoned on the score of religion. During his confinement his wife often sat on a stone at the prison door with this their firstborn child an infant at her breast.' He seems to have been a lad whose early precociousness, like that of the younger Pitt, brings discouragement to the heart of an ordinary man. We are told that he 'entered upon the study of the learned languages in his fourth year at the free grammar school of his native city under the Rev. John Pinhorn, of whose ability and gentleness as a schoolmaster he always retained a grateful and affectionate remembrance.' His poetical genius developed early, for at the age of seven he composed some devotional verses to please his mother. It was while a student in the school of Mr. Pinhorn, and when he was not more than eight years old, that his promising talents and his amiable disposition induced some gen-

erous persons in that vicinity to propose that he should be entered at one of the English universities, where they would support him; but having been born a dissenter, he refused the offer. In his sixteenth year he was sent to an academy in London, where he remained until 1694, or until he was twenty. This was the sum of his academic education. Whatever knowledge he acquired aside from this was self-attained.

"It was in 1696, two years after leaving the academy, that he was invited by Sir John Hartopp to reside in his family as instructor of his son. 'I cannot,' he says, 'but reckon it among the blessings of heaven when I review those five years of pleasure and improvement which I spent in his family in the younger part of my life, and I found much instruction where I was called to be an instructor.' 'If he had not, as may all but literally be said, sucked in the principle of dissent at his mother's breast, this was a household in which of all others he would have been most likely to imbibe it.'

"This much for his formative years. What of the man grown up?

"Physically he never grew far up. Five feet was his tallest measurement. His health was poor all his life. There seem to have been four years of illness when he was laid aside as utterly useless; at least his epitaph, written by himself, and which seems very quaint to us, runs thus:

"'Isaac Watts, D. D., pastor of a church of Christ in London, successor to the Rev. Joseph Caryl, Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson, and Dr. Isaac Chauncey, after fifty years of feeble labors in the gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness, was at last dismissed to his rest. In Uno Jesu Omnia.'

"One day while he was sick Sir Thomas Abney invited him to his splendid home for a week. He became so dear to the household in those seven days that they invited him to stay as long as he liked, and he remained the rest of his life, thirty-six years. It was here in a little house in the garden that his best and most lasting work was done.

"I am more or less persuaded that poetry, like children, is born of travail, is the product of suffering. George Matheson's

'O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee!
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean's depths its flow
May richer, fuller be!'

was born of blind eyes which shut out the light of young manhood for him, and which lost him the woman's love which he longed for. The Book of Job is rated as one of the poetical books of the Bible, though there is nothing metrical or rhythmical about it that has yet been discovered; but it is the beautifully written story of a man who had suffered deeply, and who had seen God more clearly than the men of his day, or almost any day, and who out of both experiences came to a new and definite knowledge that had not been taught the men of Uz before, namely, that his Redeemer lived, and that He should stand at the latter day upon the earth. So we apply any or all of these tests to Isaac Watts, and he comes out of the testing as gold tried in the fire. He suffered almost unto death, and out of suffering he seemed to see afresh a garden, at the midnight hour, and he wrote for us his vision:

''Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone!
'Tis midnight: in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone!

''Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood!
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God!

''Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song the angels know:
Unheard by mortals are their strains,
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe!'"

SOME WORTHWHILE SECULAR SONGS

We have often heard the question, "Well, are religious songs the only songs that we can sing?" In a word, they would certainly be sufficient to meet all our needs. But that it is necessary to reject all secular songs, we would not say; for there are noble and worthwhile sentiments in some of those songs that have left and will leave valuable impressions on the mind of singer and hearer. There are many songs which are right to sing from a Christian standpoint but would not be practical to place within the confines of a religious song book. We will consider several and every singer must test the songs which he sings with the thought: Does this song make me better or worse? and, What effect will it have on others that hear me sing it? Do I want the sentiments of this song to be part of the life of singer and hearer?

As a traveling evangelist, which requires oft leaving my family of a wife and three girls, I am often helped by the message of the secular song:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea."

That song contains a prayer that many a time I have breathed as an expression of my deepest longing, as my train rolled out of the depot. Looking back to the spot where my family stayed behind, I would watch the fast-receding court-house steeple, then look into space, thinking of fathers that left as I did who never came back to their families any more. Then my imagination would play havoc. I could see the wreck of my train, etc., then the prayer in that song would call a halt to that misery. It is that earnest prayer of a child for its father in the hour of his danger on the great sea: "Bring back my father again to me." Then my spirit would regain its calm, trusting Him that walked the waves and stopped the storm. My heart would again hope that the Master would sit in the cab alongside the engineer as the train sped on its way, and that His sharp eye might pierce into the dim distance for any danger that might lurk along the pathway of the oncoming train. I would thank God for the message of this secular song.

It is no wonder that the bones of John Howard Payne have been brought back from England and reinterred in the world-famous Arlington cemetery at Washington, D. C. The reason for bestowing this honor upon this otherwise unknown man was that he wrote a song that our hearts can't help singing. It is a secular song. Its message concerns the homes in which we live to-day and to-morrow leave forever, yet its sentiment is so worthwhile and wholesome that this song has been afforded a place in the front ranks of secular songs. As you read the song may it be read as though it were the first time that your eyes lit upon it. May your imagination bring to your mind the situation of the writer in a foreign land, away from hearth and home, that was broken up forever. Picture to yourself the mother and father, the prattle of little children, and the joyful playing of a group of children. See that and much more, and the song will make you better. It will help you to get ready for that home beyond time which shall never break up.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which go thru the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

The song, "She is in the Baggage Coach Ahead," has a rather pathetic origin. The following account related in the "Watchword" is bound to do good, as well as the singing of that night's experience. This world needs many such touches to chase away our cruelty and heartlessness.

"It was on a Pennsylvania sleeping car coming East. All of the passengers had retired except one man, who, holding a crying baby in his arms, moved wearily up and down the car, kissing the downy head of the child and speaking softly and gently to the troubled little soul, as he sought in vain to quiet it. A man is good for many things, and sometimes good for nothing, but when it comes to tranquilizing an irritable infant he realizes how largely his usefulness is impaired, and his pride is humbled into the dust.

"A woman with a falsetto voice, who had just awakened out of slumber, put her head out of a berth and shouted in a tone of the deepest indignation, 'Take that child out of the car!' And, as if this were the signal for concerted action on

the part of the passengers, the man who had formed a combination of three different keys, and for an hour and a quarter had been making the night hideous with his snoring, suddenly roused up and snarled, 'Why don't you carry that child to its mother?' And then a chorus of emphatic protests echoed along the car, 'This is an imposition; where is the conductor?'

"The man with the child halted for a moment, his mouth quivered, a sob choked in his throat. He drew the frail body down close against his breast, and kissed with infinite tenderness the tear-filled eyes, and then said, while the volley of protests were hushed a moment: 'I would take the baby to its mother—God knows how I would like to—the little one has been crying for her ever since we left her; but I cannot take it to its mother, for she is in the baggage car in her coffin, and we are taking her back to her old home where she may sleep until Jesus comes, under the blue sky where she played as a child. The baby misses the touch of her hands and her mouth, and oh, we both miss her so much!' Then the sound of a strong man's sobs unrepressed filled the car.

"In five minutes twelve women were in the aisle of the car, headed by the fat man in undress uniform, each woman with a wealth of tenderness in her face, and the fat man sobbing as if he had lost his best friend. 'Forgive us; we didn't know. Poor little darling! You lie down and sleep; we will take care of the baby.' The tired child laid its head down on a motherly woman's breast and was soothed to slumber by a lullaby.

"How often, in the way of life, our largest pity would be folded all about the broken hearts if we could only understand, and thus the weary way be sweetened to the sons of men by pouring in the balm of God!

"Seek then to understand,
Be slow to smite or chide;
In patience God has given grace,
So let that grace abide."

Thus was born the song, "She Is In the Baggage Coach Ahead,"

THE SCUM OF MUSIC AND SINGING

The nation of Israel was accused by the Lord's prophet for worshipping at the devil's shrine and singing to devils. If that was true in their day, it is doubly true in our day. Millions are singing songs that are inspired by the underworld. One of the most degrading factors in the present civilization are some of the songs and music now being used by the masses. Much of the music is light and trashy, the words often vulgar and decidedly immoral. Sex and love, both of high and noble use, and of divine origin, are being dragged down into the mire for the enjoyment of base passions.

Many of the popular songs of the day are void of anything substantial or uplifting. They do not stand the test of years, and most of the time not even the standards and morals of many that make no profession of Christianity.

While visiting in the home of a man and family that I dearly love, I felt it my Christian duty to ask him why he allowed his music man to sell sheet music of a type that I knew he would not allow his fine boy and girls to sing and much less practice. He replied, "I've nothing to do with that. The man I hired has charge of that part of my business." I replied, "If the man that I hired would sell such music, I would ask him to change the class of music; and if he refused, he would be asked to leave." We need an aroused Christian conscience on this matter everywhere. If men who write, handle or sing such scum of music and words would feel the resentment of better people they would cease handling that which is so destructive to morals, and a community's well-being.

In the city of Altoona, Pa., a group of mission workers entered a home where none were Christians from the aged grandmother to the last grandchild. The leader remarked, "Let us pray that God may make a break in this family and that someone at least may be saved tonight." The grandmother was on the verge of eternity. She sat in the rocking chair with her pipe lit, with hardly a thought of her poor, lost soul. On entering the room the phonograph was playing

"ragtime" music. They looked over at the musical instrument and the song, "The Worst Devil in the Home Town," was seen. In such an environment children seemed doomed from the cradle to the grave, as was the aged grandmother. Christians should testify against such abominations until men will do as they did in the city of Ephesus—build a bonfire that cost about $5,000 in the days of Paul the Apostle. This bonfire would cost millions, but it would have an untold value in saving souls. Much of the music and song of this type closes the hearts of people to the Gospel, making it hard for the message of Christ and His death to grip and save their souls.

THE SONGLESS SOUL—AND "THE NEW SONG"

Only a Christian can sing from the heart; others can make music with the voice and lips only. The unpardoned man needs the heart melody which David received after the Lord lifted him from the miry clay and stood his feet upon the rock. Then the Lord put a new song on his lips. The "SHEET MUSIC OF HEAVEN," the music of a redeemed soul, is the crying need of humanity. This song in Sacred Writ is called "the new song." This song does not need to be coaxed out of folks, as it seems necessary for some choristers to do. This song is more like the experience of the noted Cornish miner, Billie Bray, who was constantly singing the songs that were heaven-inspired. His unconverted associates could hardly stand those melodies; so one of them said, "Billie, if you don't keep your mouth shut, we will have to put you in a barrel, and shut the top on you." He replied, "If you do that it can't stop this song, for I would have to praise the Lord out of the bung-hole." No, this song can't be stopped. The well known A. B. Simpson before his death expressed this same truth in a forcible way thus:

"If this miracle song of new life is within us, it necessarily follows that nothing that can 'happen' to us from without can stop the song. The 'song that is Christ' is beyond the power of circumstances to quench or diminish. Two men who knew the eternal music were one time viciously maltreated, shamefully bruised and beaten up, were thrown into such a prison as would not be tolerated in a civilized land to-day, and then, bruised and aching, were thrust into stocks.

"The song was over for them that night, you say? Then that shows you don't know the song. Those two men were so happy that they just could not keep still about it. Perhaps they asked each other whether they really ought to give vent to their feelings and sing there; but about midnight they couldn't stand it any longer, and the music broke loose. The other prisoners had never heard anything like this midnight musicale in that dirty old prison and—you know the rest of the story. God Himself couldn't stand it any longer, either,

so. He just sent a great earthquake, shook up the foundation of the prison house, opened the doors, and everyone's manacles fell away. And before dawn broke the next morning the jailer, who was about to commit suicide because of the new experience in prison routine, was singing that same Jehovah-song himself, and all his house with him, and they are still singing it. The right kind of music is a very practical thing. Incidentally, it is more dynamic than dynamite. God wants us to sing, if we'll sing the right way.

"The singing that cannot be quenched is just as miraculous and real in the twentieth century as in the first."

The quaint preacher, Peter McKenzie, once preached a sermon on the theme, "The New Song." In the course of his message he allowed his imagination to run in a striking way. He pictured himself and the saints gathering together under one of the trees in heaven for singing. The first song they sang came from the old church hymnal. It was, "My God and Father while I Stray." Presently the angels which heard the song asked him to stop singing those songs since they were unsuitable, for in heaven none would stray from God any more. They then started to sing another song from the hymnal, "Tho Waves and Storms be Overhead, Tho Friends be Gone and Hopes be Dead." "Peter, you must sing more suitable songs, for heaven has no storms and folks don't die." "All right, let's sing page so-and-so, "Into a World of Ruffians Sent." On this they said, "If you sing such unsuitable songs we must put you out." Then they started to sing the "New Song" and the whole angelic host rejoiced as they sang. Yes, the New Song will never lose its power as the ages roll by.

This type of singing cannot be cultivated or imitated. It springs from the harmony of the soul, when sin was pardoned and Christ in the person of the Holy Ghost came into the soul.

There is another class that are songless. They have allowed Satan to sow doubt into their hearts. They say, "If I only knew that I was saved, then I too could sing this song." If with a sincere heart you have asked God for pardon, and accepted the Christ of God's provision for all your soul's needs as well as His demands, you really bring delight to the heart of God when you believe that you are saved, and that

God has pardoned and accepted you for Christ's sake. The feeling will come when you believe God and not before. First, it is the facts of the Gospel, then faith in it, then the feelings are sure to come.

Another class of songless souls are the ones that have hung their "harps on the willows," because of some tragedy that has befallen them. The Lord can even tune such hearts, for our "God giveth songs in the night." He will bring blessings through tears, sunshine after rain, joy after pain, gain after loss.

The saddest class among the songless are those that have allowed the siren call of the world and its sin to allure them away from the Lord. These must often find that out among those that eat "the husks that the swine do eat" there is no song that is really joyful, whose notes are eternal. Yes, for these there still is the music and the rejoicing of the father's house. Soul, there is more joy at home; come back, take your harp off the willows, and let us hear from your lips again the joy that was once yours in the days of yesterday.

Those that can sing the "New Song" and those that are songless are well contrasted by Ernest Gordon, in "The Sunday School Times," by comparing the end of two widely different characters, Charles Spurgeon and Lord Morley.

"Lord Morley was a remarkable Englishman, the child of devout Methodism and marked for the ministry of the church, 'but life at Oxford,' he said, 'shook the foundations.' At the university he occupied the rooms of John Wesley in Lincoln College. Now he is gone. Wesley wrote of his converts, 'Our people die well.' Was it the case with this militant freethinker? Certainly the closing pages of his reminiscences are ashen gray; also those passages dealing with his co-seceders from Christianity ('Matthew Arnold's diary on the day he died was headed with the quotation from Ecclesiastes: "Weep bitterly over the dead....." Read Arnold's "Growing Old"—somber enough, but terribly true.') The press published his final directions concerning the disposition of Morley's remains:

"'I desire that my ashes after cremation should be placed in some spot in Brookwood or other cemetery without ceremonial or spoken words. I fain would trust the lingering

memory of me to the silent hearts of such as have been and still remain friends.'

"One is justified in setting in contrast the scene by Spurgeon's open grave when the great company assembled sang,

'Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.'

"The world of materialism and theological liberalism knows all about Lord Morley, his incorruptible honesty and great social usefulness, but it does not dwell much on his end. It knows nothing of that remarkable saint of the Punjab, 'Praying Hyde,' who went out of life with the threefold shout, 'Victory! Victory! Victory!'"

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN SONG

No mortal tongue or pen can adequately describe the power and far-reaching effects of Christian Song. The annals of eternity alone will reveal that. We are only seeking to give several instances of the same.

During the Civil War at Harper's Ferry, where three states meet at the edge of the Potomac River, a desperate struggle was on. Both sides wanted to cross the river. Sentinels were placed at all danger points. At one place it was called a "death gap," for it seemed that every man that passed that spot was killed by the sharpshooters hiding in the rocks on the other side. As the new sentinel went to his post expecting to be shot as were the rest, he breathed a song in low tones, yet audible enough on that quiet eve to be heard by the sharpshooter across the stream. The song was that immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me, Let Me Hide Myself in Thee." As the rifleman was about to fire, he heard this song, and the finger that would have meant death to this man seemed unable to move; he could not fire. Years afterward these men met, and the related account was given, stating that that song spared his life. In this case an enemy's hand was stayed.

One of the experiences that all missionaries meet is the antagonism to the Gospel. This has often been brushed aside by the power of some hymn. That is what is meant by the song that includes this line: "Music Charms the Savage Breast." In one of the worst mission fields a bunch of savages approached the missionary, brandishing their deadly spears. He stood motionless and sang a song until those men seemed powerless to harm his body.

When the well-known singer, Mr. Butler, sang the song, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" during a revival in New York City, seventy-one men came down the aisle and confessed Jesus Christ.

"A little seven-year-old boy fell into one of the deep excavations for the New York subway one day, and was taken, bruised and suffering, to the nearest hospital. When the doc-

tor began to examine his injuries little James drew a deep breath. 'I wish I could sing,' he said, looking up at the big doctor. 'I think I'd feel weller then.'

"'All right; you can sing,' said the doctor, and James began. So brave and sweet was the childish voice that, after the first verse of 'Palm Branches,' there was a round of applause from the listeners. As the doctor went on with his examination the boy winced a little, but struck up his singing again. The nurse and attendants, hearing the sweet, clear soprano, gathered from all parts of the building, until he had an audience of nearly a hundred. Through all the pain of the examination, the child never lost the tune; and everybody rejoiced when the doctor announced:

"'Well, I guess you're all right, little man.'"

HEAVEN AND SONG

Richter says, "Music brings the waves of eternity very near the weary heart of man as he stands on the shores of time longing to cross over. Music is the evening breeze of the future life."

Music rules the upper world. In that place the "voice of singing men and singing women" will forever roll on with marvelous harmony and volume. One of the prospective joys of the place where the Creator has His residence is music and song. "Yes, heaven is music and music is heaven. There is nothing but discord in hell, and that makes hell. Music is the language of the skies." One of the immortal or undying things in this world is music. The songs of this world are like froth bubbles. They will cease, but the music of the skies, now in the hearts of the Lord's people, is as eternal as God Himself; it was put into the soul by God Himself.

It is said of Handel, the great composer who wrote the "Hallelujah Chorus," that he saw the heavens open, when he wrote that music. Real music does open the heavens. It brings heaven to the heart, and with that song the Christian moves onward toward heaven, with a song in the heart that will never die out. That masterpiece of the Bible, the Book of Revelation, is one continued strain of praise, worship, anthem, adoration and glory in the soul. No wonder that the song writer put it thus:

"We will shout and sing
Till the heavens ring.
When we crown our Saviour there."

As to the unending strain of Christian song, Wm. Cowper gave beautiful utterance in that famous song, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." The last stanza reads:

"And when this feeble faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save."

When D. B. Towner died, the Moody Bible Institute conducted a memorial service in honor of the man who set to

music about 2000 songs. It was my good fortune to attend that service. Song writers and singers from many parts of the country were present. Several were asked to give expression in talks suitable to the occasion; some responded also with a song. What made the deepest impression upon the writer, was the address by Charles E. Gabriel, whose work as a writer of music is greatly appreciated by thousands. He referred to the fact that many of the song writers of his decade were passing out one by one; also that Mr. Stebbins was absent and indisposed. He spoke of the fact that Mr. Towner was one of the younger of the group, but now he was gone, also that Sankey's voice was silent, that soon the last one would lay down the pen and his voice would be silent. He said it seemed he could hear the bugle call from the other world, that the camp fire was burning low. As he came to the close he sang that familiar song:

"We are going down the valley, one by one,
With our faces tow'rd the setting of the sun."

I must confess by that time I felt real sad; I thought of all the men down the ages that had been singing but whose voices were hushed by death. A great crowd of men noted as singers, writers of Christian song all passed through my mind, but I was stopped as it were by a voice from the skies, saying, "These men and women haven't stopped singing; they are singing yet, they sing in heaven, they'll sing on with voices not to be compared with those with which they sang here." My spirit rejoiced with the thought and my heart sang again. We certainly go down the valley, disappear from sight, cease our song, only to rise on the other side and scale the hills of Beulahland, there to sing eternally.

No wonder a mother wrote this touching story concerning the death of her daughter, how she sang in the hour of her death:

"Just before my little daughter, Maggie, went home to heaven, she asked me to get her little hymn-book, and when I had brought it, she asked me to turn to No. 25, saying, 'I want to sing it.' 'Why, my child,' said I, 'you are not able to sing.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I want to sing one more song before I go; will you please turn to the 25th hymn, "Safe in the arms

of Jesus"?' I found it for her, and she began to sing at these lines:

"'Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.'

"Her voice then failed her and she said, 'Mother, lift me up.' I put my arms round her and lifted my poor girl up, and then she raised her eyes to heaven and said, 'Jesus, I am coming; Jesus, I am coming.' The doctor, who was standing by her side, said, 'How can you sing when you are so weak?' She replied, 'Jesus helps me to sing; Jesus helps me to sing.' And with those words upon her lips she died in my arms." The mother said she took the hymn-book and laid it upon the child's breast; it was buried with her.

Dr. Meyer tells touchingly of a visit to Sankey during his last illness:

"Just before Sankey died, I crossed New York to greet him once more. He was quite blind and very near the end. I see him now with his dear wife fanning him in the sultry summer afternoon. We talked together of Moody, who had gone home, and of the dear never-to-be-forgotten past, until it was time to leave him. He said, 'Would you like me to sing to you?' 'Dear Sankey,' I replied, 'you are too ill to sing.' 'Oh, no,' he said. So he started and sang right through: 'There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes.' The voice was the same I had listened to for years and loved; but there was a new pathos in it. I kissed him my goodby. There was no dark valley for him; and I rather think that there will be none for us who hold the fort till Jesus comes."

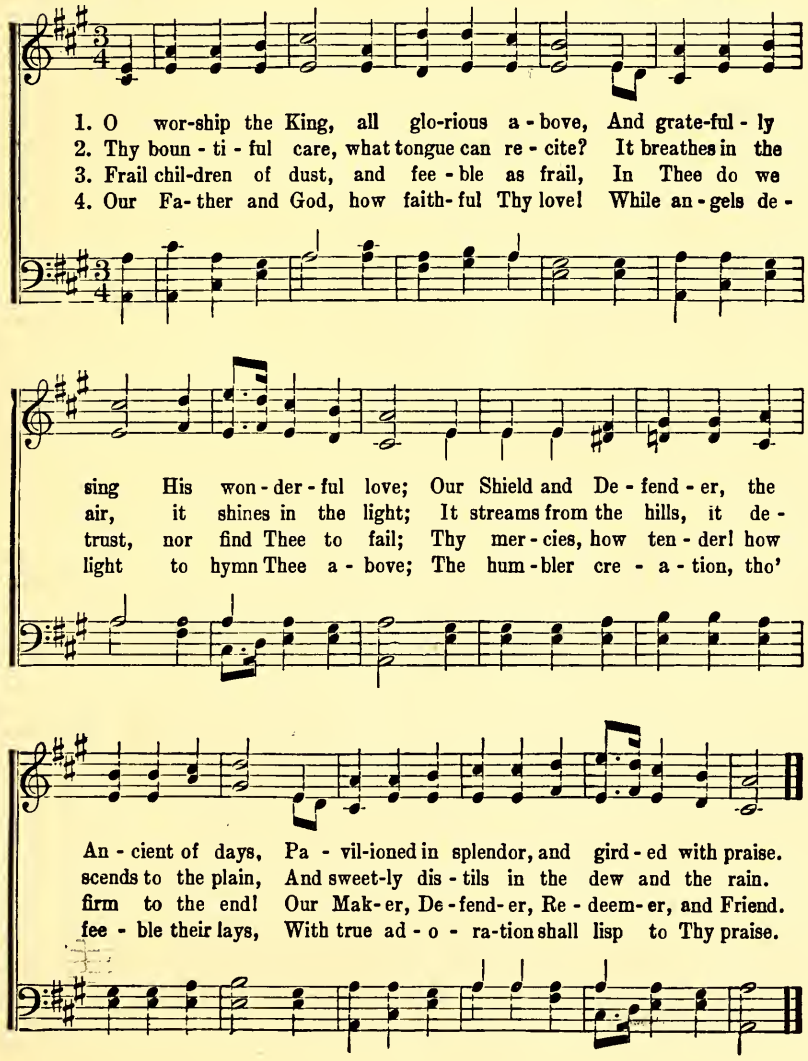
As we part as writer and reader and you go on in life, may the songs we sing be placed in our souls by the Lord. May the songs contrary to Jesus of Nazareth find no place in our hearts for singing. As we sing some of the songs in the next part of this book, may they be sung with a hallowed spirit. May they have a new meaning. May they have a larger significance. May the ministry of Christian song have a larger place in our service for Christ. May we sing in the Spirit and with the understanding. May we never stop singing. May we have a part in the real HALLELUJAH CHORUS IN THE SKIES.

The Sheet Music of Heaven

(Spiritual Songs)

1 O Worship the King.

Robert Grant. Franz J. Haydn.



2 The Lord Is In His Holy Temple.

W. H BAGBY. J. H. FILLMORE

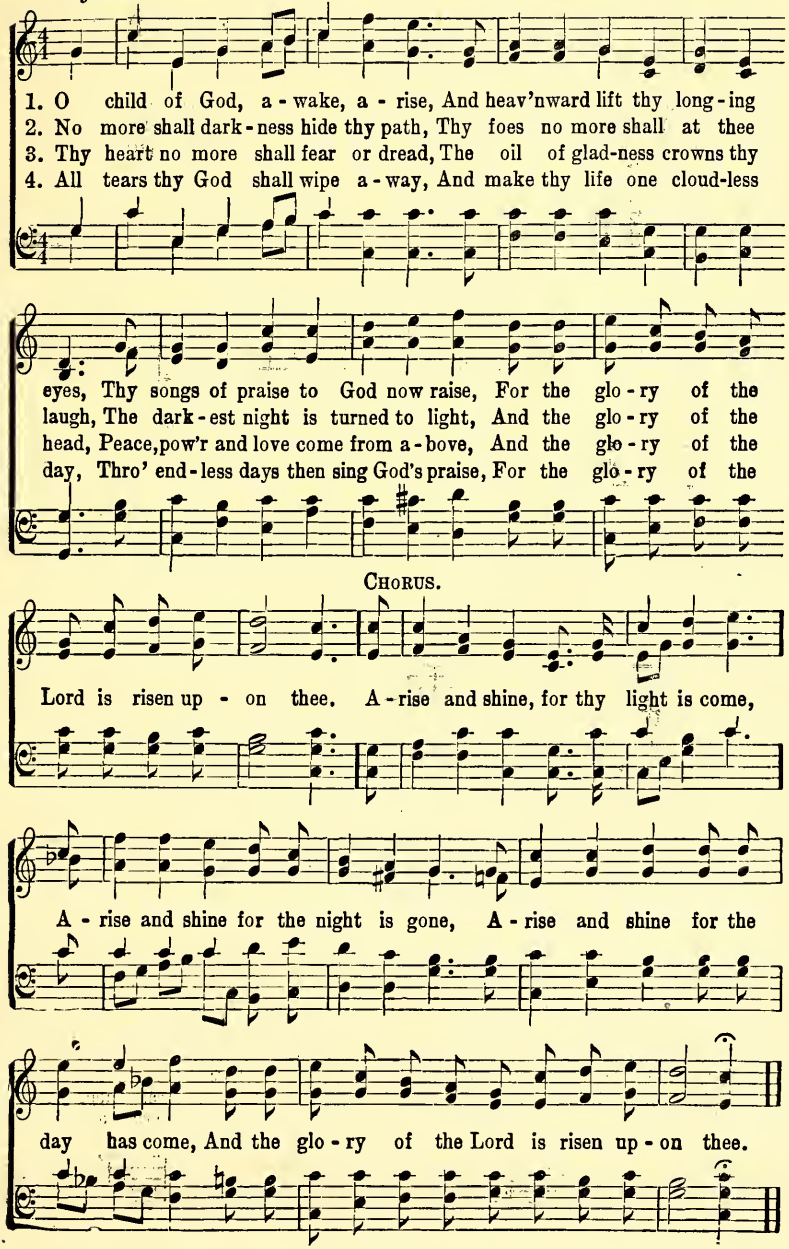


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Arise and Shine.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. Harry L. Brooks.

Vigorous.



Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton, 1779. (Sabbath.) Lowell Mason, 1824.



5 We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichols. Arr.



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Day Is Dying In the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



The Lord Is My Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT.



Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

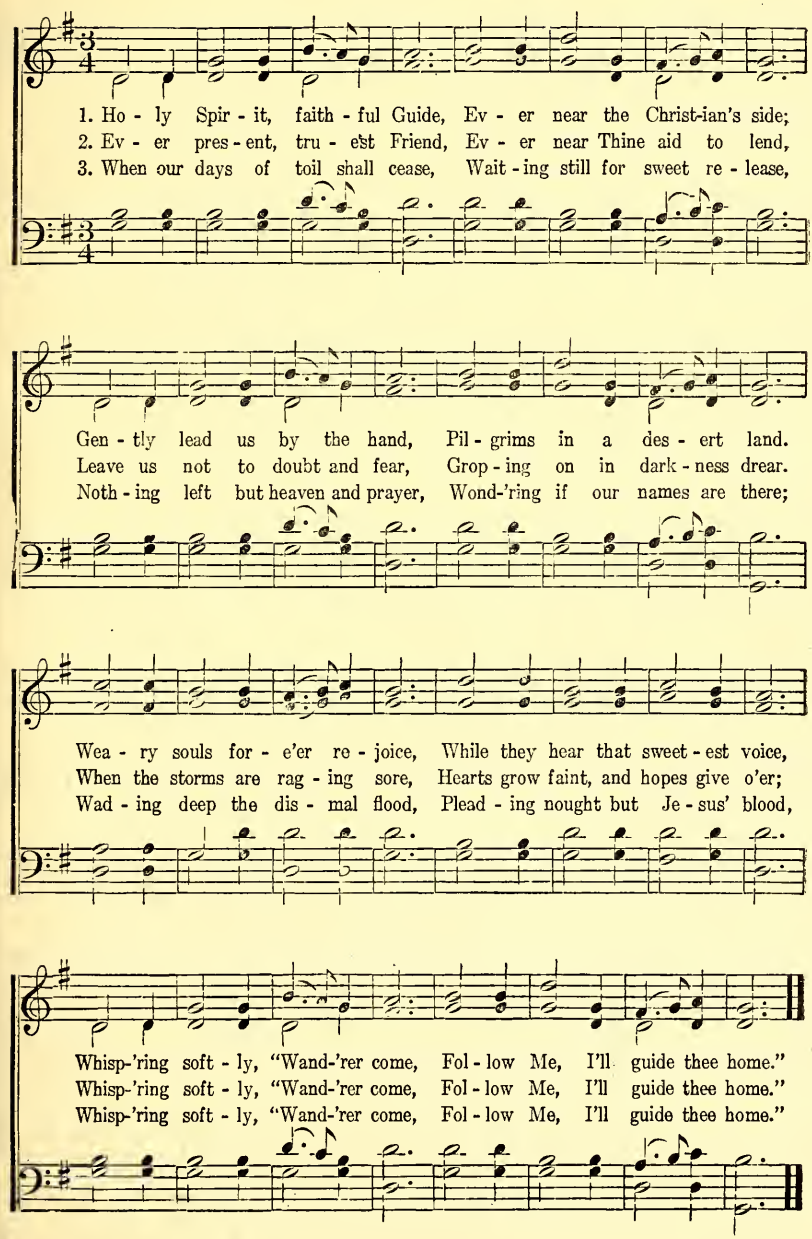
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HOMER A ROCKEHEAVER, OWNER

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.



9 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Anon. (Guide. 7s. D.) Marcus M. Wells.



10 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

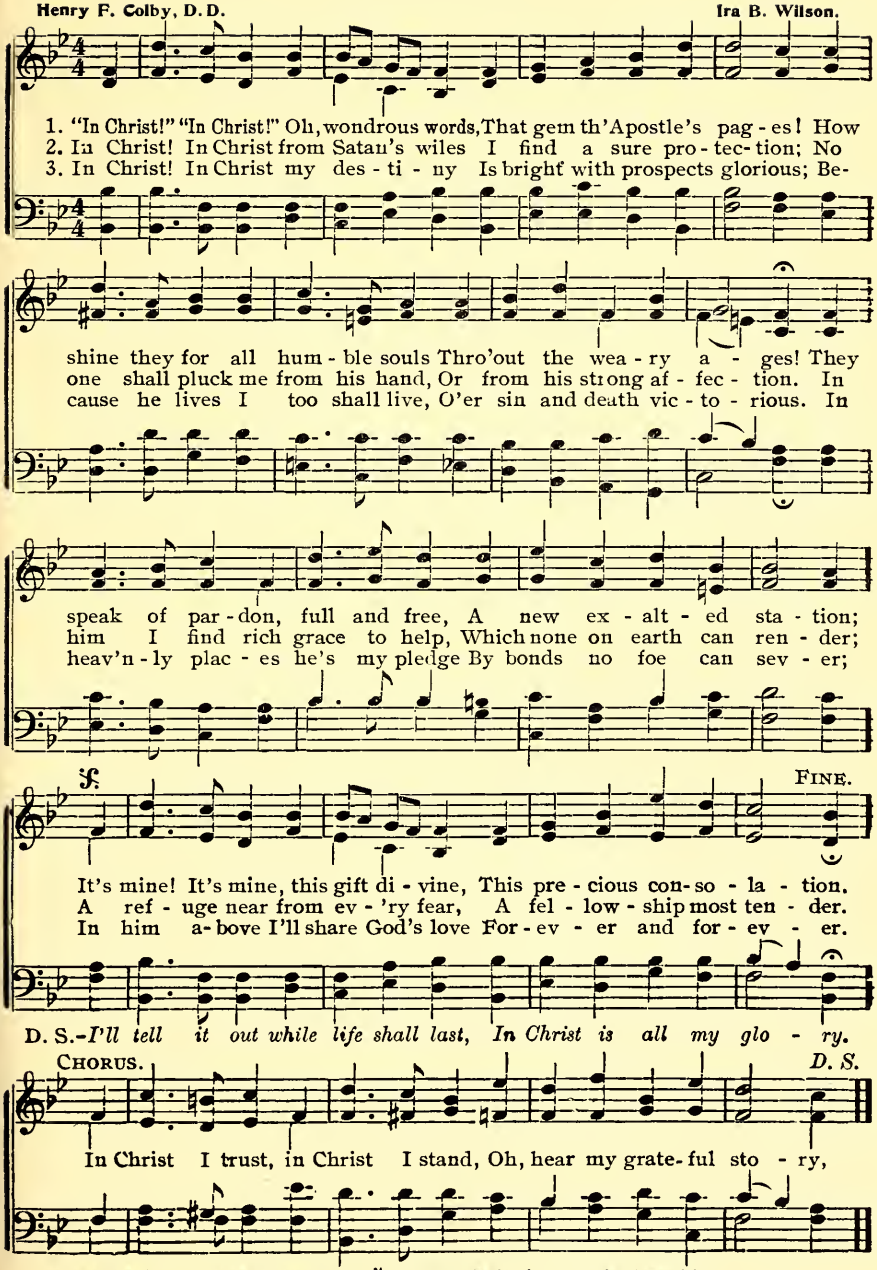
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Howard E. Smith.



11 In Christ.

Henry F. Colby, D.D. Ira B. Wilson.



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12 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Charles Wesley, 1747. (Beecher. 8.7.8.7. D.) John Zundel, 1870.



The Old Rugged Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GED BENNARD.

G. B. WORDS AND MUSIC. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

SOLO AND CHORUS. HOMER A. RODDEHEAVER, OWNER.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suf - f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
trac - tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross, the

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,

old rug - ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Wonderful Peace.

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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der-fu' peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der-ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der-ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der-ful peace,

won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a-
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from

REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace.
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,

Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has

ran - somed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

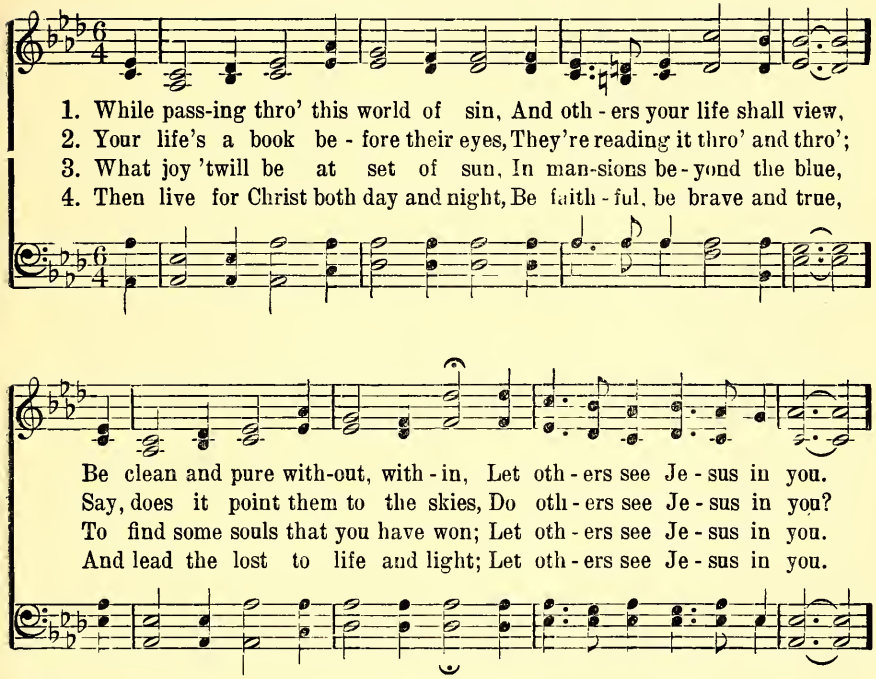
15

Let Others See Jesus In You.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

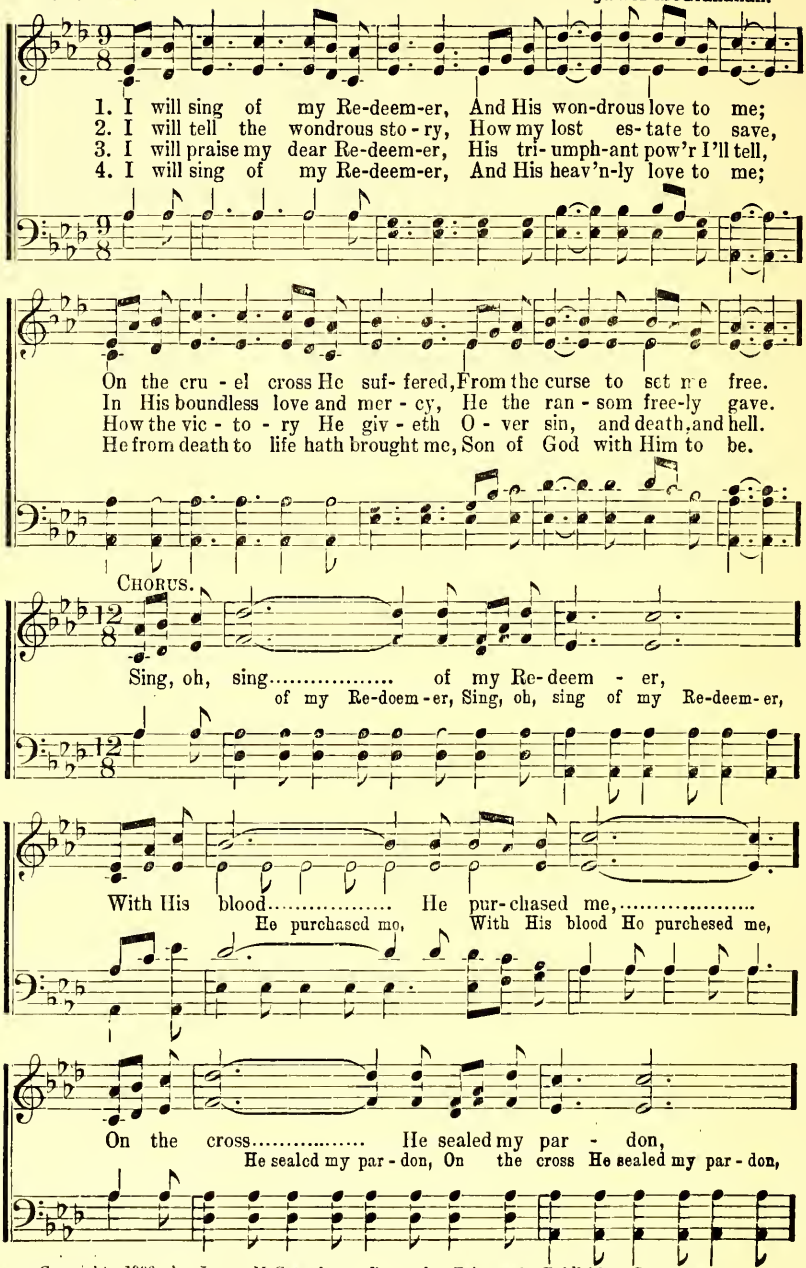


CHORUS.

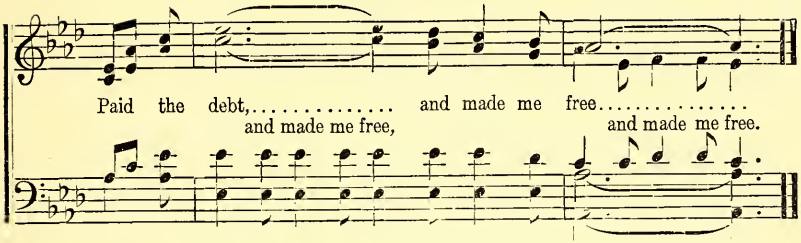


My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.



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17 Old Time Power.

P. R. Paul Rader.



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A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

Tr. F. H. Hedge, 1852. (Luther. P. M.) Martin Luther, 1529.



19 Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.



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Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

Ida M. Budd. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MEYER & BROTHER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



21 Jerusalem the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny, circa 1145. (Ewing. 7s. 6s. D.)
Trs. by John M. Neale, 1851.

Alexander Ewing, 1853.



Trusting Jesus, That Is All.

E. P. Stites. Ira D. Sankey.



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23 The Foundation of God Standeth Sure.

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Mrs. C. D. Martin — W. Stillman Martin



My Mother's Bible.

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Evangelist M. B. Williams. Copyright renewal 1921. Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' its worn and fad - ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin - gers still, And the

calls those hap-py days of long a - go, When I stood at mother's knee,
Jo - seph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,
suffered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will.

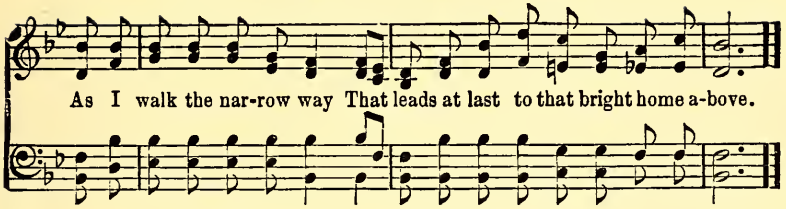
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa - tan with His man-y wick-ed wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words a-bide.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Book,..... pre-cious Book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained

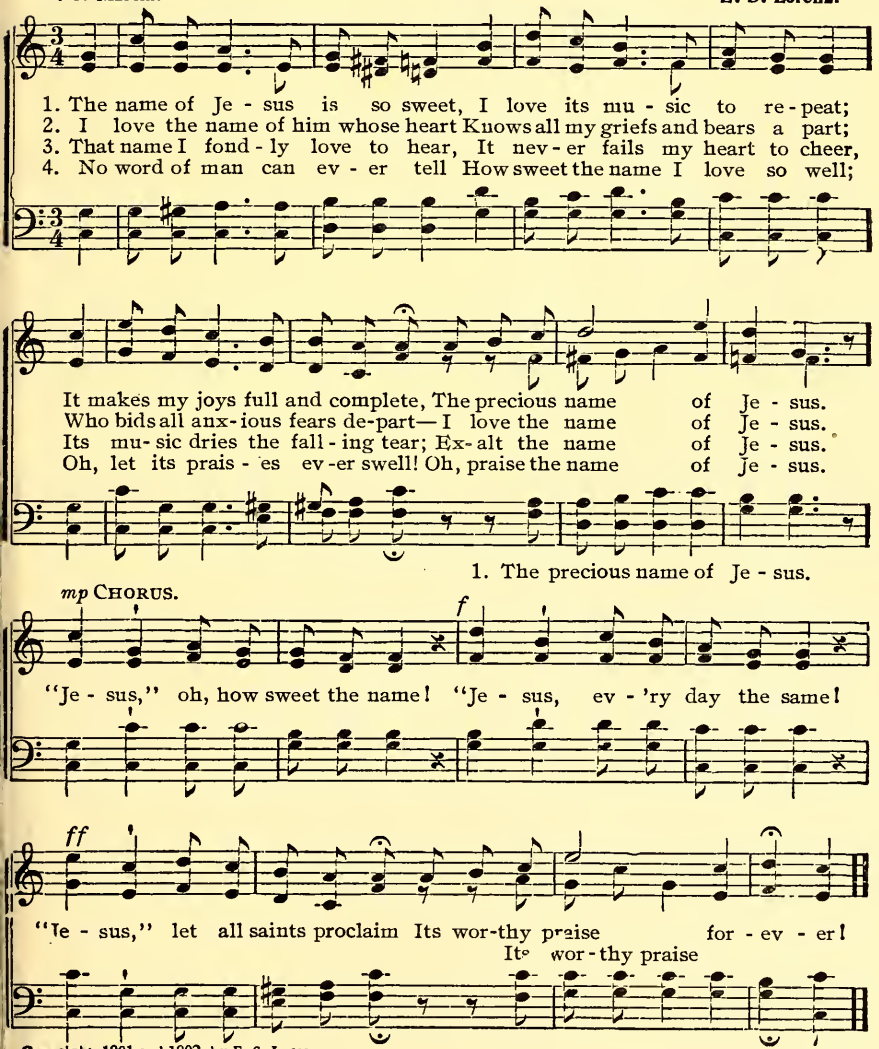
Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book,

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweet-er day by day,



25 The Name of Jesus.

W. C. Martin. E. S. Lorenz.

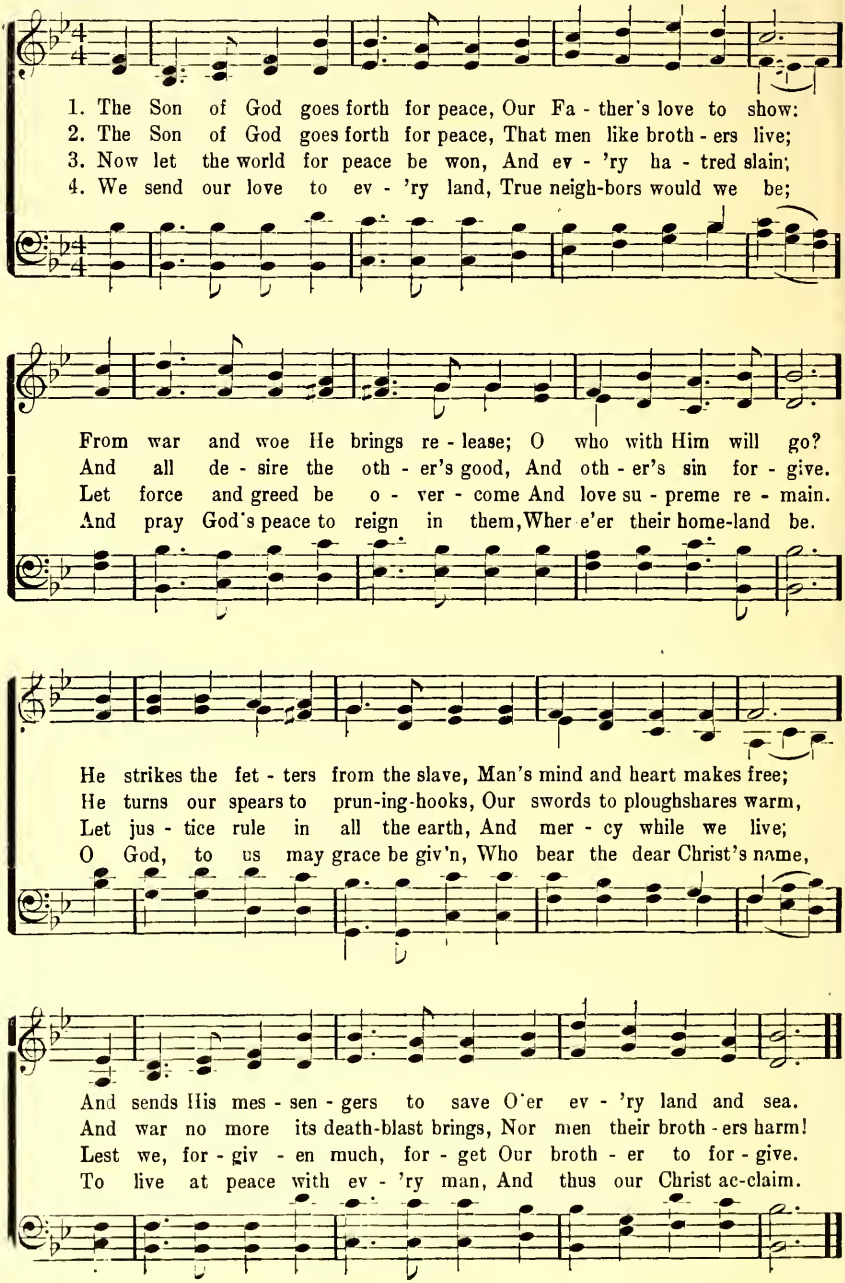


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A Song of Peace.

This song is dedicated to the Prince of Peace in behalf of a war torn world. Arranged by C. F. Derstine. Not copyrighted. Let no one do so.

Ernest B. Allen. H. S. Cutler.



27 Jesus Is a Friend of Mine.

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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Cancelled!

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.



Missionary Hymn.

HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



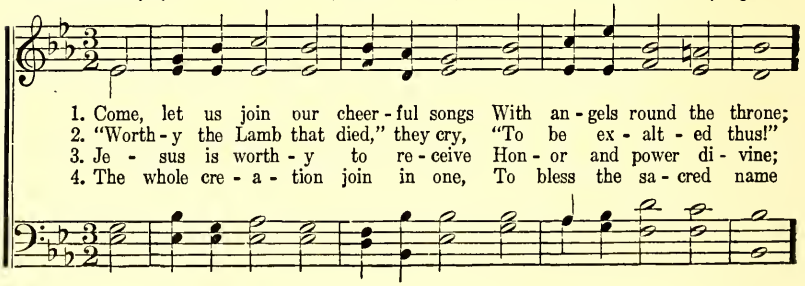
30 Arise, My Soul, Arise!

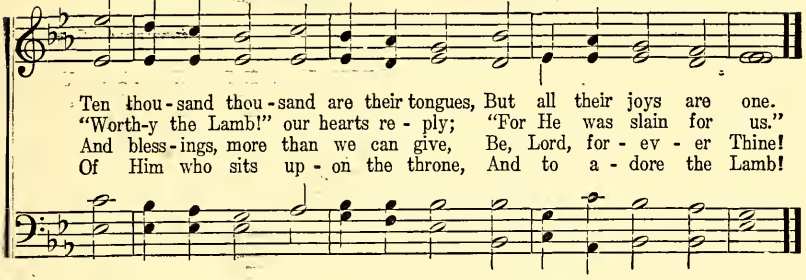
Charles Wesley, 1742. (Lenox. S.M.) Lewis Edson, 1782.



31 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

Isaac Watts, 1702. (Downs. C.M.) Lowell Mason, 1832.





32 Ye Servants of God, Your Master Proclaim.

(Lyons. 10s. 11s.)

Charles C. Wesley, 1744. Arr. from J. Michael Haydn.



I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.



34 Where the Living Waters Flow.

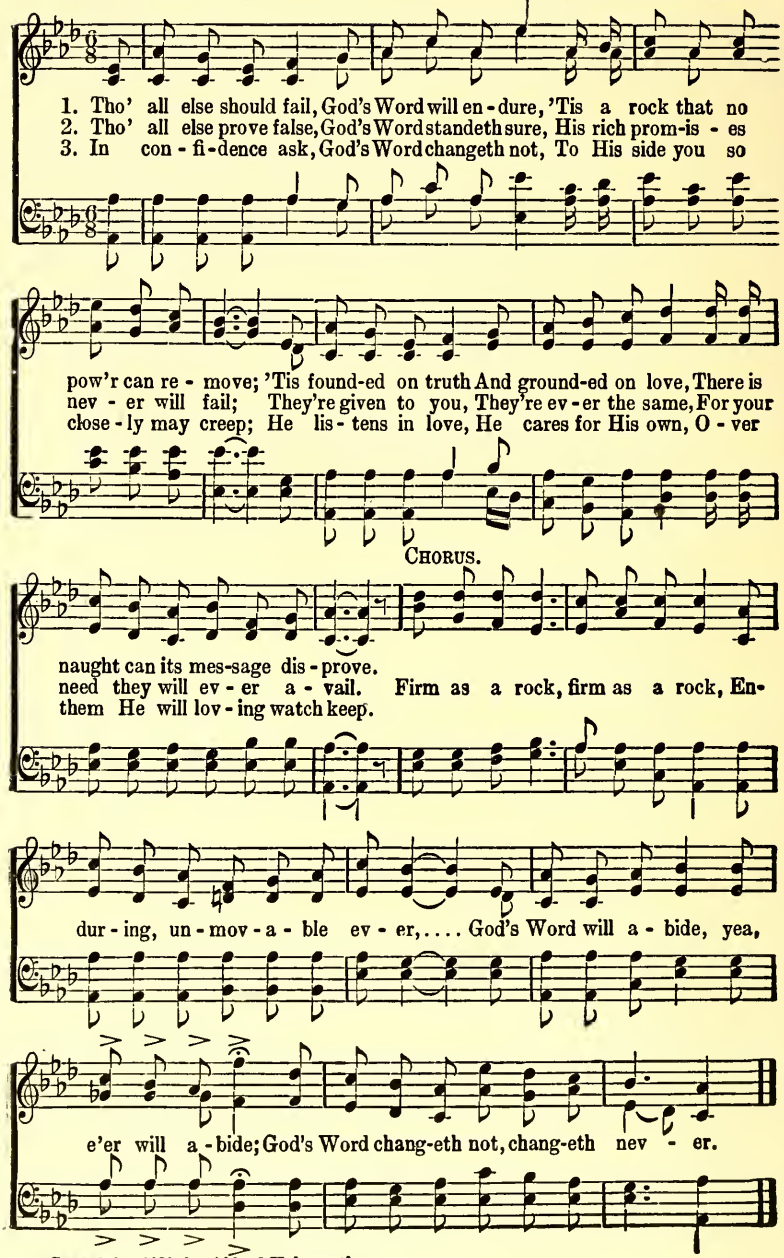
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35 God's Word Endureth Forever.

ANNA B. RUSSELL. ALFRED HOLZWORTH.



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36 Old-Fashioned Gospel.

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Somebody Cares.

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Fannie Edna Stafford. **Homer A. Rodeheaver.**

M. 50 =



38 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

John Newton, 1779. (Austrian Hymn. 8.7.8.7. D.) Joseph Haydn, 1797.



Deeper, Deeper.

C. P. J. C. P. Jones.



1900, by C. P. Jones. Used by per,

Meyer and Brother, owners of copyright.

He's Coming Soon.

Hawaiian Melody.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Liliuokalani, Arr. by T. H.

1. In these, the clos-ing days of time, What joy the glorious hope af-
2. The signs around—in earth and air, Or paint-ed on the star-lit
3. The dead in Christ who 'neath us lie, In countless numbers, all shall
4. And we who, liv-ing, yet remain, Caught up, shall meet our faithful

fords, That soon—O wondrous truth sub-lime! He shall reign, King of
sky, God's faithful wit-ness-es—declare That the coming of the
rise When thru the por-tals of the sky He shall come to pre-
Lord; This hope we cher-ish not in vain, But we comfort one an-

REFRAIN.

kings and Lord of lords.
Sav-ior draweth nigh. He's com-ing soon, He's coming soon; With
pare our Par-a-dise.
oth-er by this word.

joy we welcome His re-turn - ing; It may be morn, it
the re-turning of the Lord;

may be night or noon—We know He's com-ing soon.
our King is com-ing ver-y soon.

Tell It Wherever You Go.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Owned by The Standard Publishing Co. **Wm. Edie Marks.**



42 I Do Believe the Bible.

F. A. B.

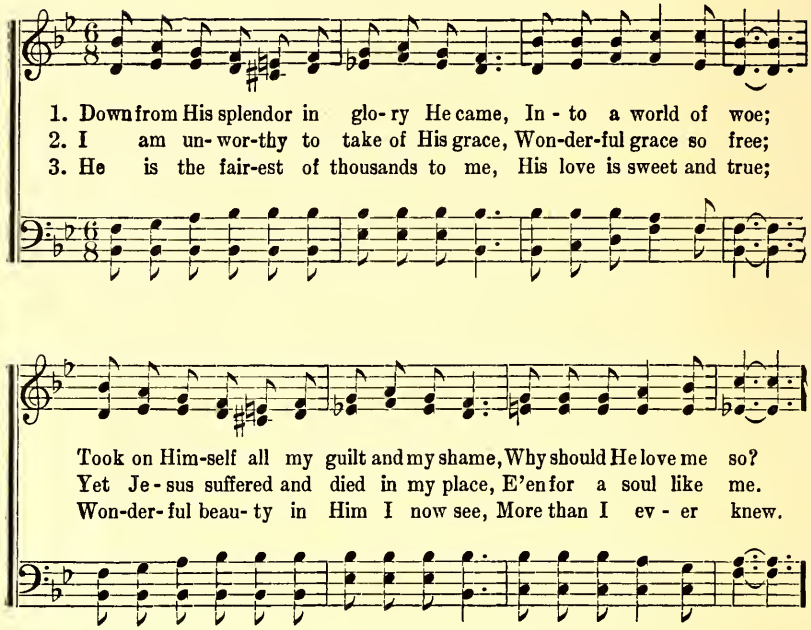
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43 How Can I Help But Love Him?

E. M. R. Elton M. Roth.



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44 God Will Take Care of You.

"Be careful for nothing."—PHIL. 4: 6. "He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

C. D. MARTIN. W. S. MARTIN.



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Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

45 We'll Say Good Morning in Glory.

A. J. G. A. J. Gordon.



Himself.

A. B. S. A. B. Simpson.



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47 I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

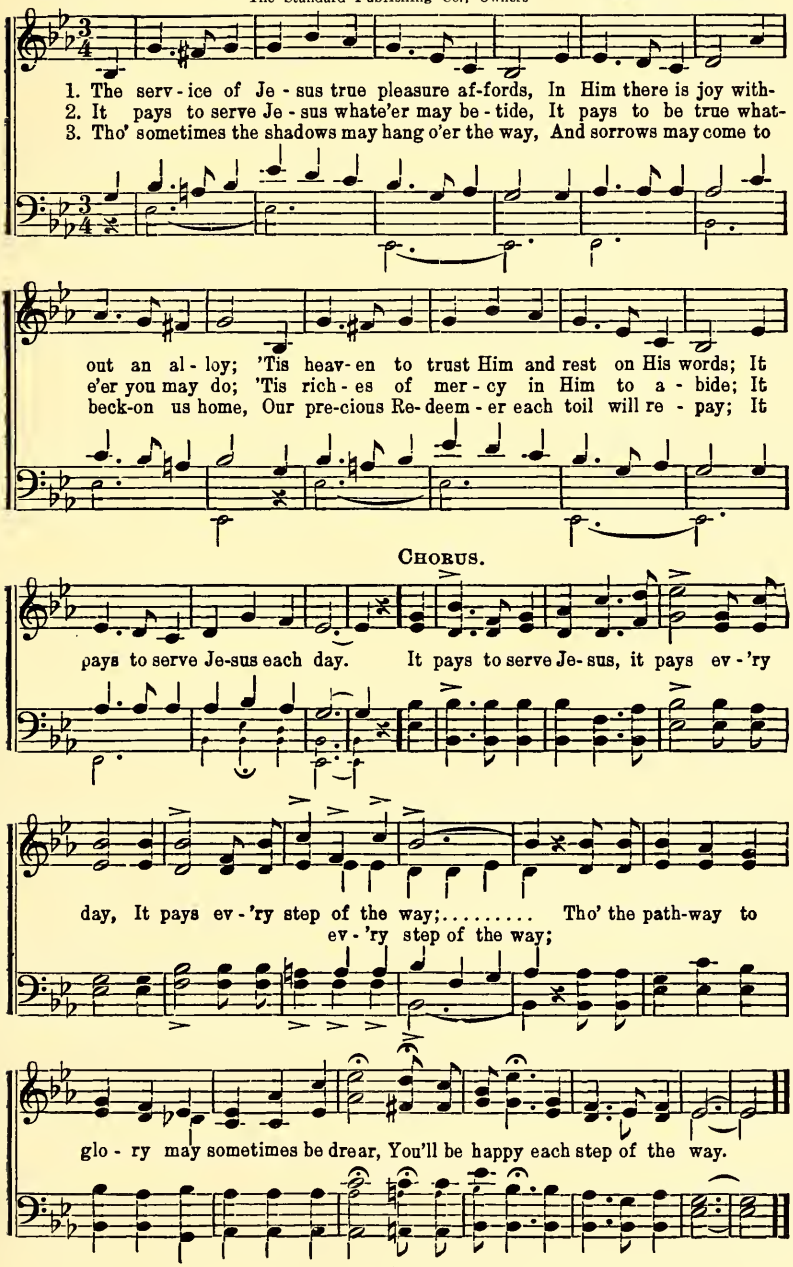


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It Pays to Serve Jesus.

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F. C. H. Frank C. Huston.



Memories of Galilee.

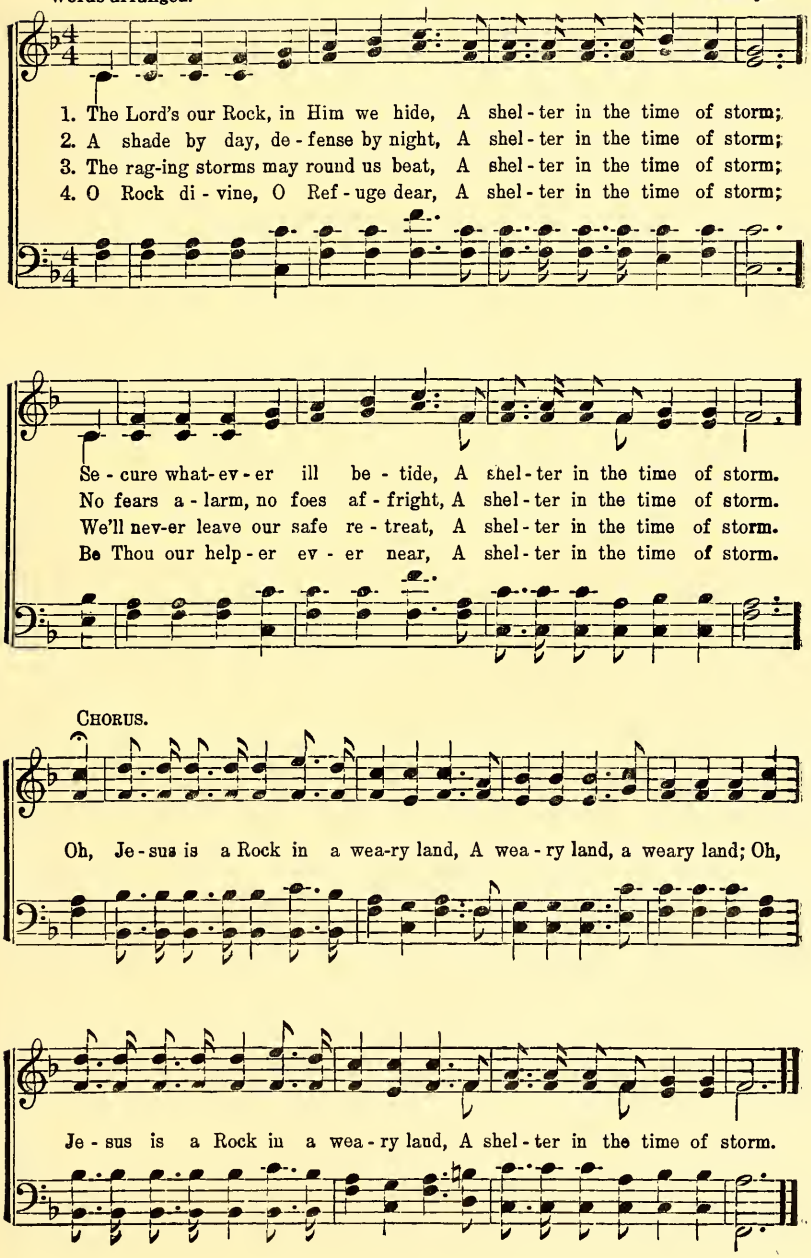
Robert Morris. H. R. Palmer.



50 A Shelter In the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arranged. Ira D. Sankey.

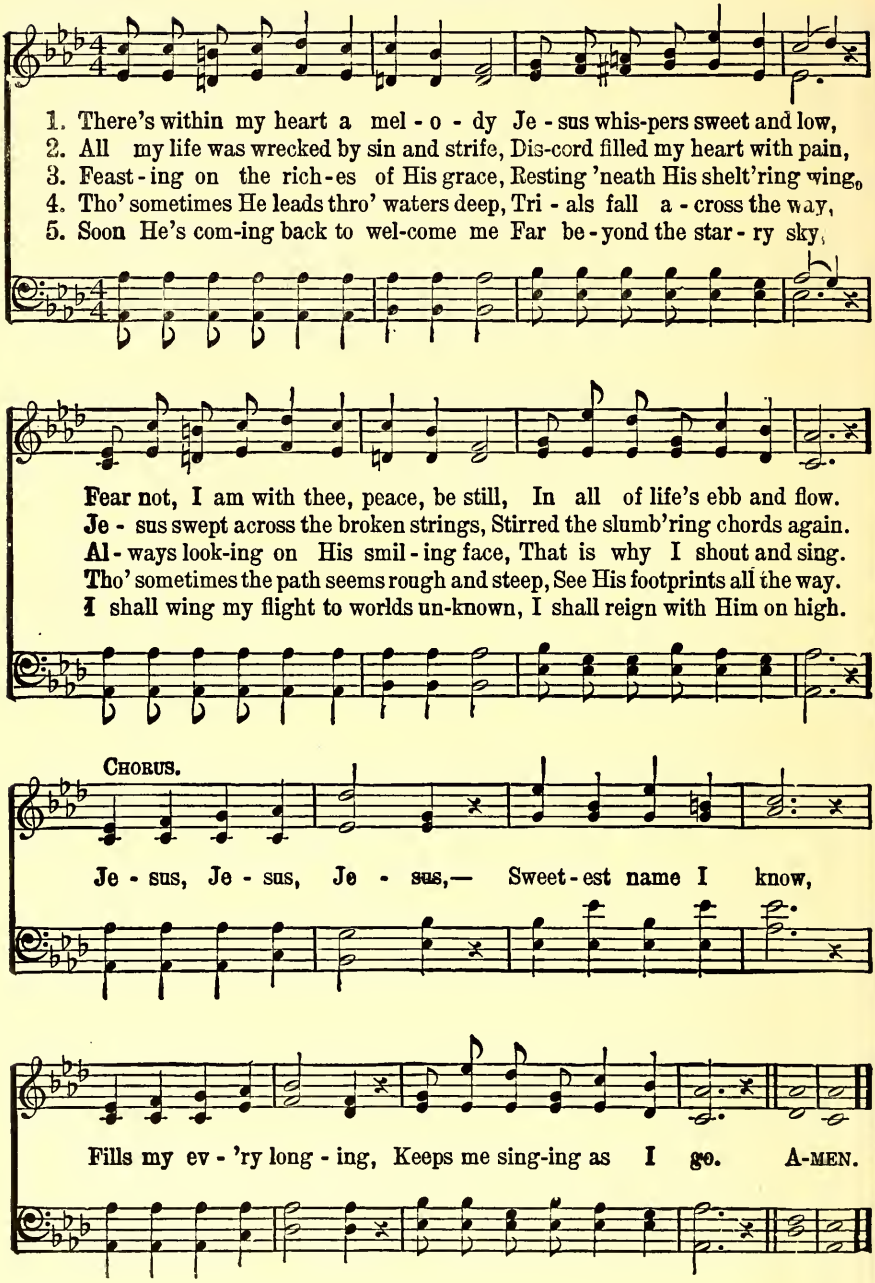


He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

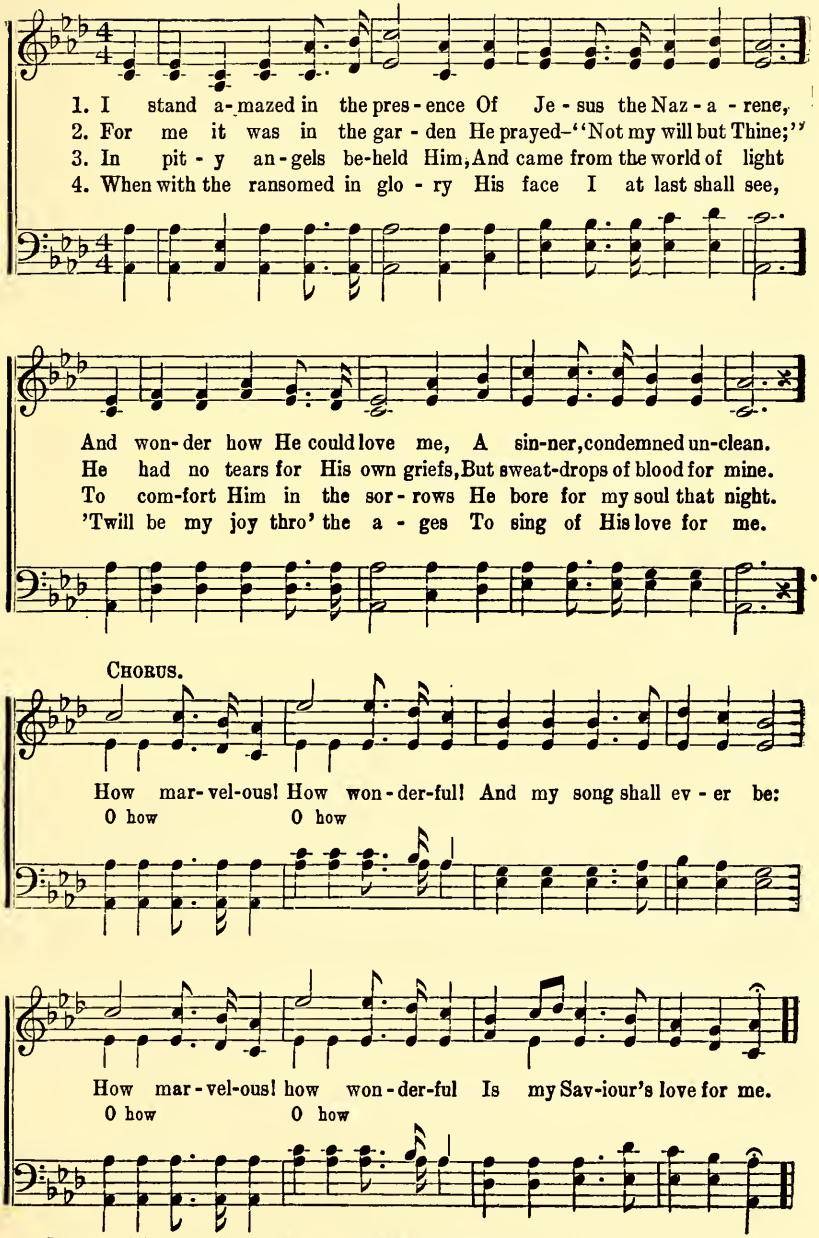
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L. B. Bridgers.



My Saviour's Love.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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53 O What a Wonderful Day.

HERBERT G. TOVEY. ARTHUR W. McKEE.



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For His Cause Sublime.

Lizzie DeArmond. E. S. Lorenz.



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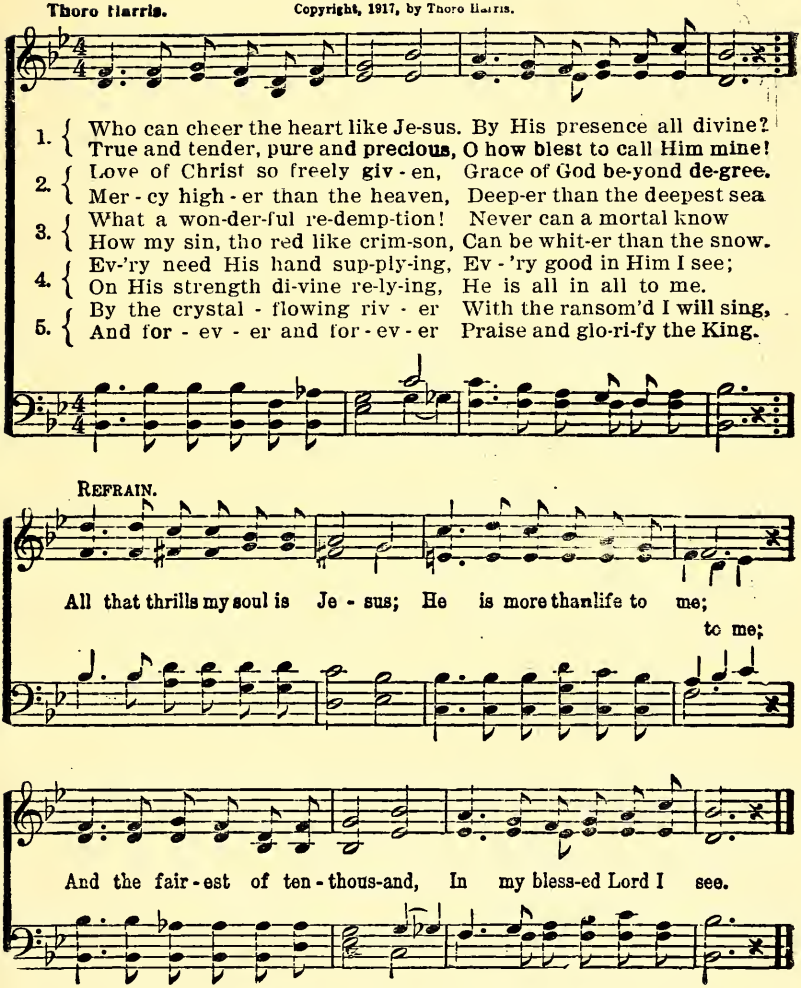
Sweet By-and-By.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. JOS. P. WEBSTER.



56 All That Thrills My Soul.

Thoro Harris. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.



57 I Believe Jesus Saves.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

Cho.—

I believe; Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow;
I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 To Jesus I give my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For his fulness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

3 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow. —Jos. P. Webster.

Once for All.

P. P. B. Fred. P. Morris. P. P. Bliss.



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Closer to Jesus. . .

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R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 46 =

1. The Sav - ior is dear - er to me ev - 'ry day, The clo - ser I live to Him; And bright - er His glo - ry il - lu-mines my way,
2. His serv - ice grows sweet-er and sweet-er to me, The clo - ser I live to Him; And more of His good-ness and mer - cy I see,
3. His love more a - bund - ant - ly flows thro' my heart, The clo - ser I live to Him; And rich - er the bless-ings that He doth im - part,
4. I'm long - ing the more in His like - ness to be, The clo - ser I live to Him; And sur - er I am that His face I shall see,

CHORUS.

The clo - ser I live to Him. Clo - ser to Him, clo - ser to Him, Ev - er oh, I want to live clo - ser to Je - sus; There's no one so pre-cious, so faith-ful to me, And I want to live clo-ser to Him.

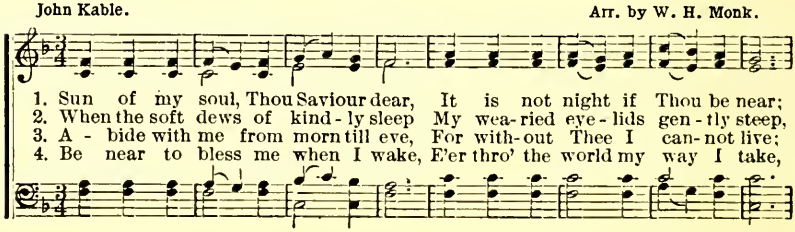
60 Living for Jesus.

C. F. W. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY C. F. WEIGELE. C. F. Weigele.



61 Sun of My Soul.

John Kable. Arr. by W. H. Monk.





62 The Joy Awaiting.

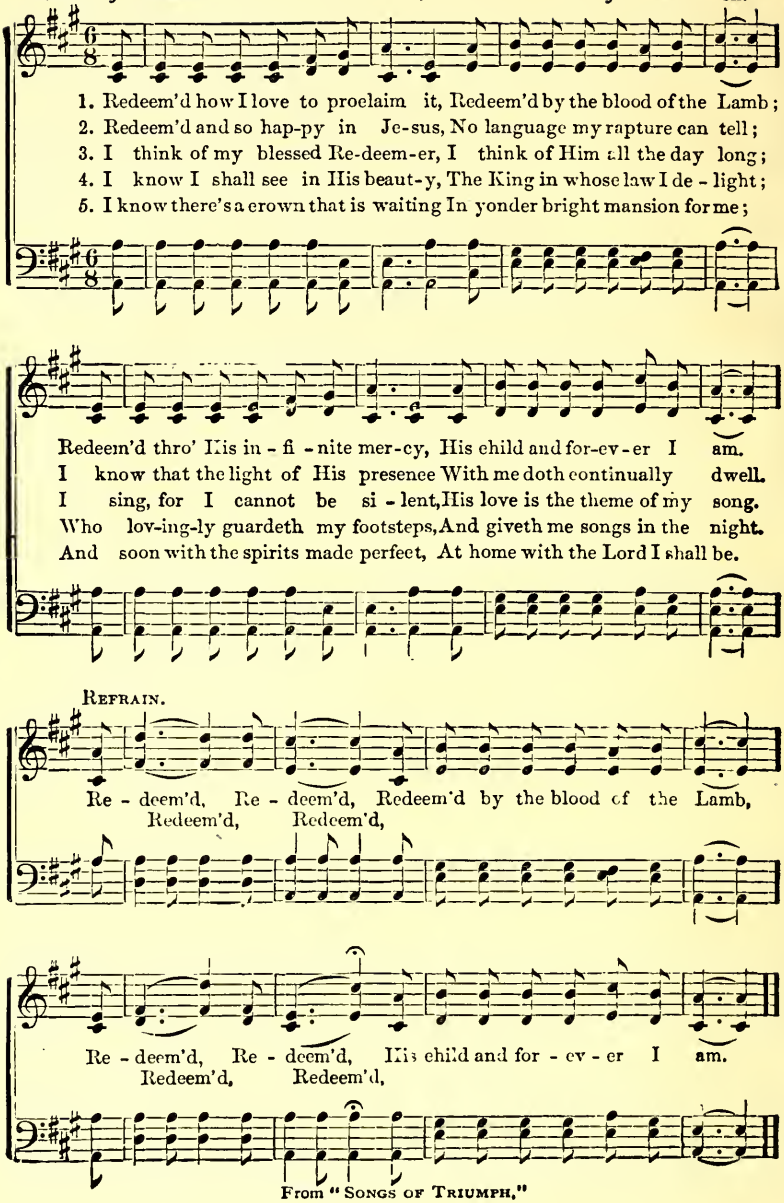
Maud Frazer. Robert Harkness.



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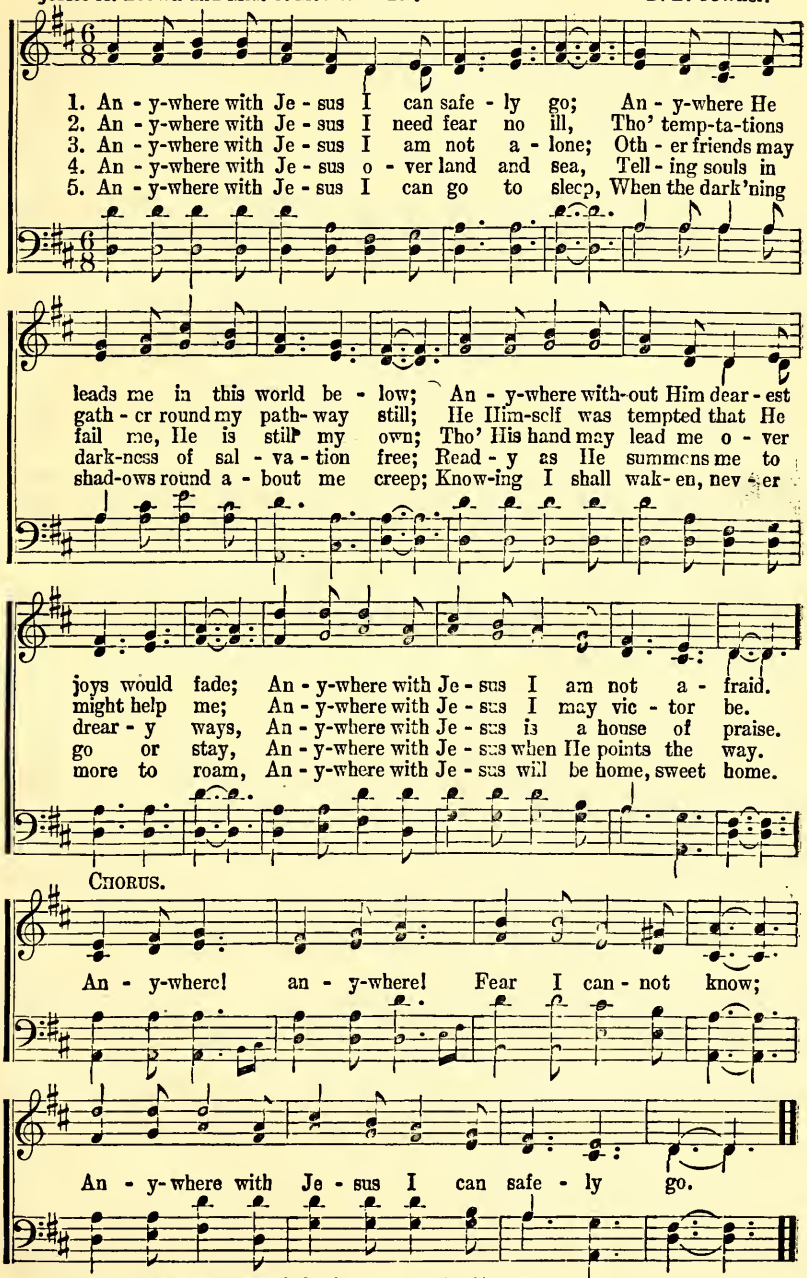
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

Anywhere With Jesus.

Jessie H. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Alexander. D. B. Towner.



* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus

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Blessed Assurance.

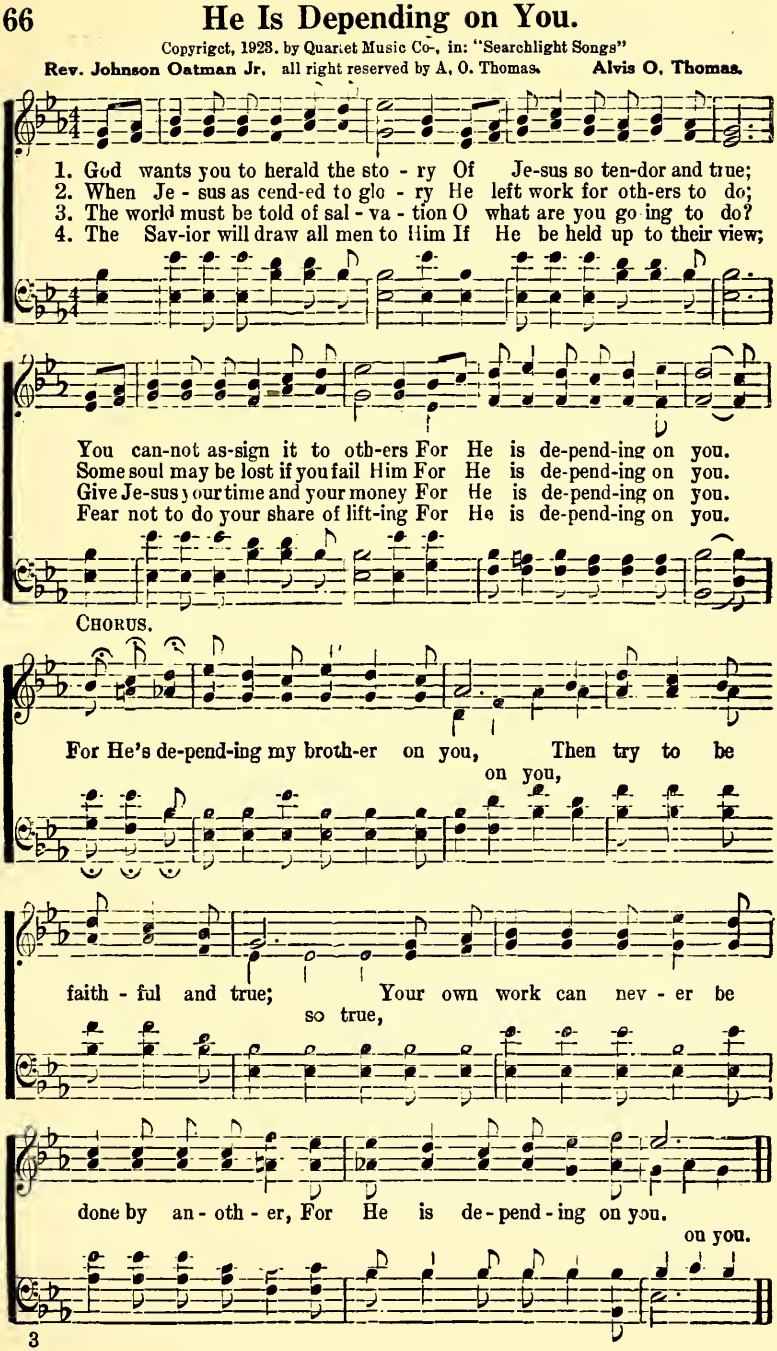
F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



66 He Is Depending on You.

Copyrigct, 1928. by Quartet Music Co-, in: "Searchlight Songs"
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Rev. Johnson Oatman Jr. **Alvis O. Thomas.**



67 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

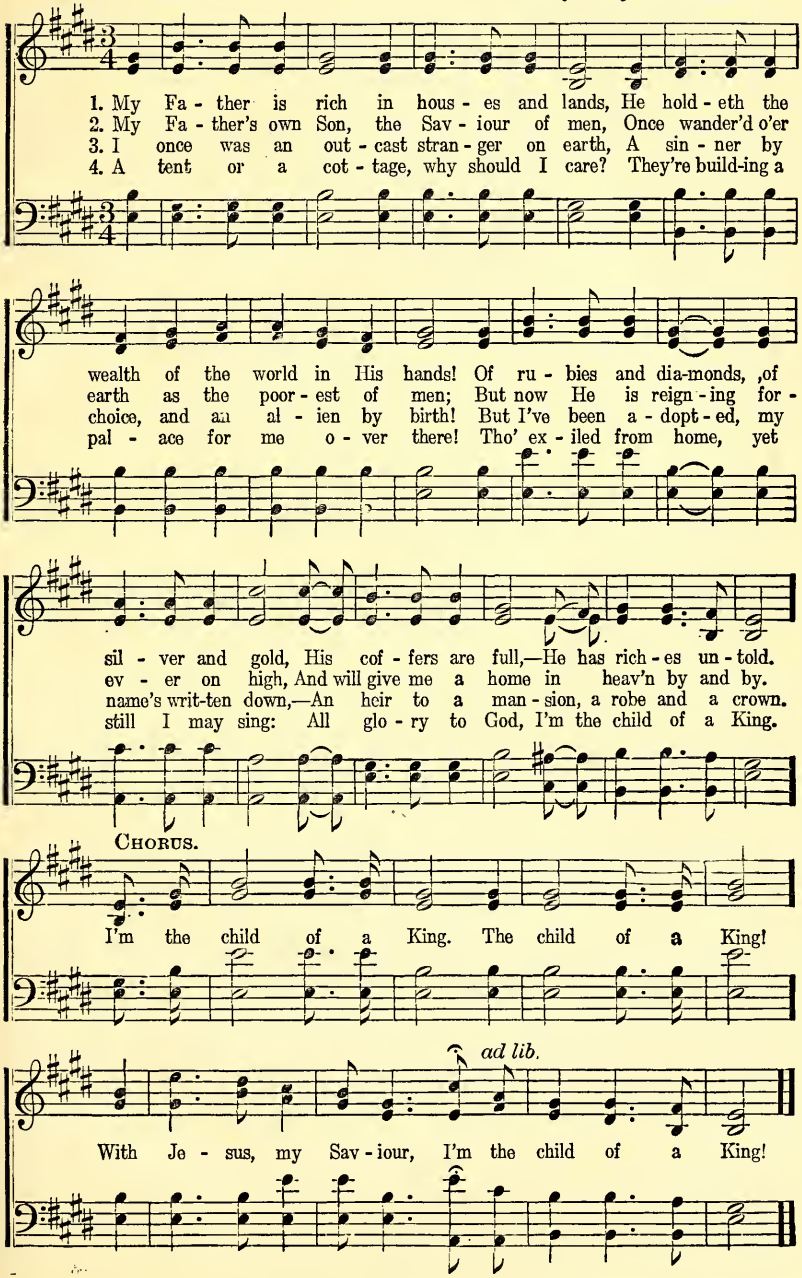
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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



68 The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner.



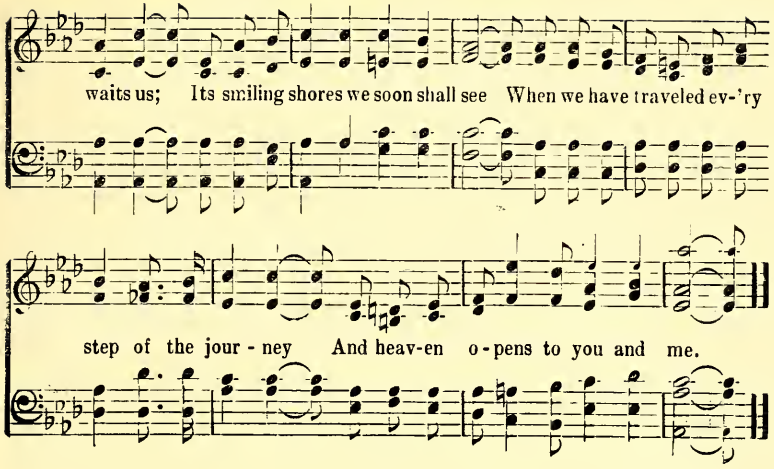
Somewhere.

Words and Music by
Franklin Earl Hathaway.

SOLO. or DUET

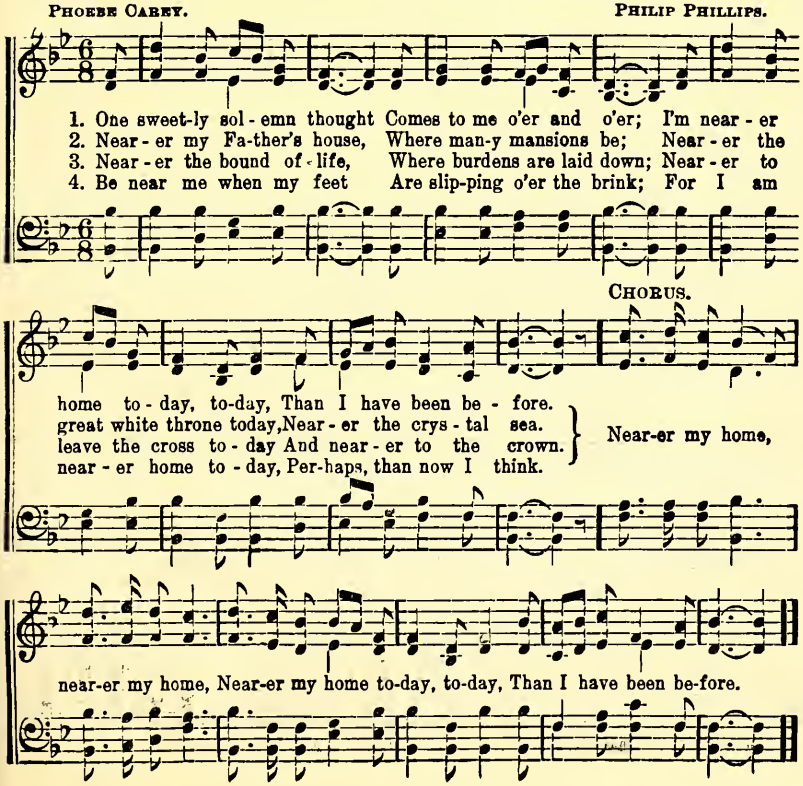


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70 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CAREY. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



71 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

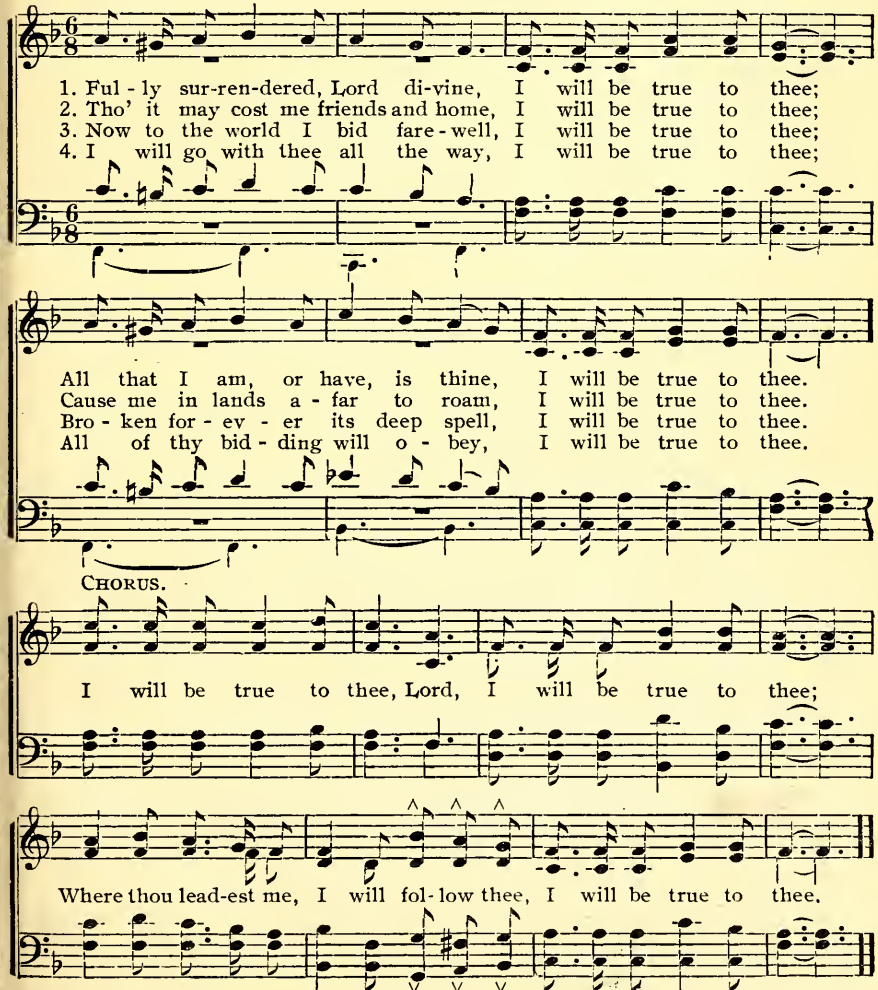


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72 I Will Be True to Thee.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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73 The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.

D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.



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Over There.

P. R. Paul Rader

1. O - ver there where the heath-en are dy - ing, O - ver there where the
2. O - ver there where temp-ta-tion is call - ing, O - ver there where the
3. O - ver there they are call - ing and dy - ing, O - ver there in the

sin forc - es dwell, We must car - ry the great sal - va - tion;
vic - es, a - bound, We must tell of the One who con - quers,
dark-ness they roam, There are wait - ing to hear of Je - sus,

CHORUS.

We must go and the glad sto - ry tell.
We must tell of the Christ we have found. O - ver there where the millions are
They are call-ing to us, "Won't you come?"

dy-ing, over there, Over there where God's thot's are turning, o-ver there; O- ver

rit.

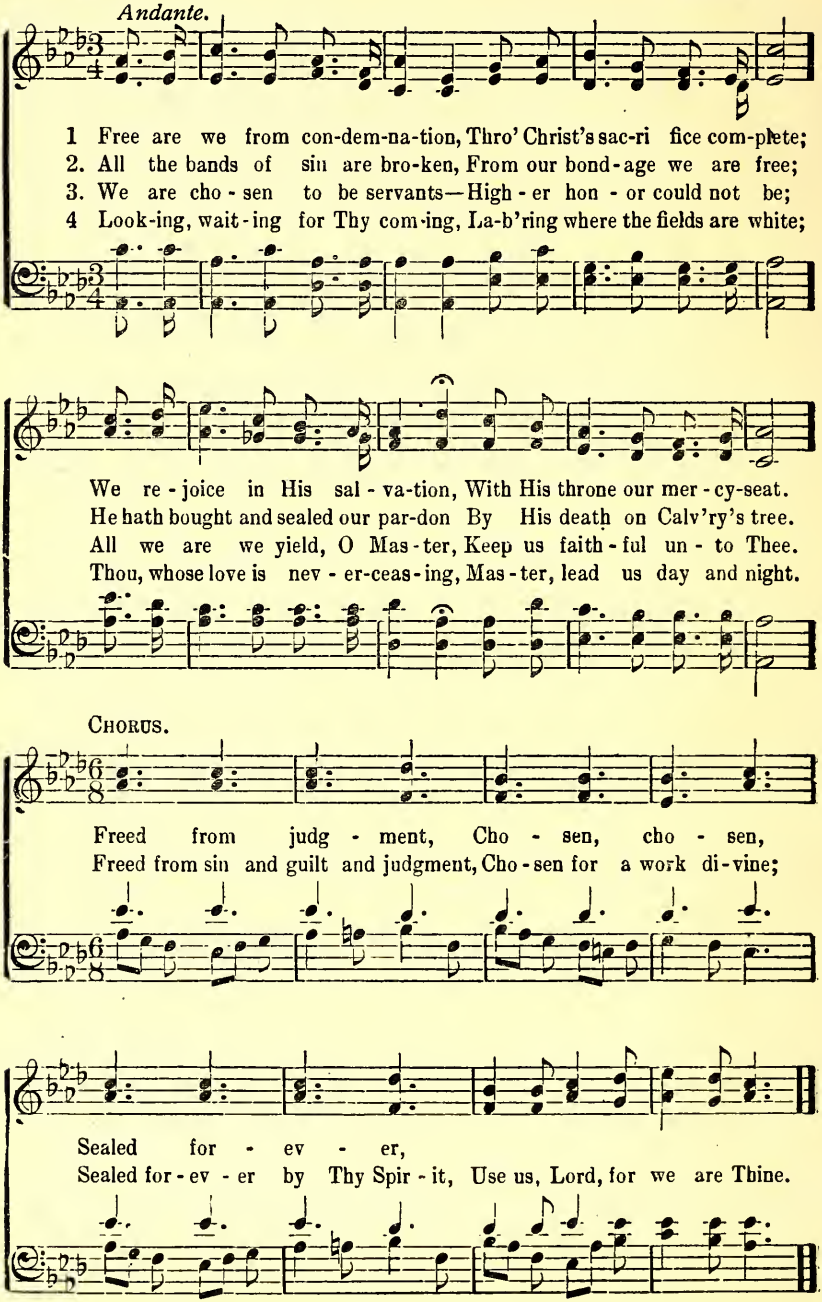
there darkened hearts are yearning, over there We will pray for the souls over there.

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75 The Glory of Salvation.

HOWARD BROWN. E. B. SMITH.

Andante.



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Saved, Saved.

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J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.



77 I Love Him Because He First Loved Me.

FRANK E. ROUCH. Copyright, 1922, by J. E. Sturgis. J. E. STURGIS.



78 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

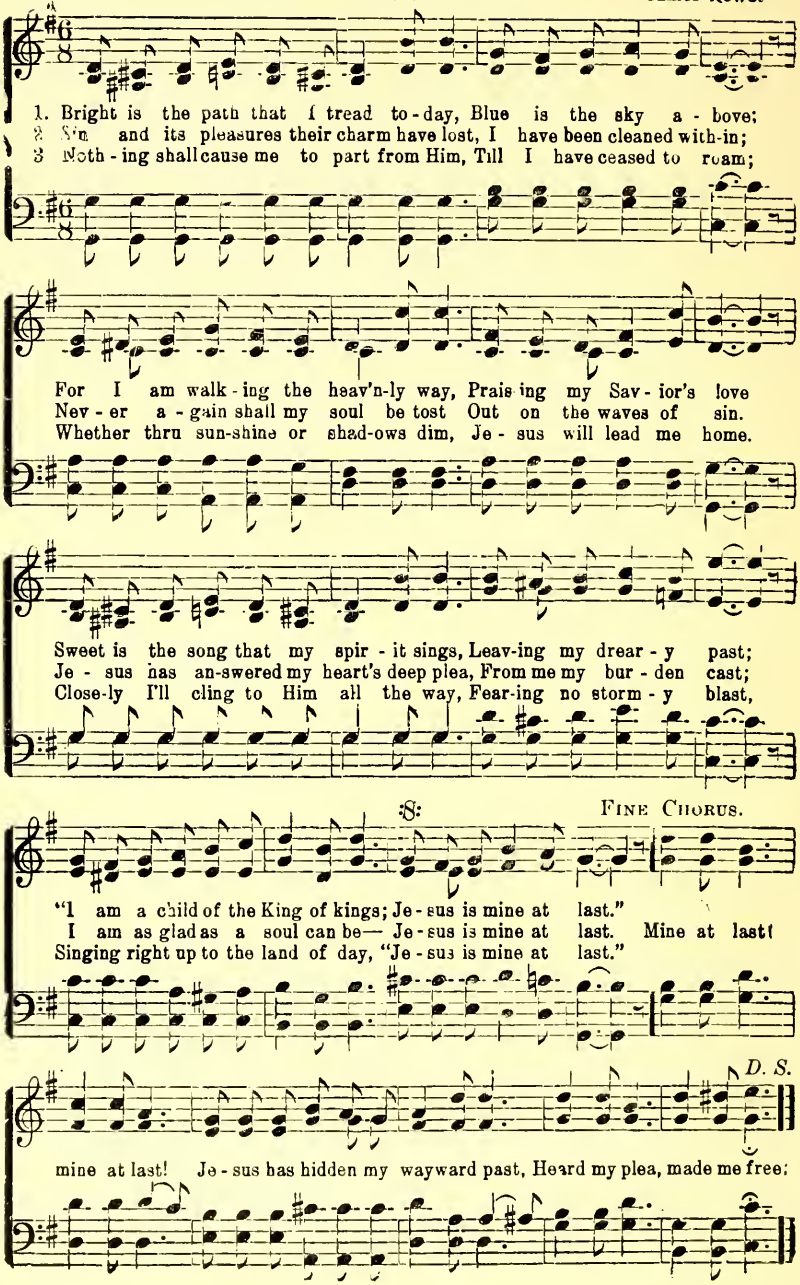
M. 96 = ♩



Mine at Last.

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James Rowe.



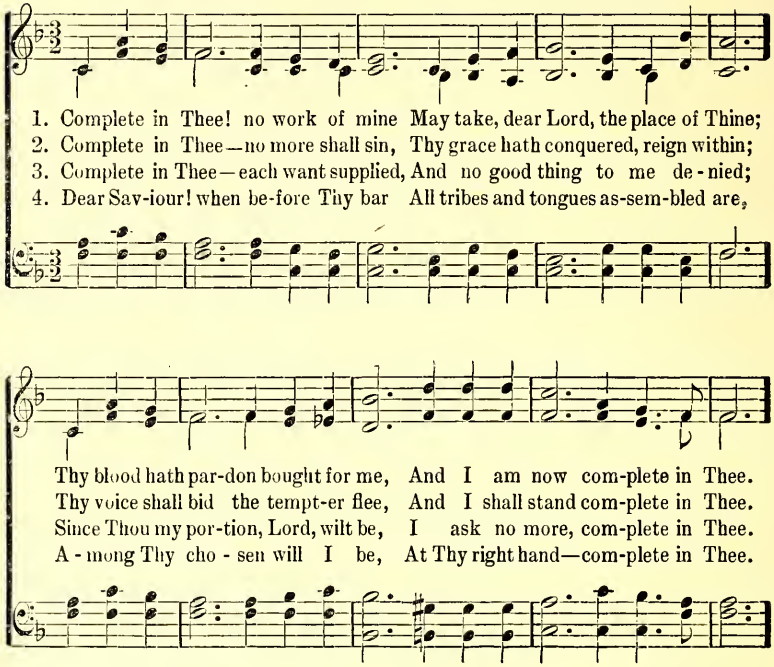
80 I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.

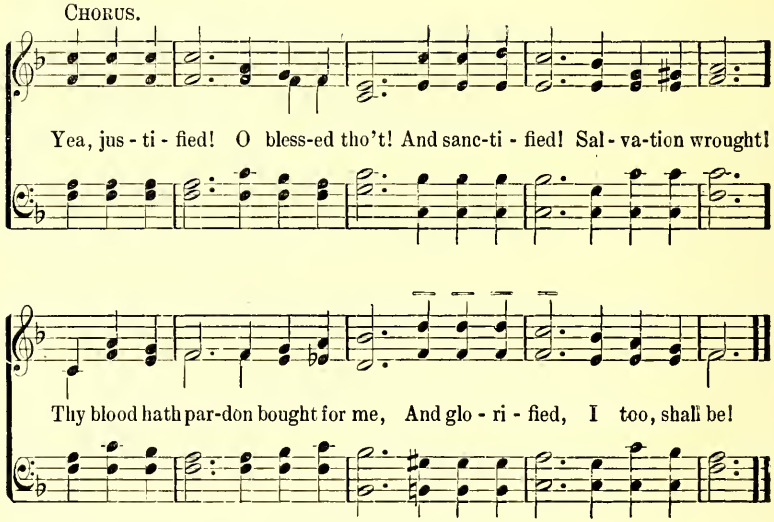


Complete In Thee.

Rev. A. R. Wolfe. (Cho. added by J. M. G.) T. J. Bittikofer.



Chorus.



Music Copyright, 1921, by T. J. Bittikofer.

82 The Glory Day Is Coming.

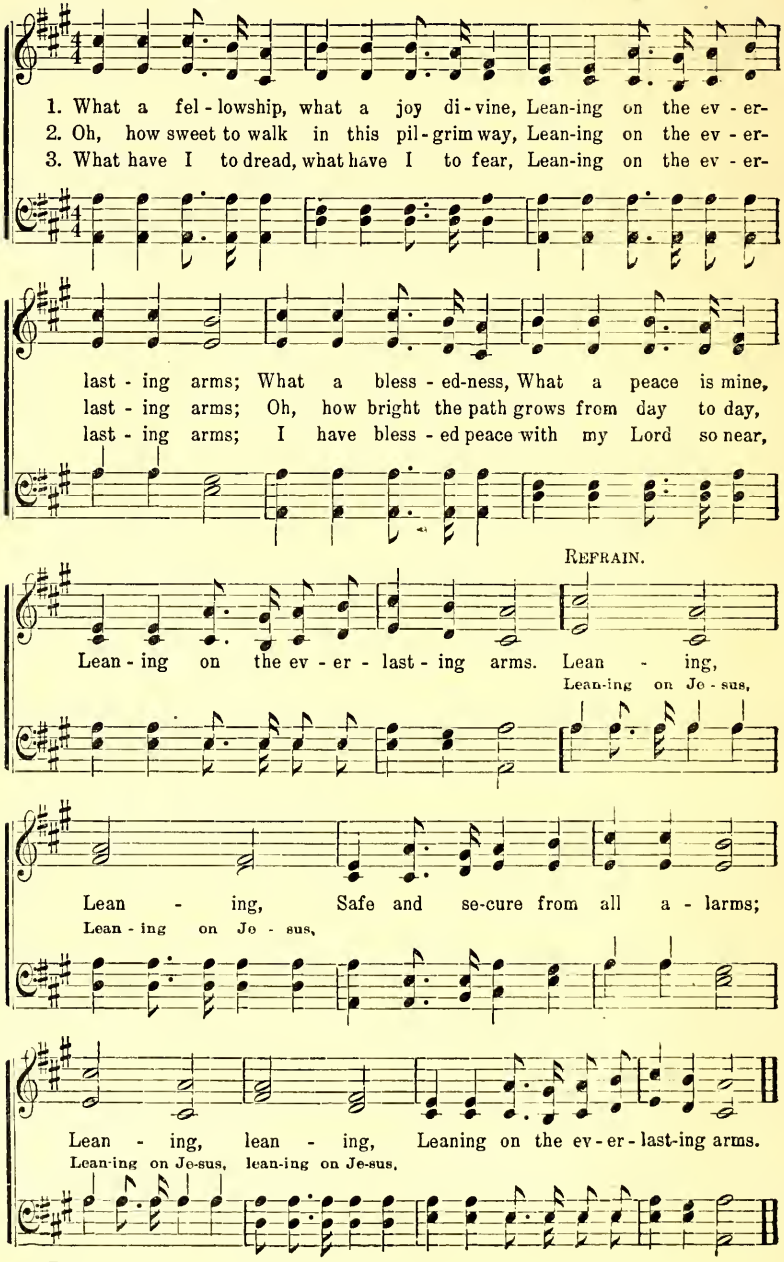
James Rowe. John D. Creswell.



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83 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.



By per.

Christ In Me.

M. J. C. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.

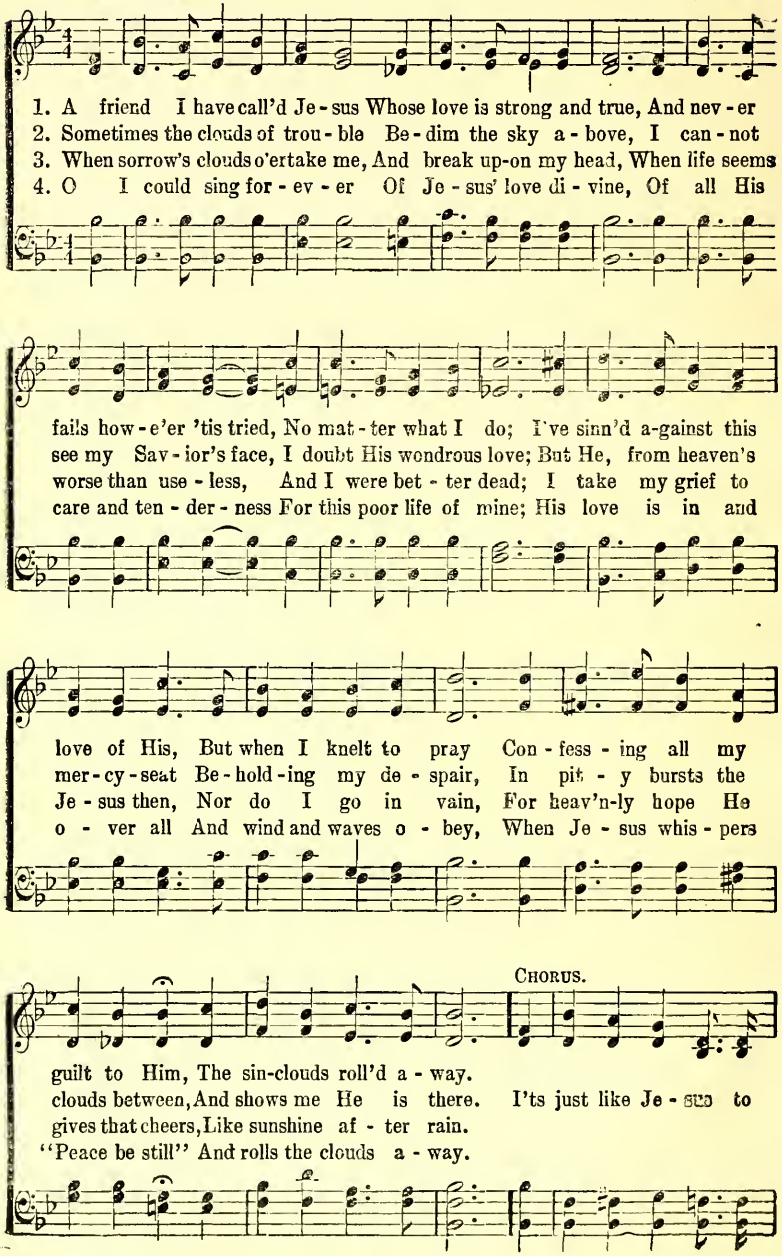


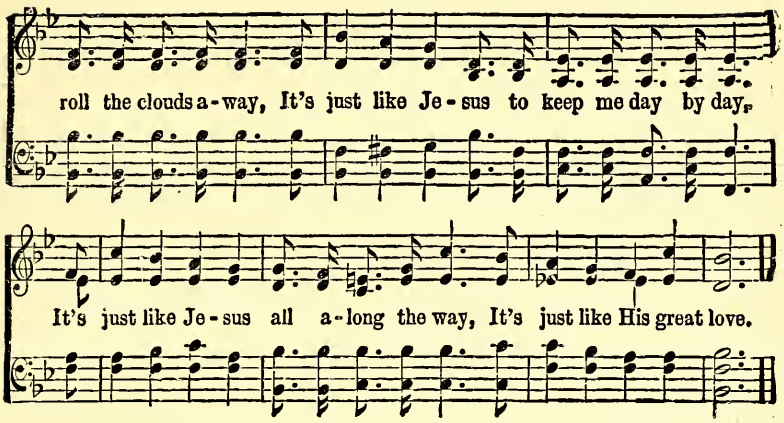
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It's Just Like His Great Love.

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Edna R. Worrell. Paul D. Rivers.





86 Joy to the World.

I. Watts. G. F. Handel.



87 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

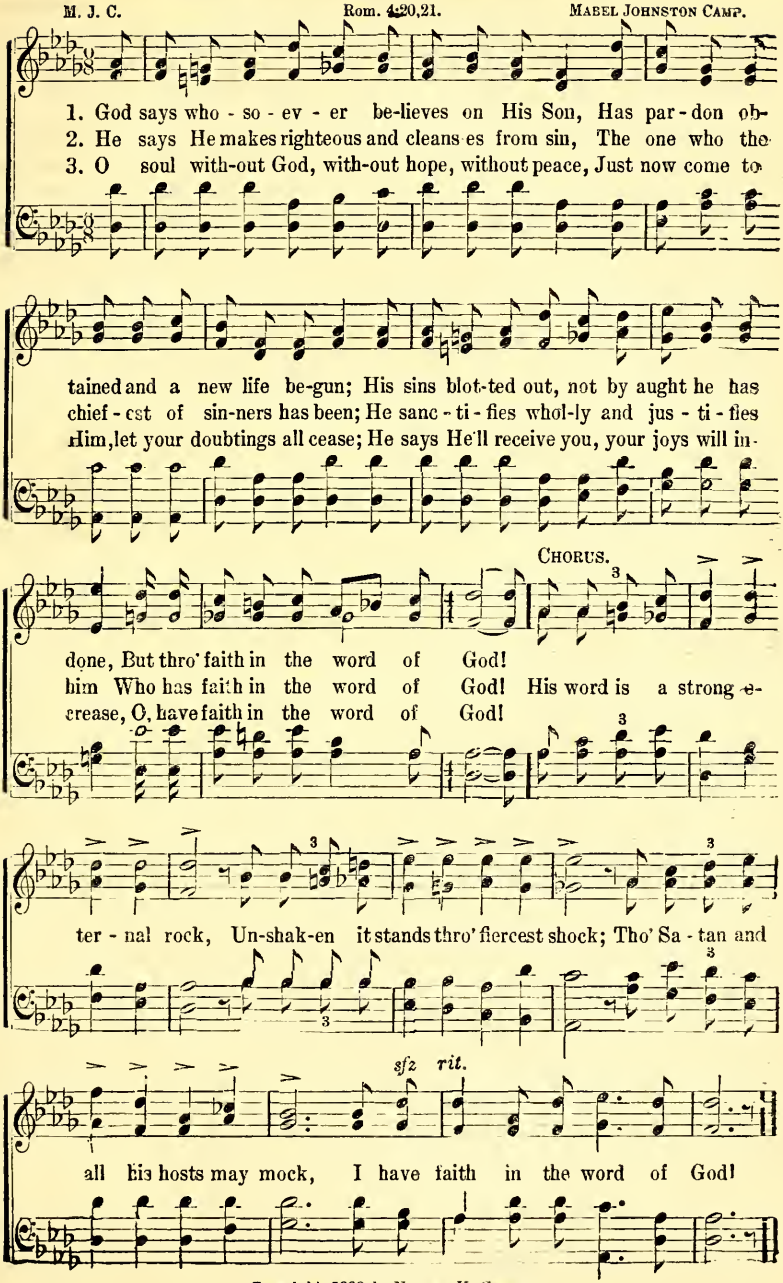
El Nathan. James McGranahan.



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Faith In the Word of God.

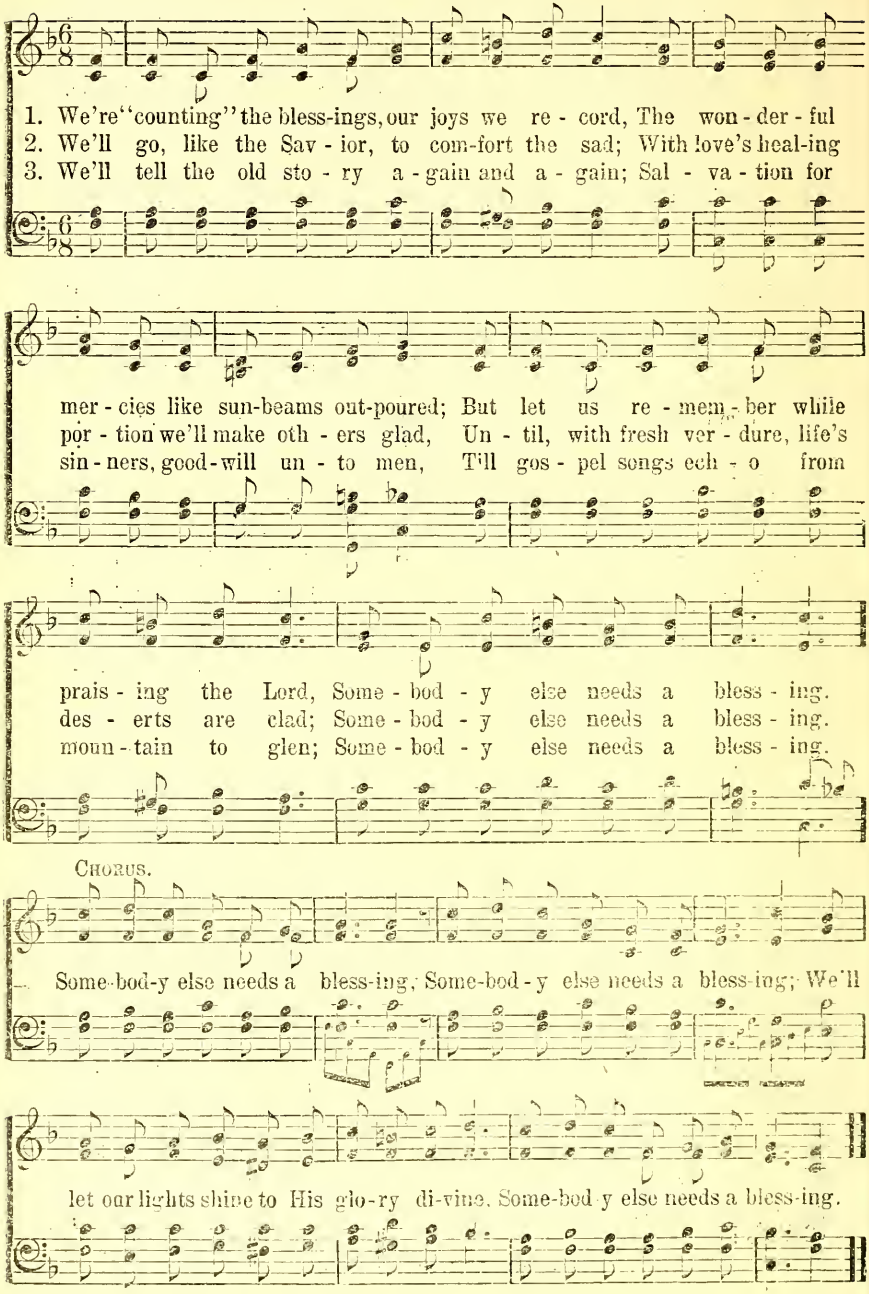
M. J. C. Rom. 4:20,21. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.



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89 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

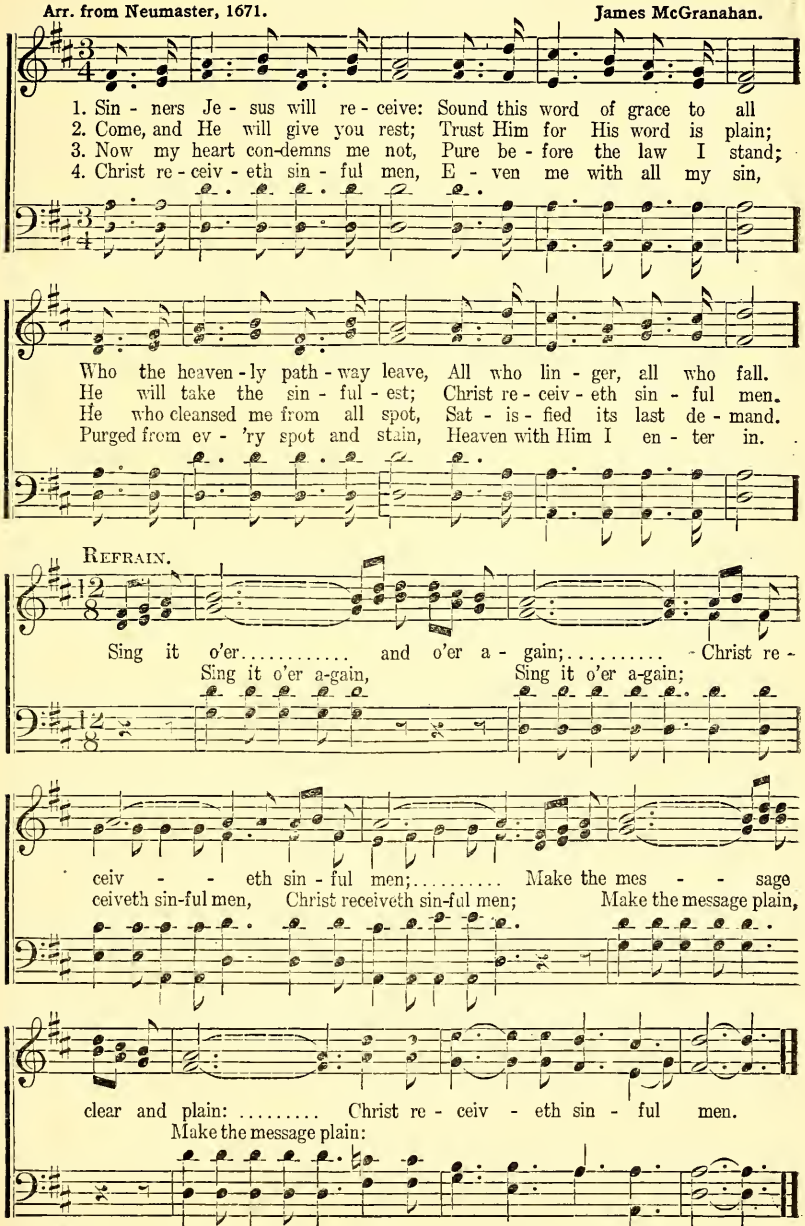
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS. B. D. Ackley.



90 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. ix: 12.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.



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91 That Beautiful Name.

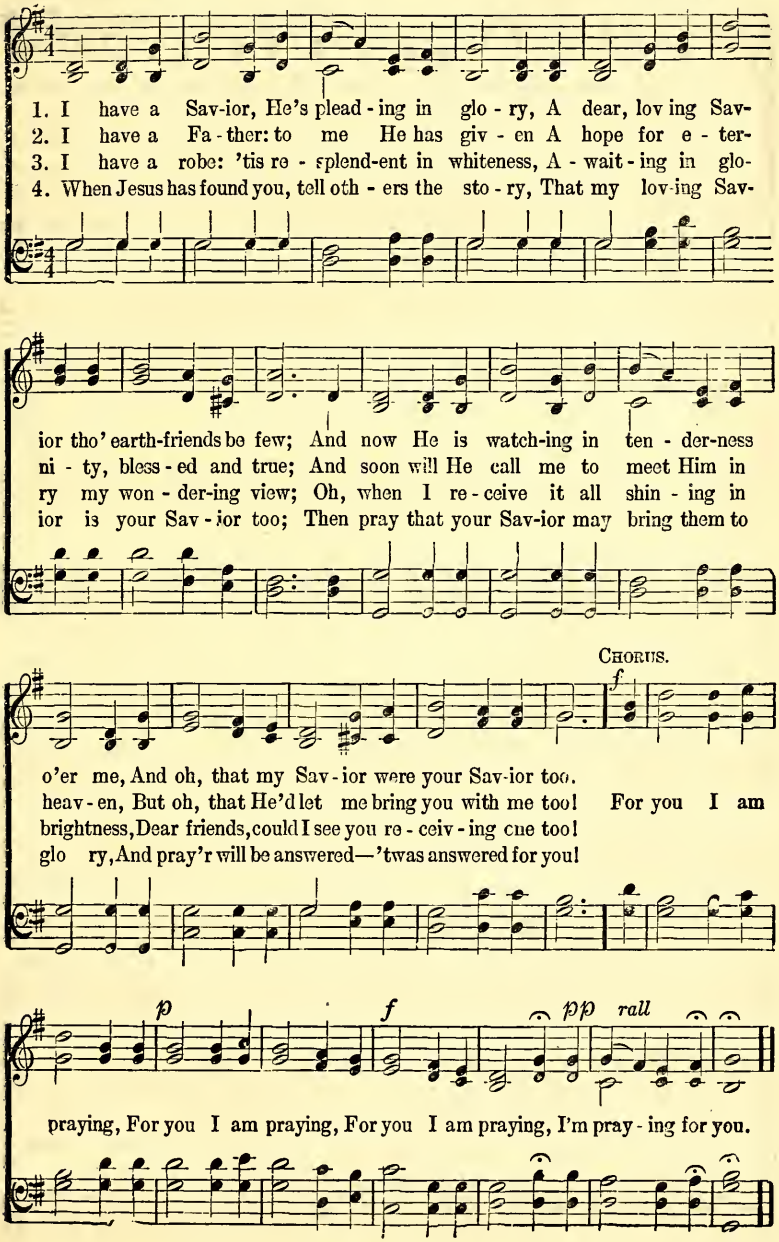
JEAN PERRY, alt. MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP.



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I Am Praying For You.

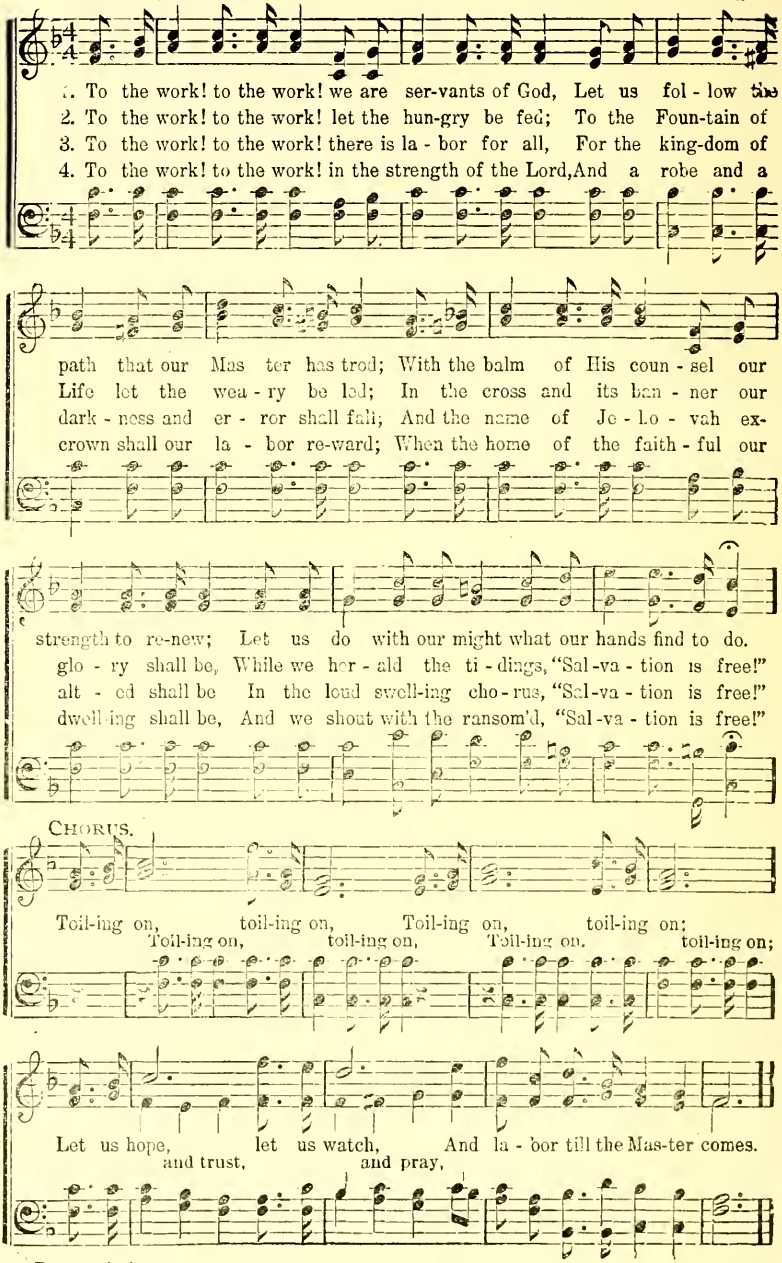
S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.



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To the Work.

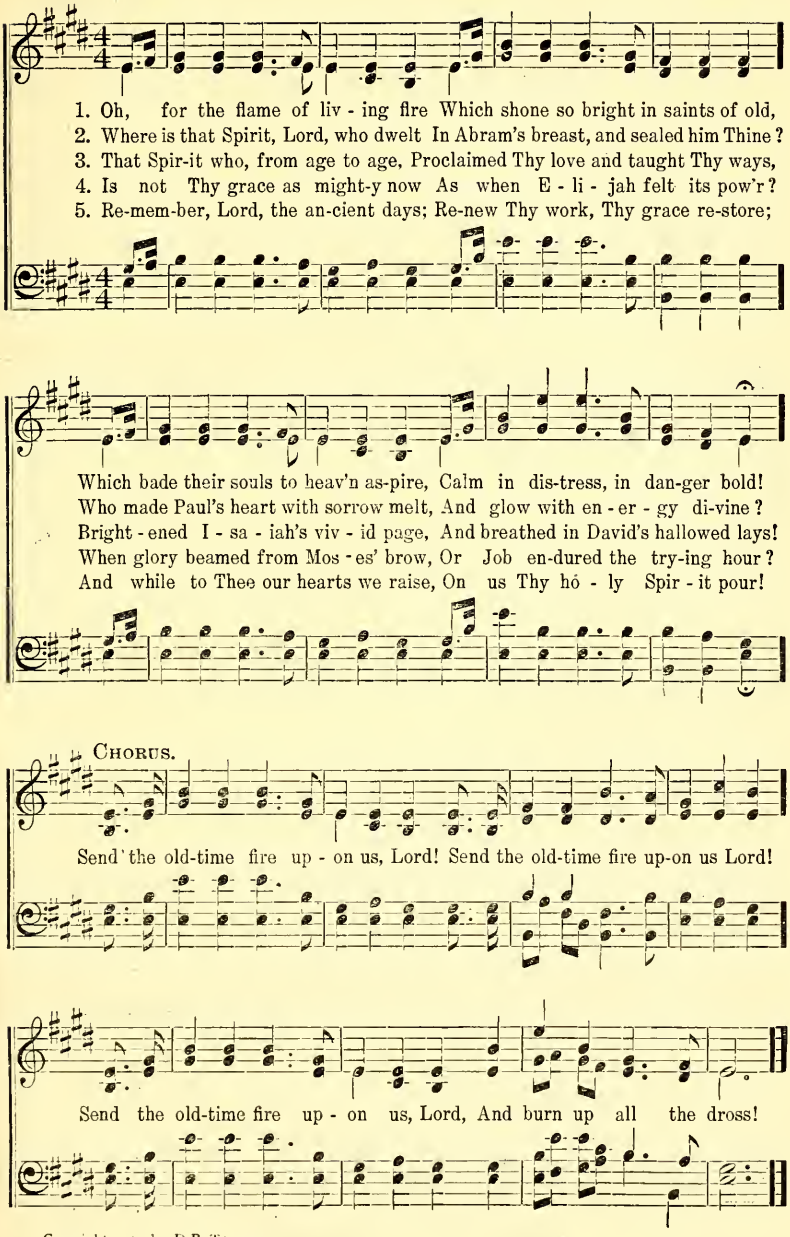
FANNIE J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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The Old-Time Fire.

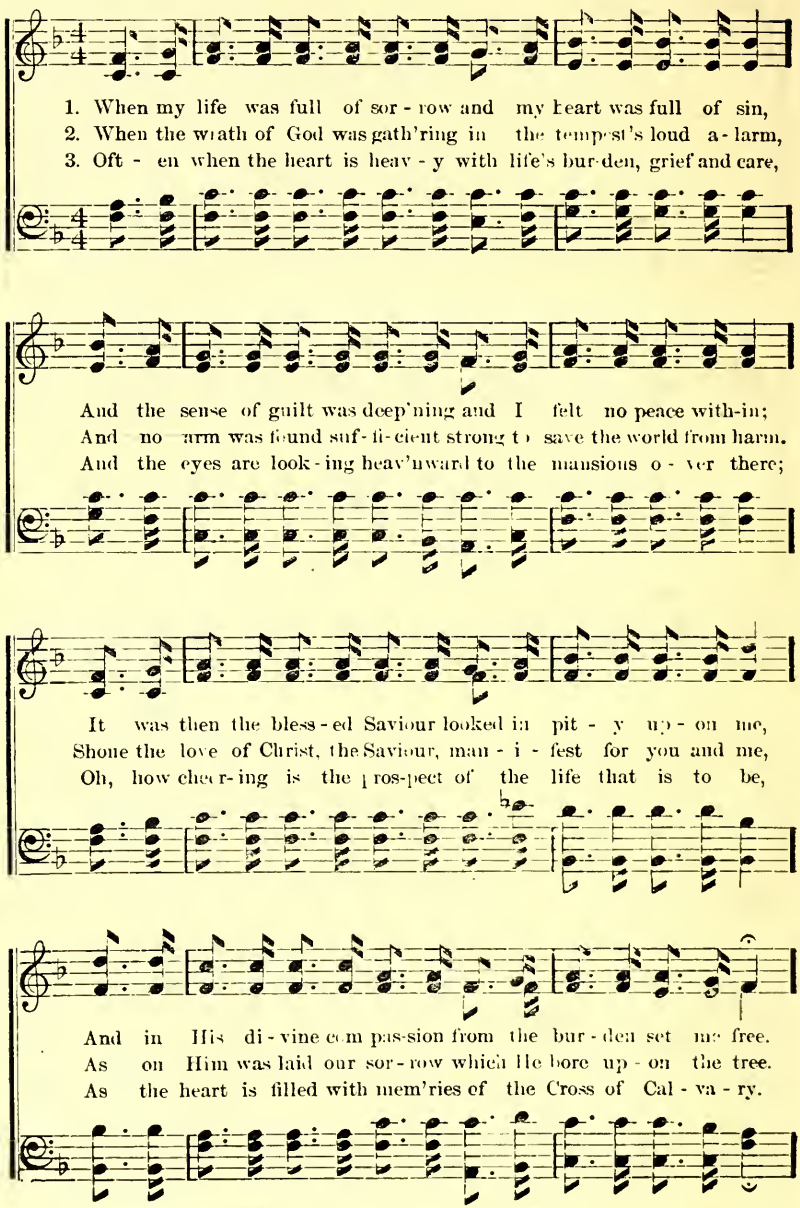
W. H. Bathurst, arr. D. B. Towner.



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95 It's Just Like Jesus.

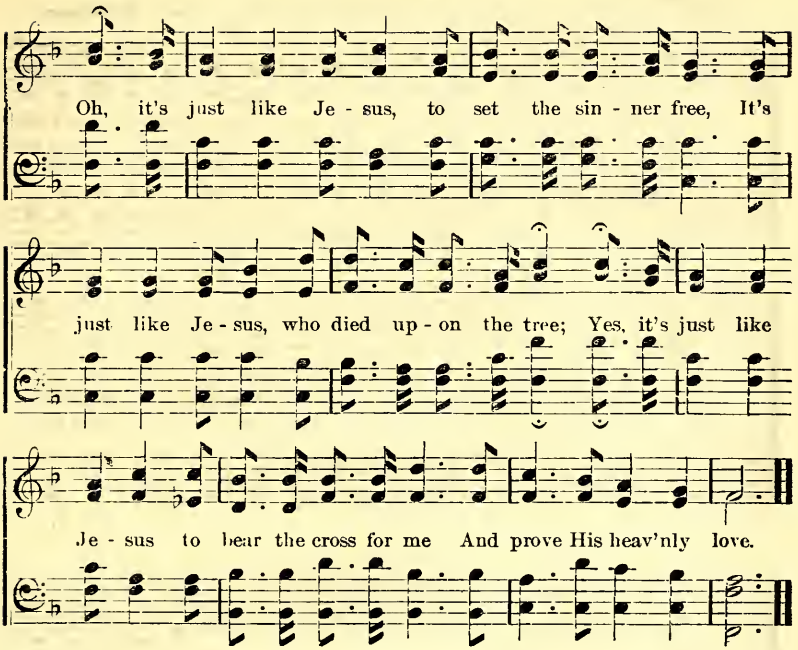
G. P. H. Rev. G. P. HOTT.



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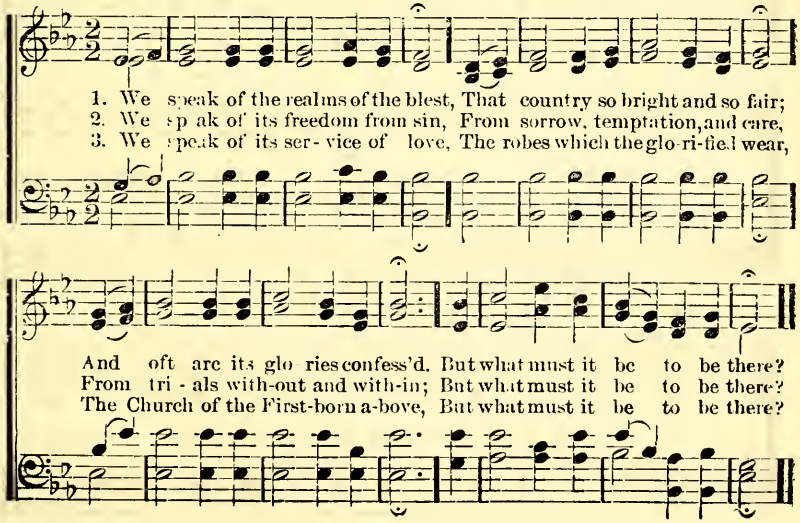
It's Just Like Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



96 Pierce.

ELIZABETH MILLS. I B. WOODBURY.



97 He Just Put Himself In My Place.

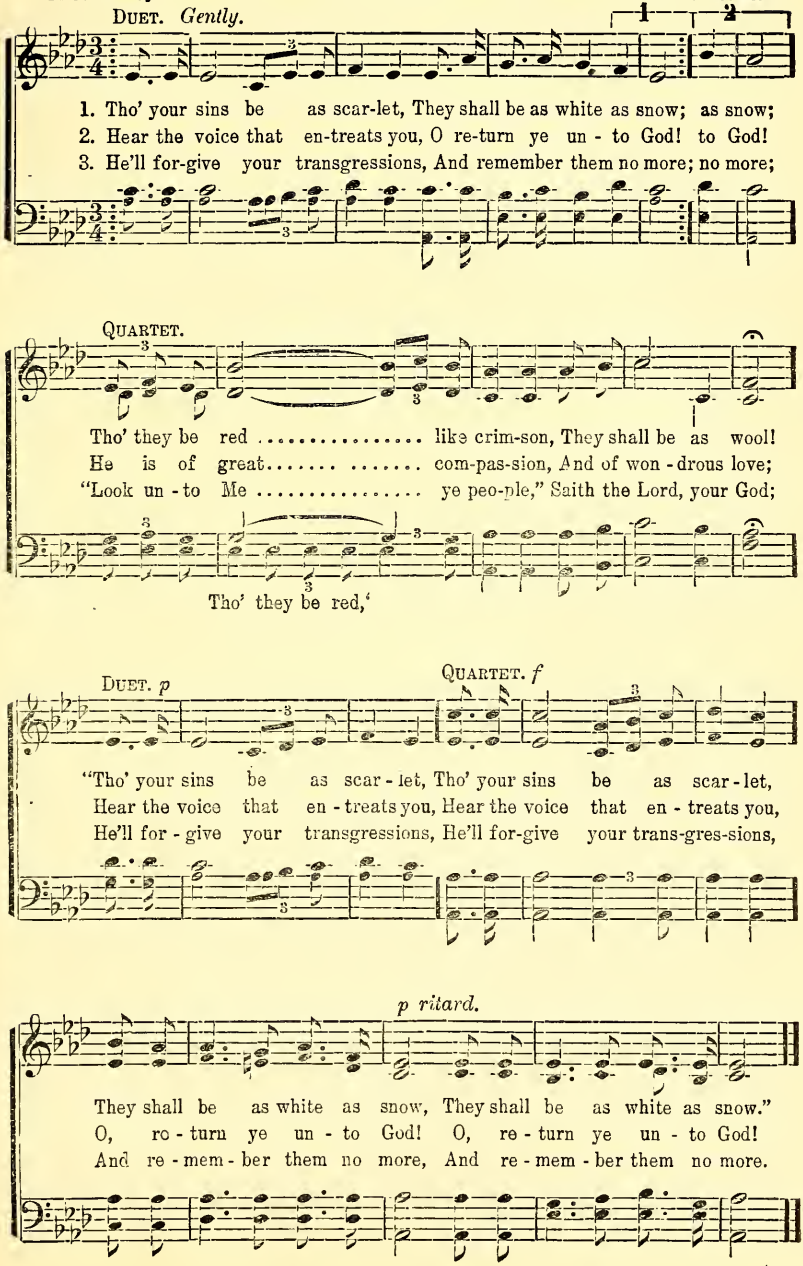
1st. stanza arr.
2nd & 3rd. C. D. T. Copyright, 1922, by Charlie D. Tillman. **Charlie D. Tillman.**



98 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

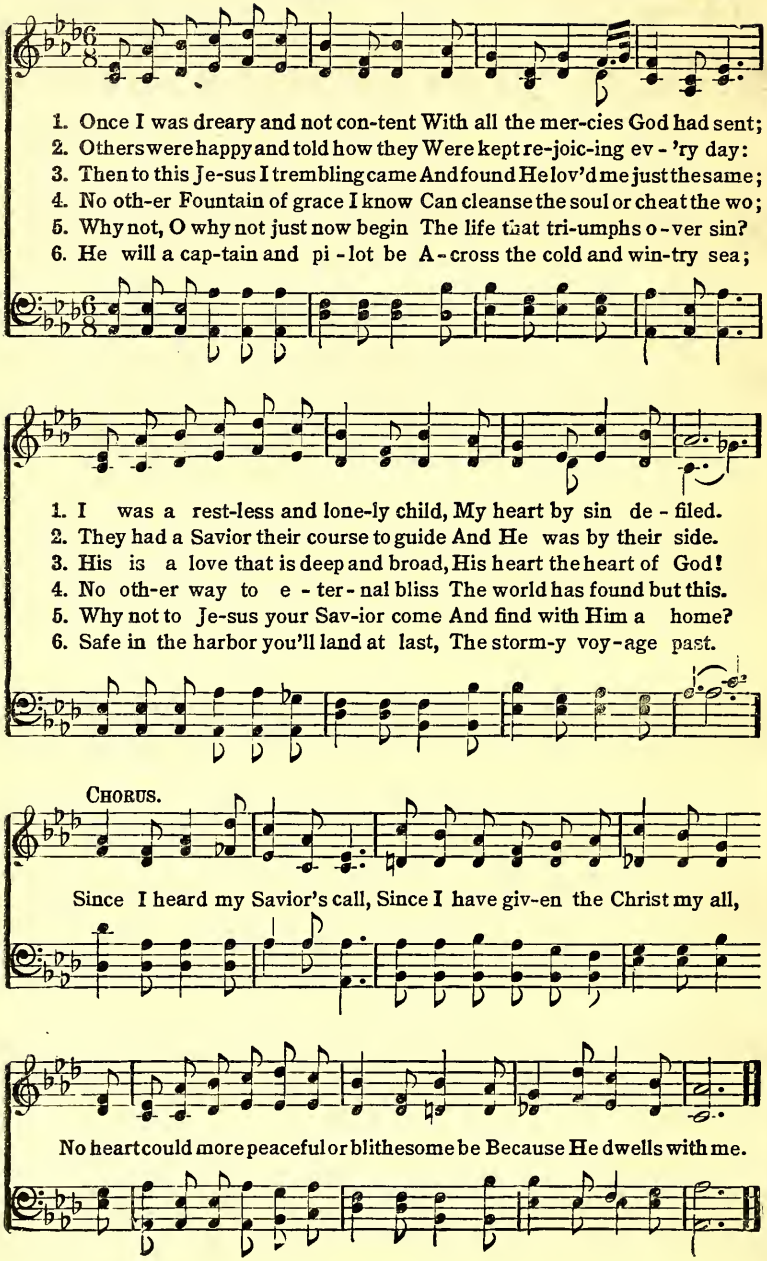
"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1:18.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



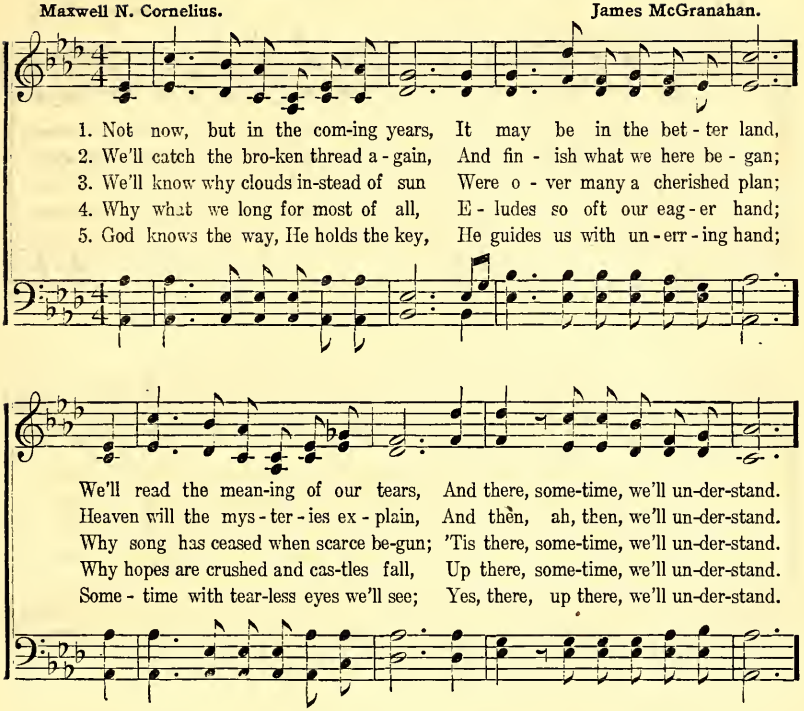
My Companion.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY THORO HARRIS. Ruby Janata.

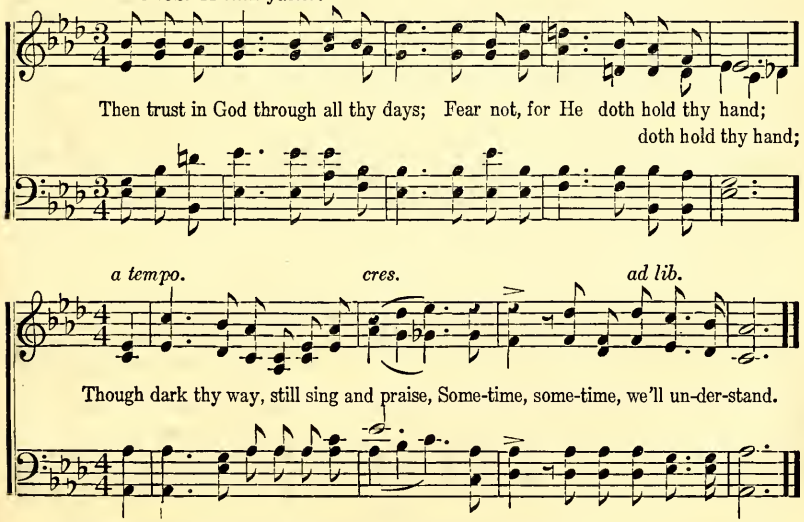


100 Some Time We'll Understand.

Maxwell N. Cornelius. James McGranahan.



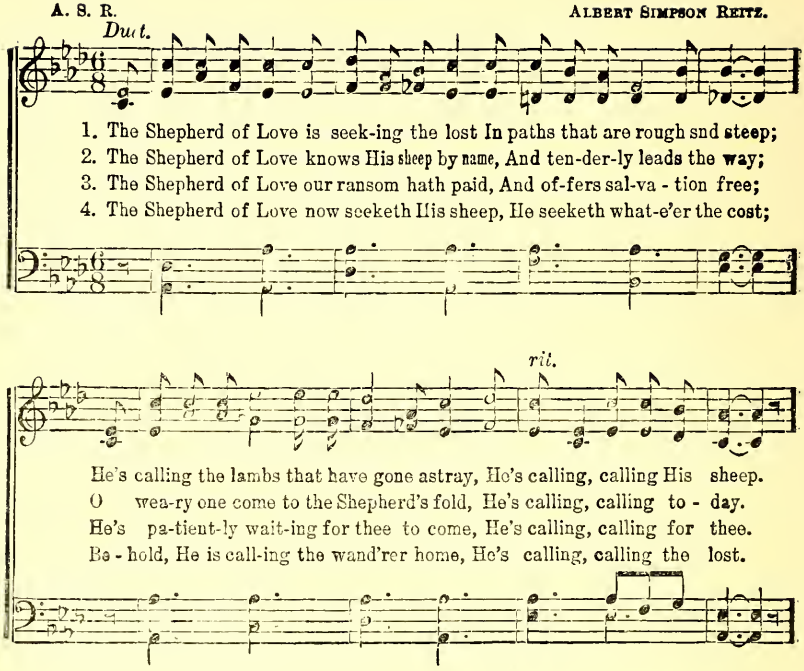
Chorus. *A little faster.*

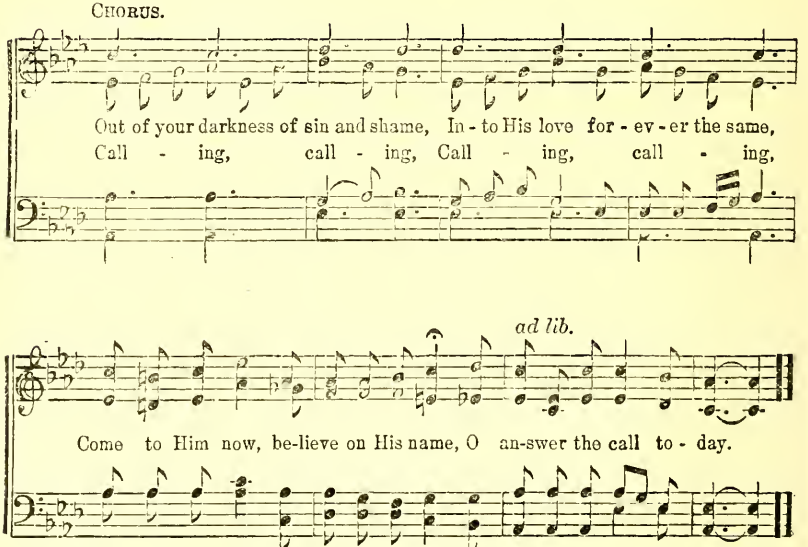


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101 The Shepherd of Love.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.





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102 He Will Take Care of You.

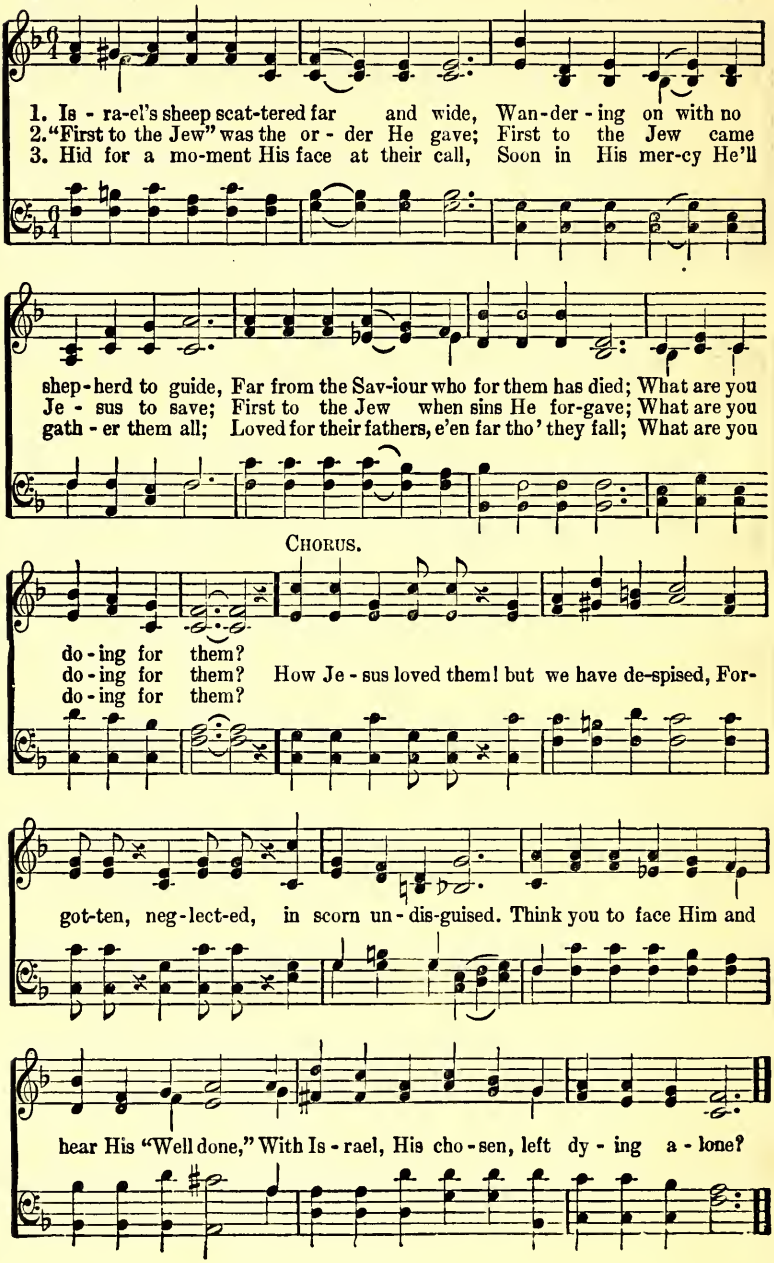
Words arranged. Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



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103 What Are You Doing for Them?

Mrs. H. S. L. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY MRS H. S. LEHMAN. Mrs. H. S. Lehman.



He Is a Great Reality.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON. Harry L. Brooks.



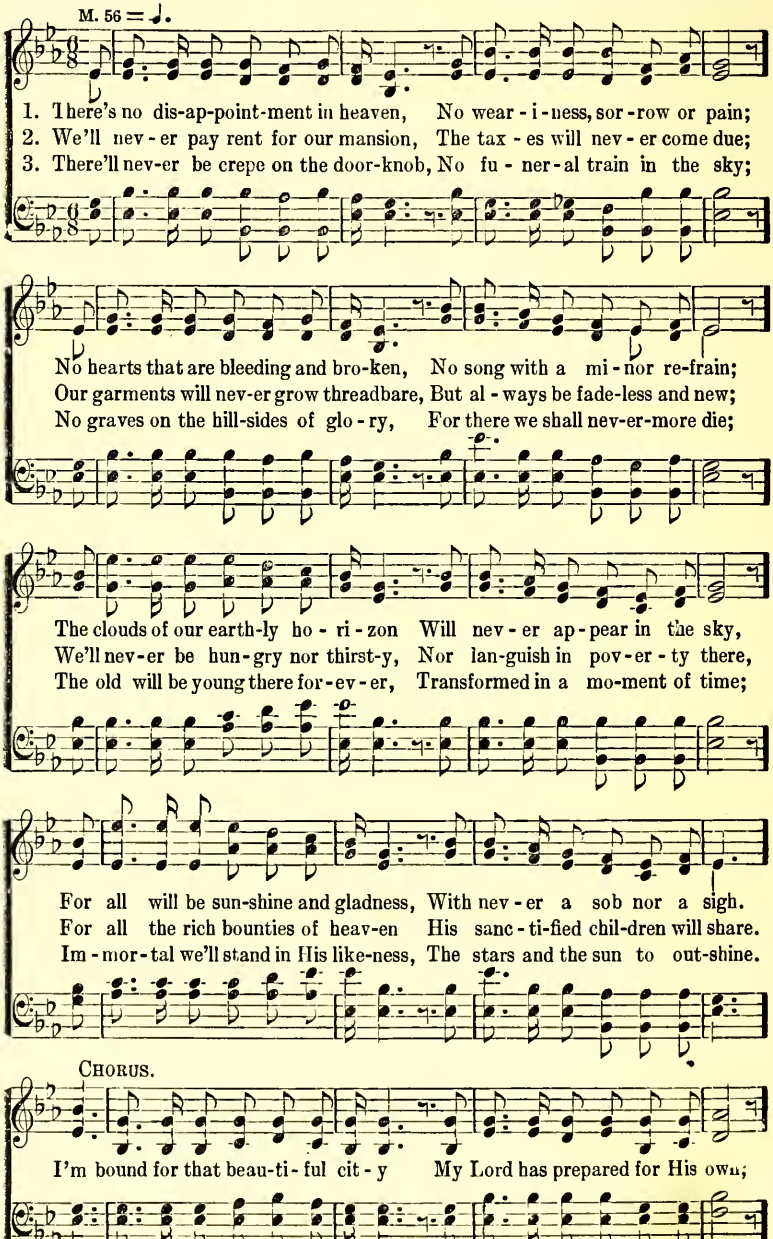
105 No Disappointment In Heaven.

F. M. L.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

F. M. Lehman.
Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman.

M. 56 = ♩.

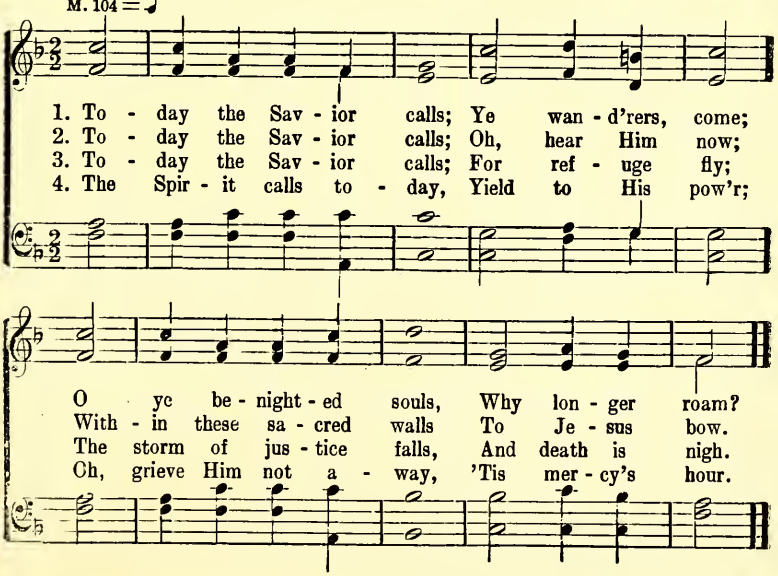




106 To-day the Savior Calls.

S. Smith. L. Mason.

M. 104 = ♩



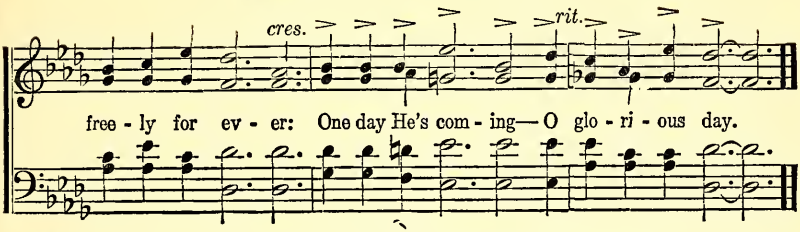
107 One Day!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. Chas. H. Marsh.



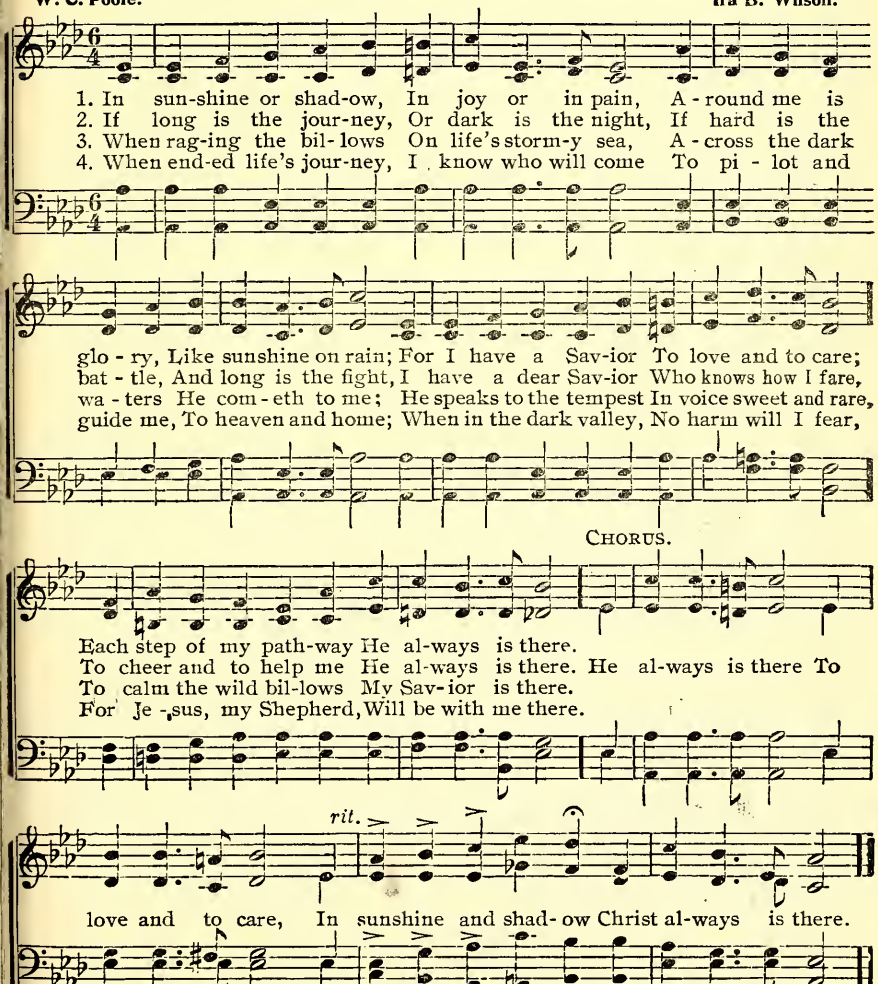
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One Day!—Concluded.



108 He Always Is There.

W. C. Poole. Ira B. Wilson.



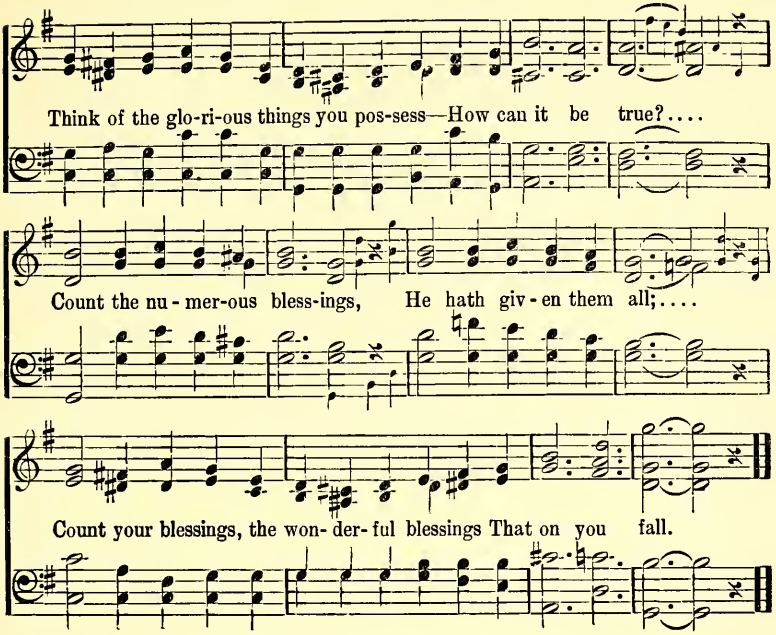
Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co., in "His Worthy Praise." International copyright.

109 Count Your Blessings Anew.

F. E. H. Franklin Earl Hathaway.



Copyright, 1923, by F. E. Hathaway.



110 Vespers.

JOHN LELAND. J. D. BRUNK.



Christ Is King.

Copyright, 1906, by Scoville & Smith.

Chas. Reign Scoville. The Standard Publishing Co., Owner. De Loss Smith.



Christ Is King.—Concluded.



112 Jesus Will Miss You If You're Lost.

Copyright, 1917, by E. J. Meacham.
Owned by The Standard Publishing Co.

E. J. Meacham. W. E. M. Hackleman.



113 The Angels' Hymn.

JOHN W. WAYLAND. JOHN D. BRUNK.



Copyright, 1916, by John D. Brunk

Tell It to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid-den?
Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er, Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.

115 His Face Will Outshine Them All.

T. H. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY THORO HARRIS. Thoro Harris.



116 Hallelujah for the Cross.

A favorite hymn of the late C. H. Spurgeon.

Horatius Bonar. James McGranahan.



*** If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.**

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Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

Hallelujah for the Cross.—Concluded.



* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

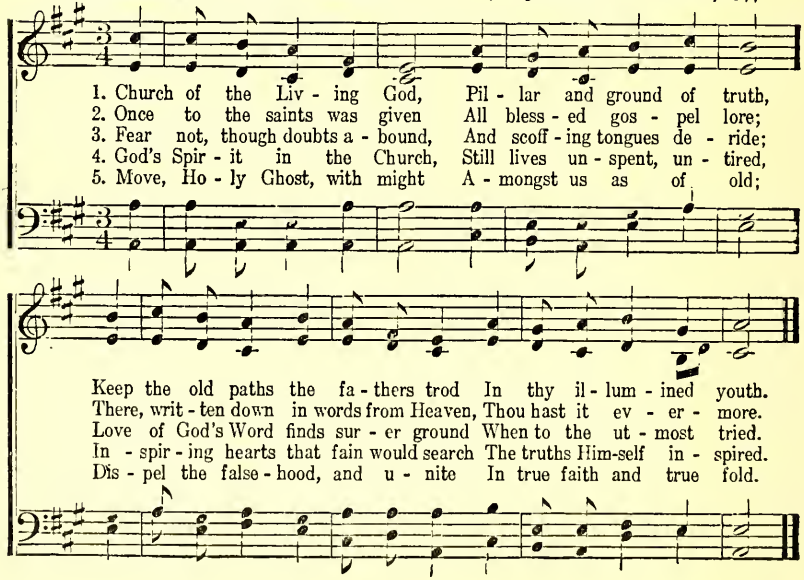
117 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight, 1800. (St. Thomas. S. M.) Aaron Williams, 1763.



118 Church of the Living God.

Hymns Ancient and Modern. (State Street. S. M.) Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844.



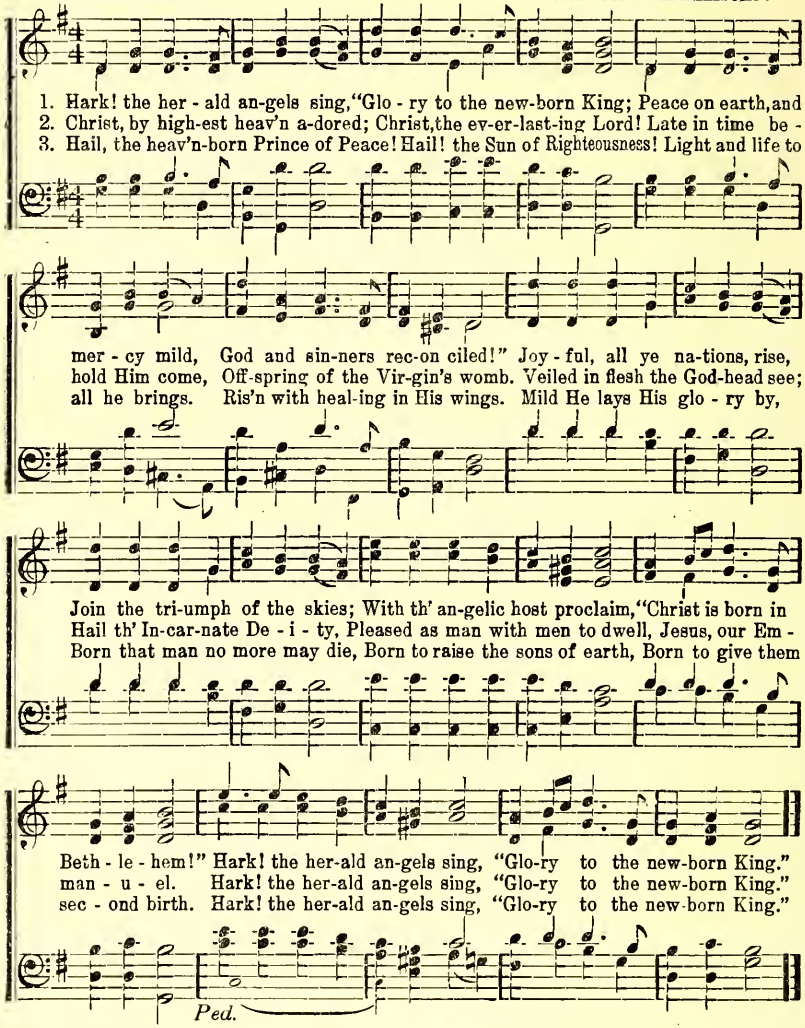
119 The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. (AURELIA.) SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



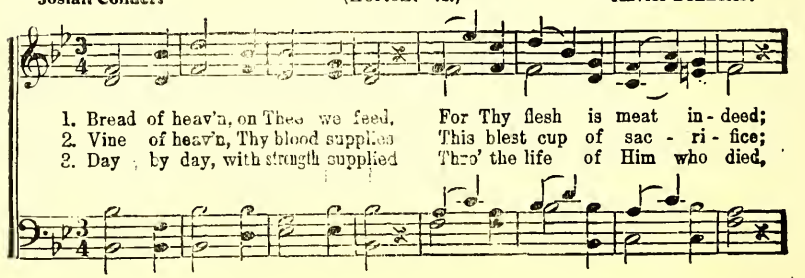
120 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

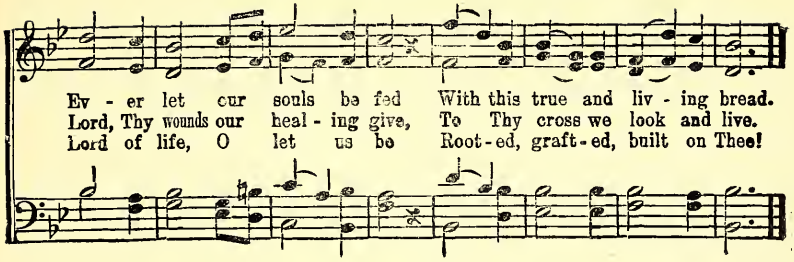
CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



121 Bread of Heaven.

Josiah Conder. (Horton. 7s.) Xavier Schnelar.





122 Help Me to be Holy.

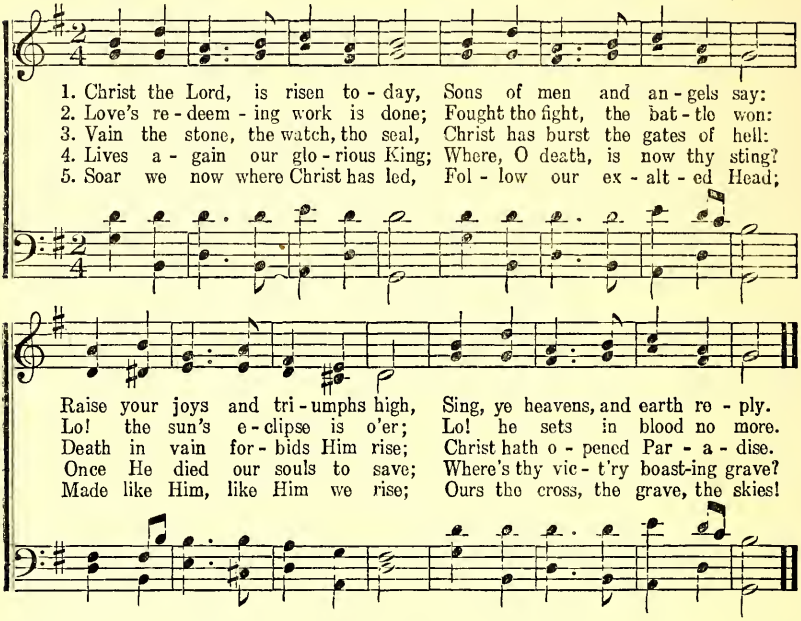
ADONIRAM J. GORDON. D. B. TOWNER.



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123 Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. (Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.) Ignace J. Pleyel.



124 The Lord Is Risen Indeed.

Thomas Kelly. (Mornington. S. M.) Earl of Mornington.



125 Whisper a Prayer.

S. L. COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
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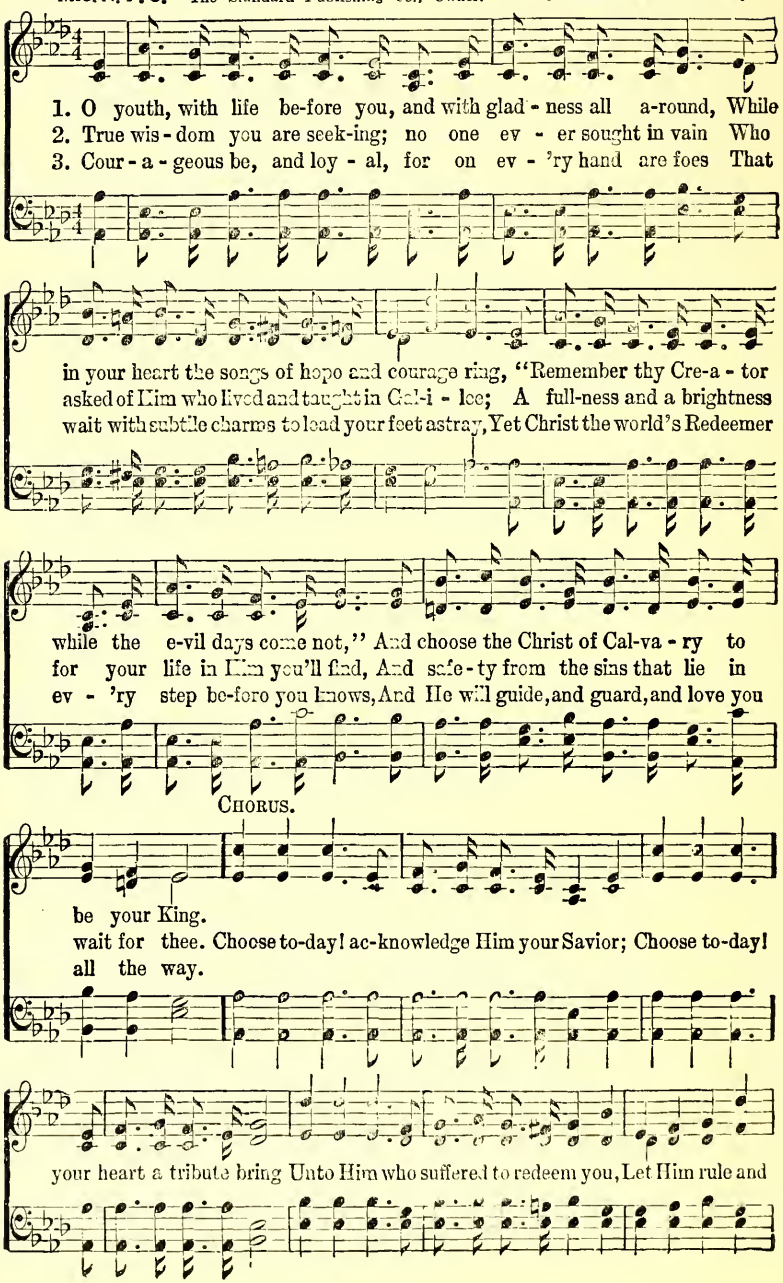
Rather slowly.



126 Make Christ Your King.

Copyright, 1907, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
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Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.





127 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



128 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. Dr. H. S. CUTLER.



129 Wonderful Peace.

W. D. Cornell, alt. W. G. Cooper.



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130 "Just a Sinner Saved by Grace."

"For ye are bought with a price."—I Cor. 6: 20.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS, July 10, 1902.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend and pupil, Miss Syble Woodland, Reagan, Texas, who, having been recently converted to Christ, expressed herself, in conversation with the writer, as being "just a sinner saved by grace, that's all." O that many others may, as she has, realize the wonderful love of God, who gave "his only begotten Son" to die for us that we might live. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" "not of works;" we "are bought with a price;" our lives are "hid with Christ in God;" nothing "can separate us from the love of God;" "we are His by redemption;" no man is able to pluck us out of the "Father's hands;" "just a sinner saved by grace, that's all," is all that the author of this little hymn claims. Though it be ever so simple, may God bless this song to His own glory.

J. E. Thomas.



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131 As a Little Child.

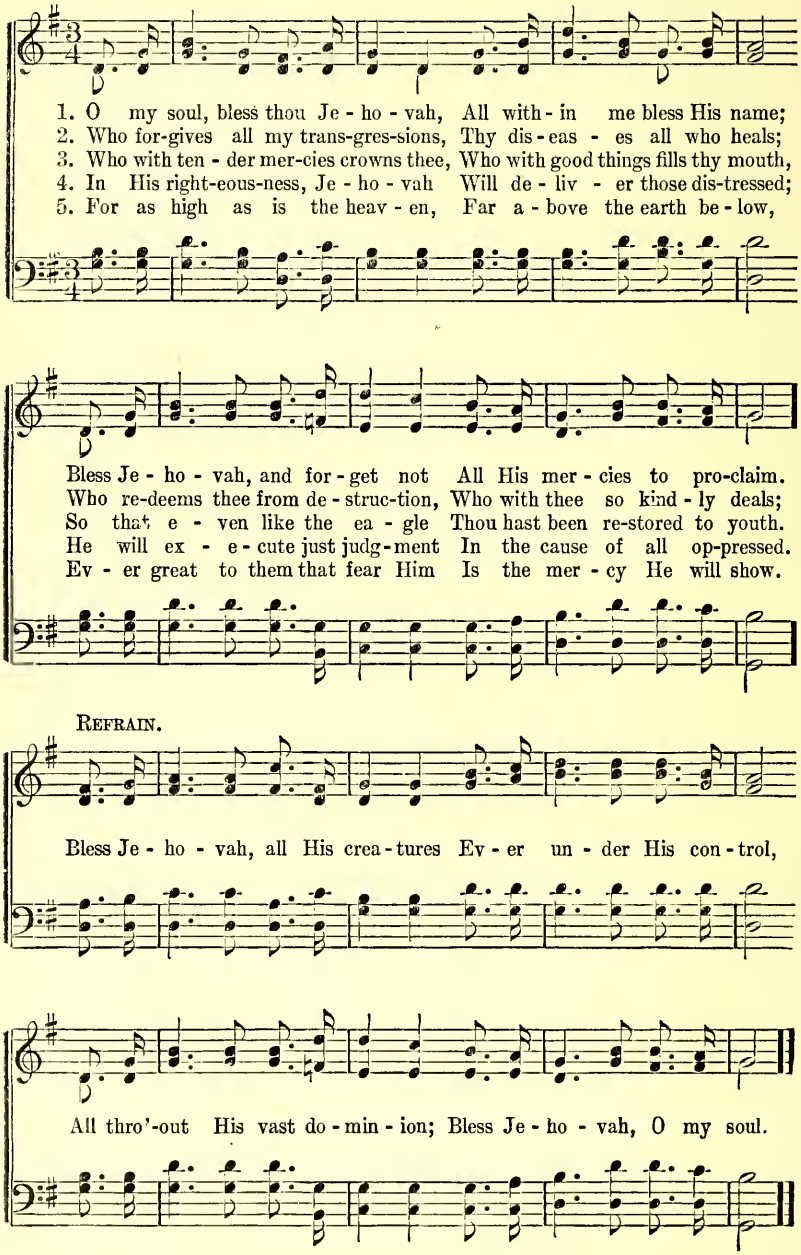
MAUD FRAZER JACKSON. JOHN D. BRUNK.



Copyright, 1916, by John D. Brunk.

132 Bless Jehovah.

PSALM 103. S. J. VAIL.



133 I Am Standing On the Word of God.

E. M. Wadsworth. D. B. Towner.



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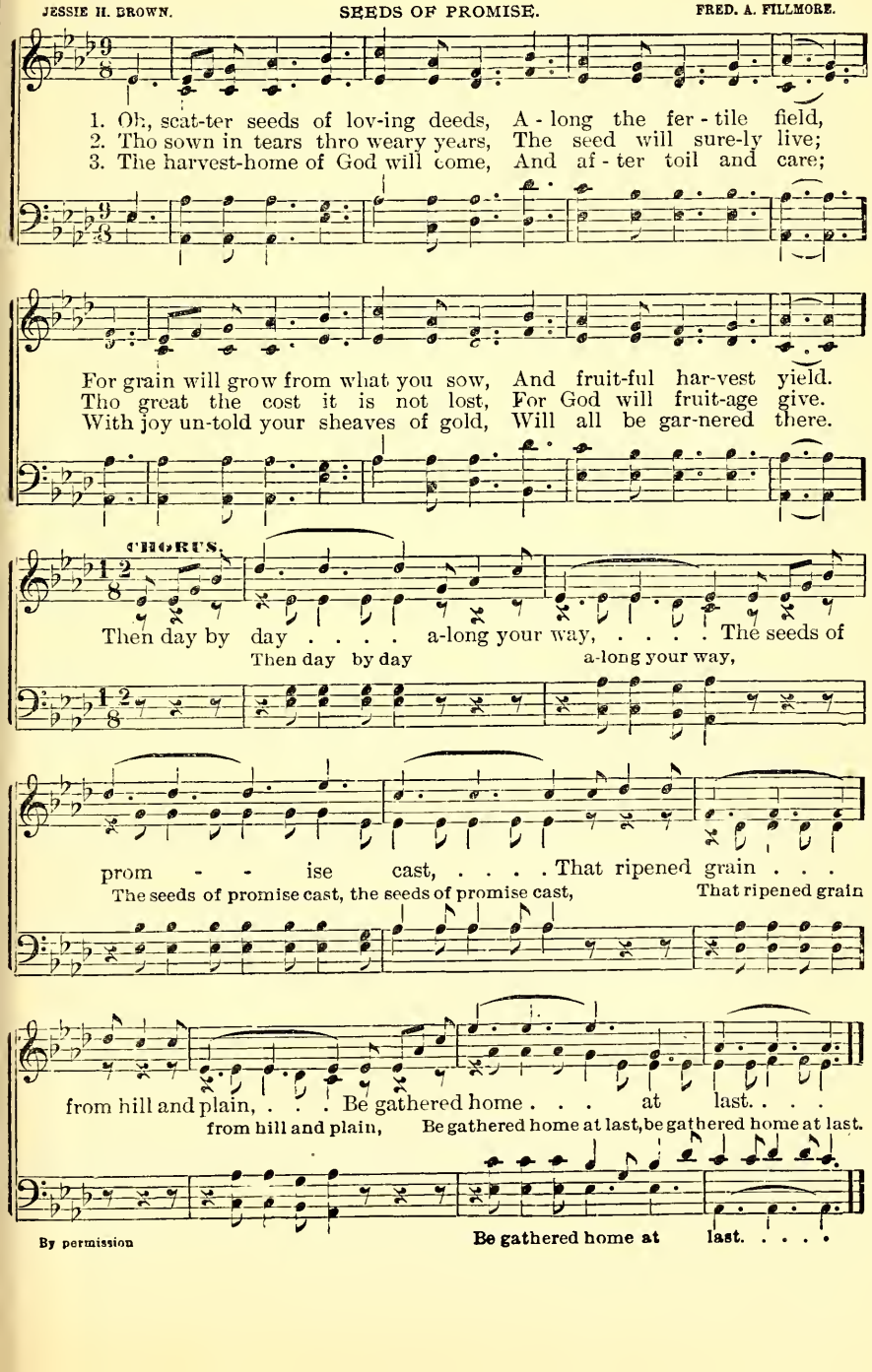
134 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.



135 Oh, Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds.

JESSIE H. BROWN. SEEDS OF PROMISE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



By permission

136 Waves of Glory.

C. J. KINNE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1921, by Nazarene Publishing House.

137 With Me Abide.

G. P. Hott. Will H. Ruebush.



Copyright, 1916, by Levi Mumaw.

138 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.



139 If You Have Jesus With You.

J. T. Latta. Fred B. Holton.



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I Walk With the King.

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James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

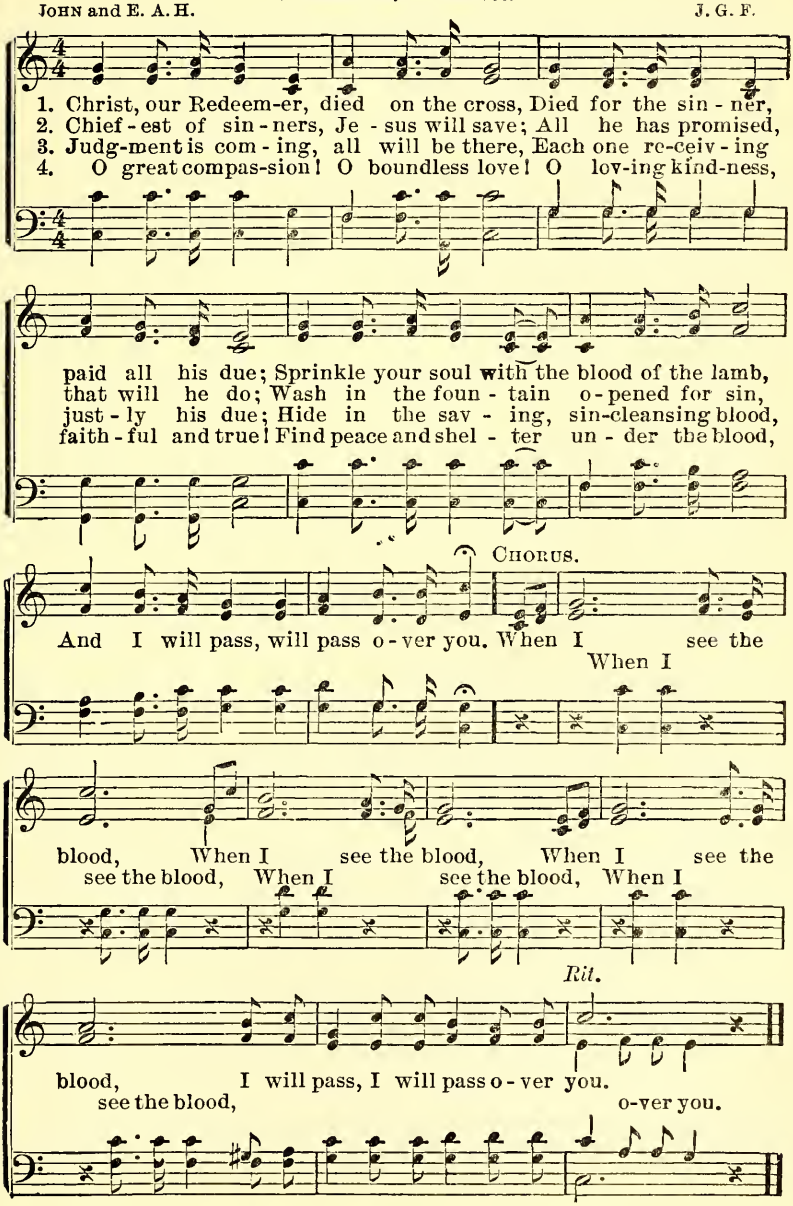
M. 80 = ♩.



141 When I See the Blood.

"When I see the blood I will pass over thee."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

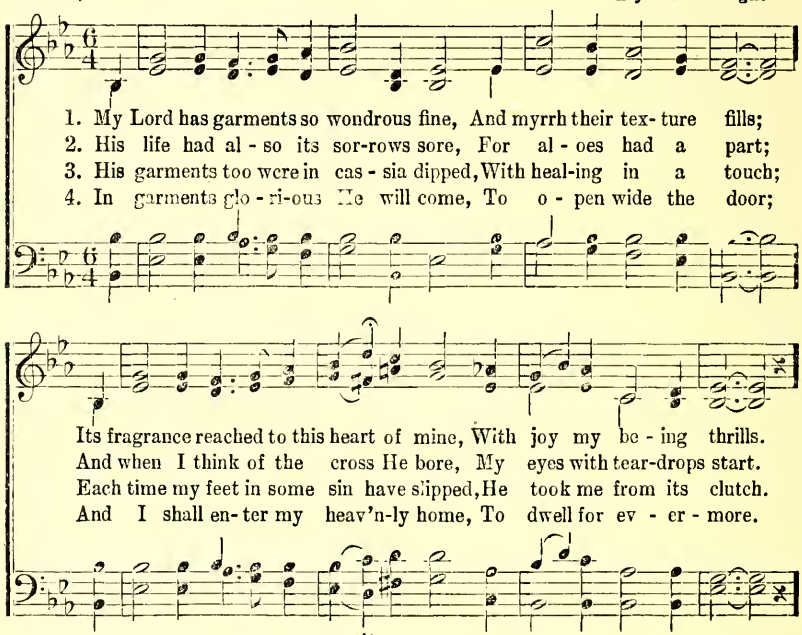
JOHN and E. A. H. J. G. F.



Ivory Palaces.

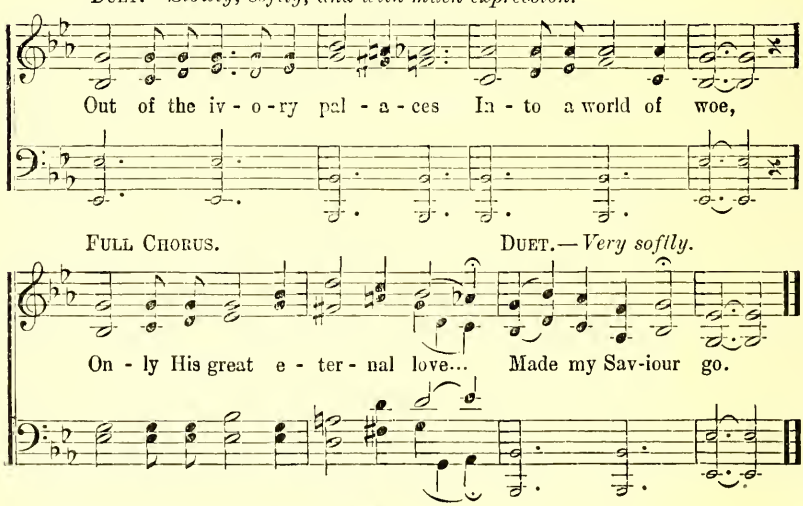
Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.

H. B, Henry Barraclough.



CHORUS.

DUET.—*Slowly, softly, and with much expression.*



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143 Wonderful Words of Life.

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life."—Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



So I Send You.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Hear the call for reap-ers, Ringing far and near, Rouse, ye i - dle sleep-ers,
2. In the market pla - ces Will ye long-er stand, While the golden har-vest
3. In the steps of Je - sus Fol-low day by day, Seek - ing for the lost ones

Har-vest time is here; Fields to-day are bend-ing With the rip-ened grain,
Wastes on ev-'ry hand? Heed the Lord's commission, Go where'er he sends;
Out on life's high-way; Blood-bought souls are dy - ing, Thrust the sickle in,

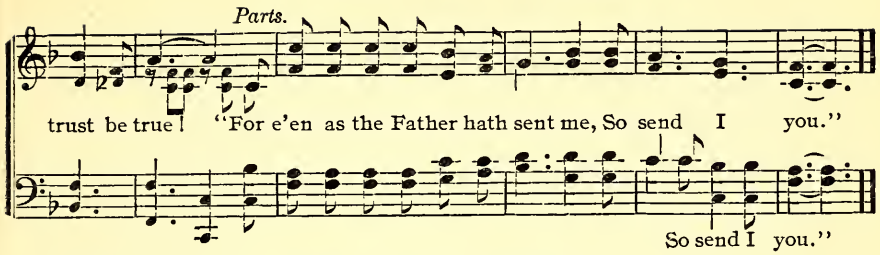
CHORUS. *Unison.*

And the Lord for reap - ers Call - eth long in vain.
For the world's sal - va - tion Up - on us de - pends, So send I
For the fi - nal har- vest Precious sheaves to win.

you! So send I you! For e'en as the Father has sent me, So

send I you! This is the Mas-ter's com-mis - sion, Un - to your

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145 Quit You Like Men.

Hannah Thurston. **Ira B. Wilson.**



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146 I'm Redeemed.

HERBERT G. TOVEY. ARTHUR W. McKEE.



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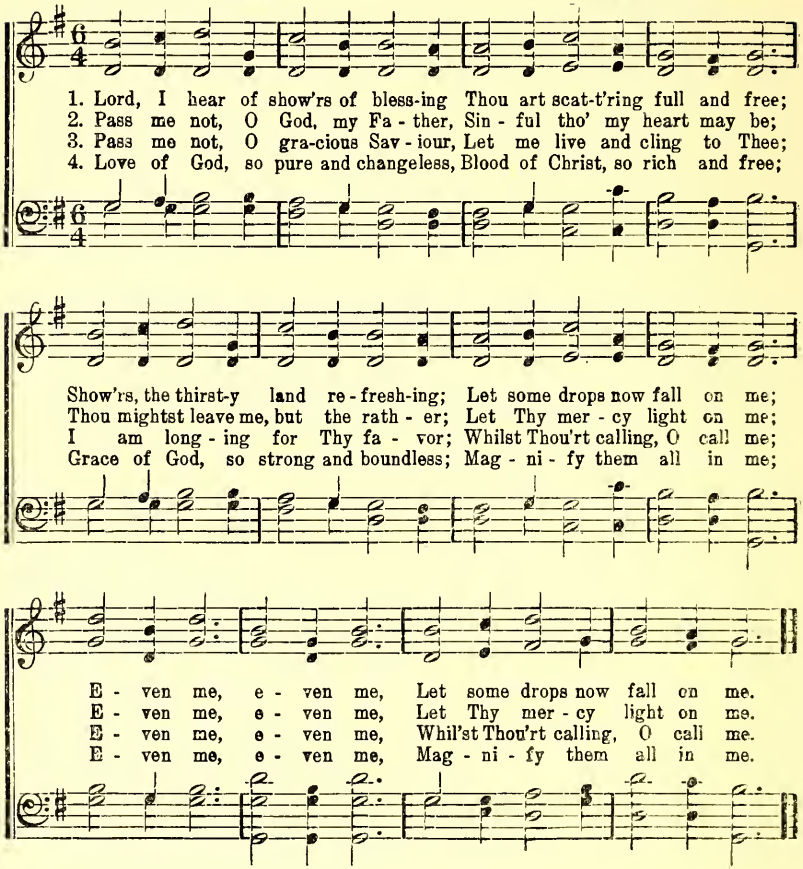
147 Jesus Is Coming Soon.

Thoro Harris. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS. Howard B. Smith.



148 Even Me.

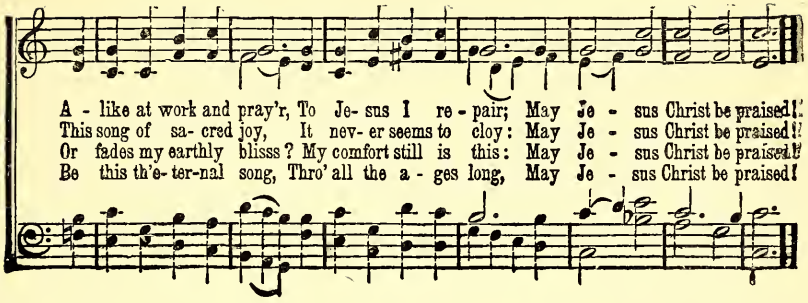
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



149 When the Morning Gilds the Skies.

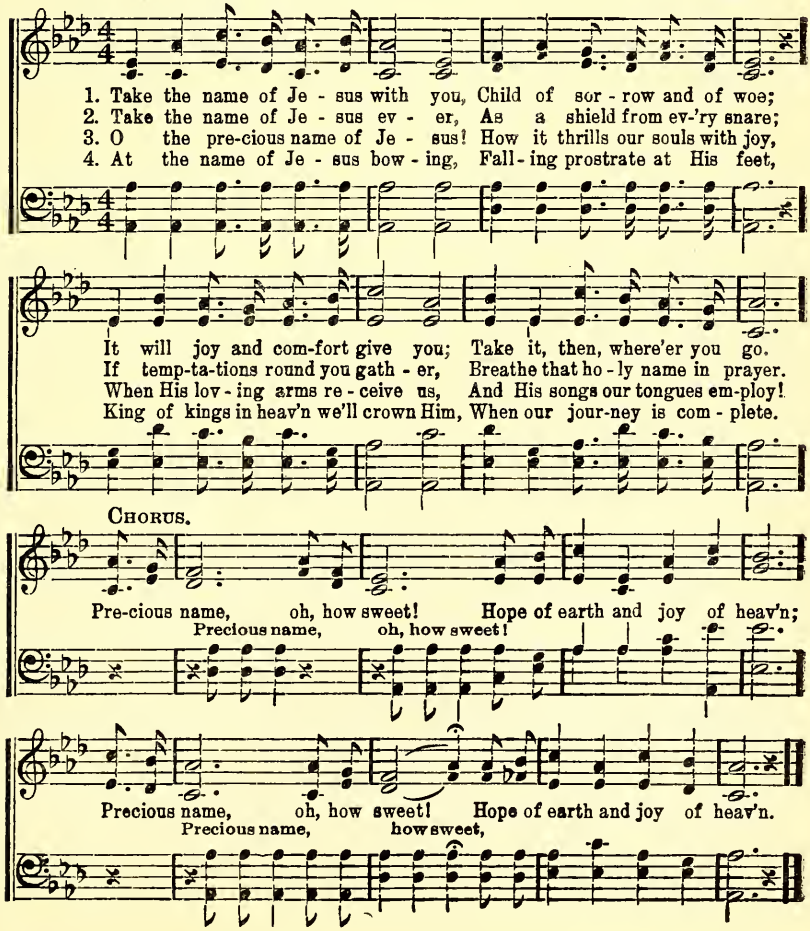
Edward Caswall, Tr. (Laudes Domini 6s.) Joseph Barnby.





150 Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.



151 The Family Altar.

T. H. A. D. B. Towner.



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Jesus, Saviour.

M. J. C.

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MABEL JOHNSTON-CAMP OWNER

Mabel Johnston Camp.



1. Be - hold the Man of Gal - i - lee, Thorn-crown'd He hangs upon the tree;
2. See how His flesh by nails is torn, Each wound the mark of hate and scorn;
3. The veil is rent, dark grow the skies, "Tis finished!" loud the Saviour cries;
4. O, Sav-iour, when I view Thy cross, All earth-ly gain I count but loss;





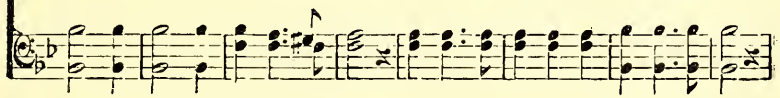
Knowing the depths of ag - o - ny To save me from my sins.
Yet free - ly shame and death is borne To save me from my sins.
And heav'n it - self weeps as He dies To save me from my sins.
Take Thou my heart, purge out the dross, And save me from my sins.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Sav-iour, O, what a name! Je-sus, to-day and for-ev - er the same!



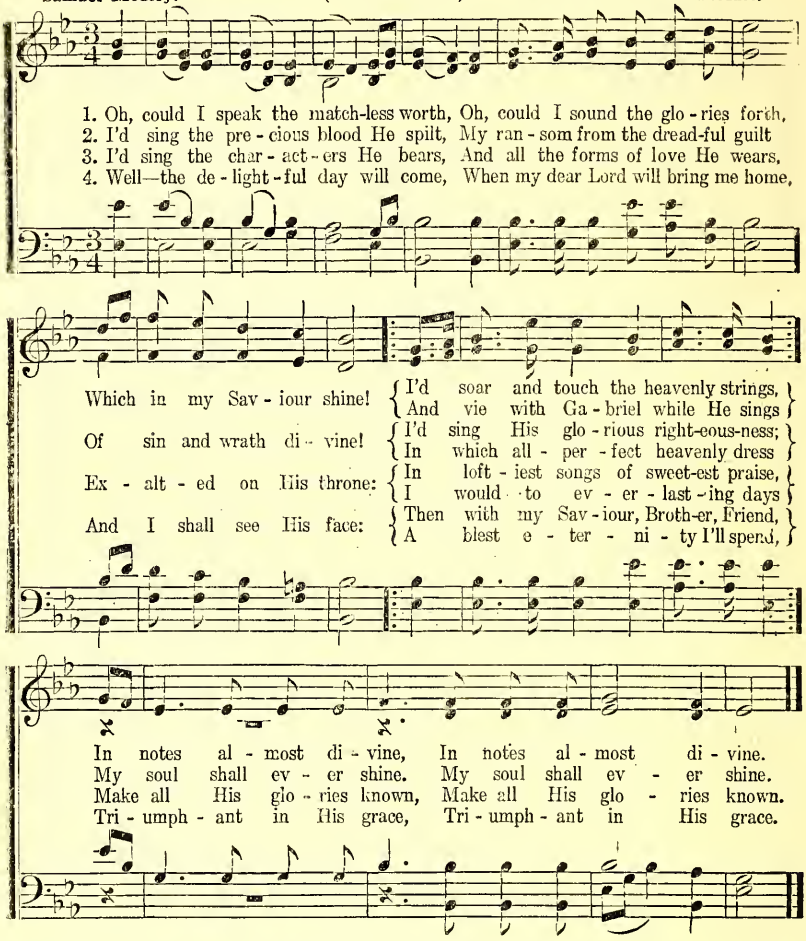


Je-sus, the glo-ry of heaven, who came To die for a sin-ner like me!



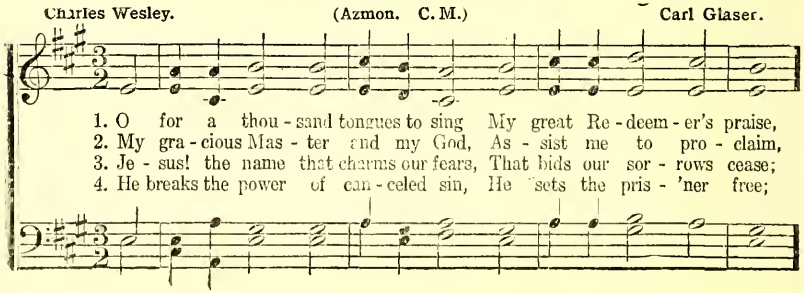
153 Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

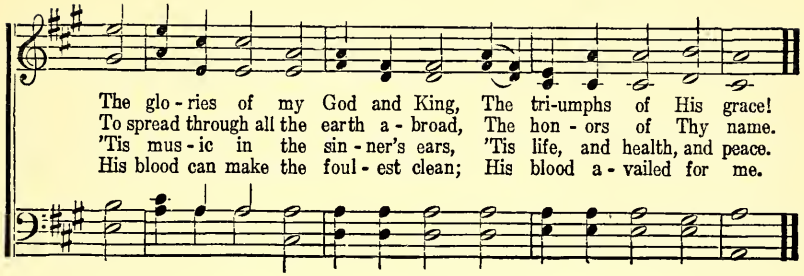
Samuel Medley. (Ariel. C.P.M.) Ad. Lowell Mason. From Mozart.



154 O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

Charles Wesley. (Azmon. C.M.) Carl Glaser.





155 Fairest Lord Jesus.

Crusaders' Hymn. (5.6.5.8.) **Arr. by Richard S. Willis.**

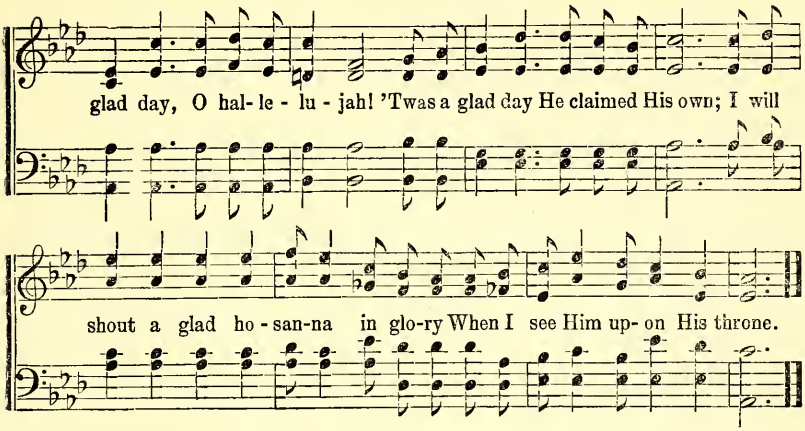


156 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

A. S. R. Albert Simpson Reitz



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157 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



158 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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Dion De Marbelle.



159 Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

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A. C. F. Albert C. Fisher.



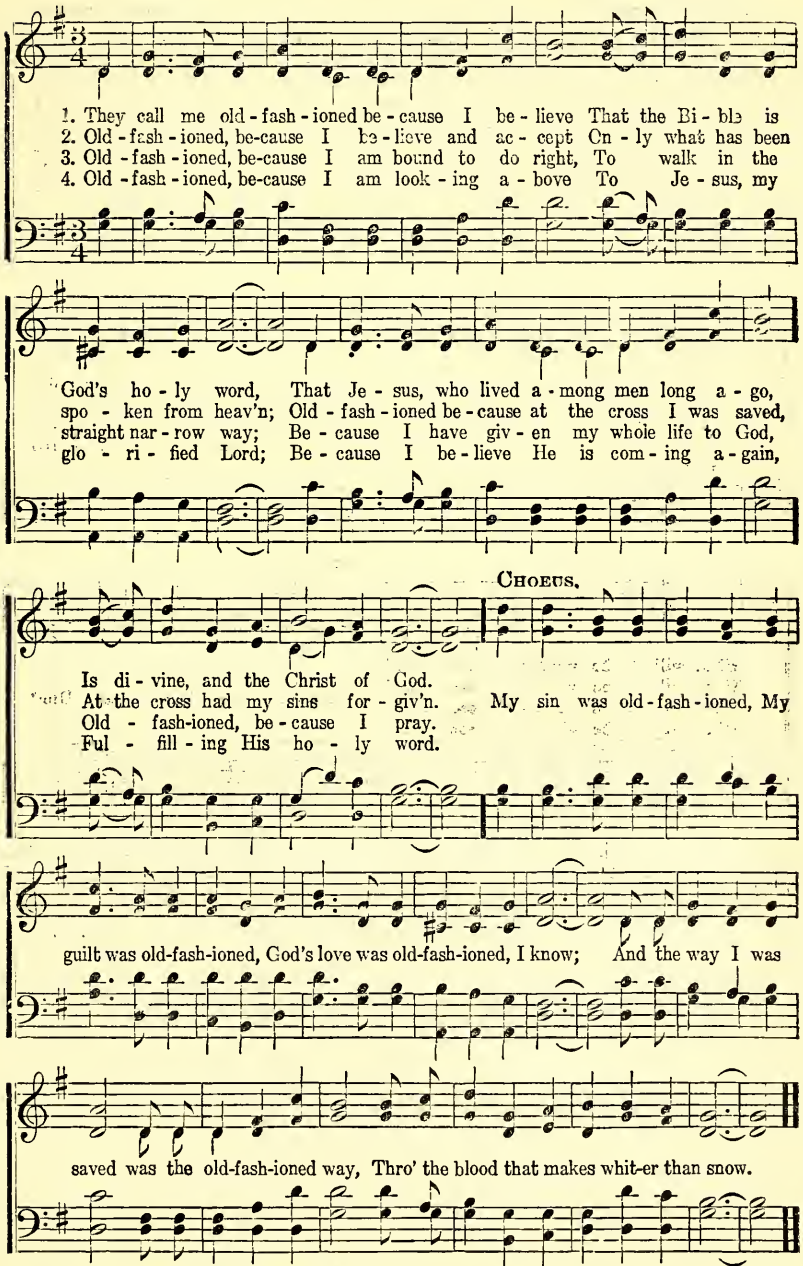
160 The Old Account Settled.

F. M. G. F. M. GRAHAM. By per.



161 The Old-Fashioned Way.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.



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162 What Will It Be When We See Him?

ADA R. HABERSHON. D. B. TOWNER.



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163 Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

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Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. Tho' your heart may be heav - y with sor - row and care, You may
2. Let the well by the way - side that flows un - to all Strength im-
3. For the work that you faith-ful - ly, will - ing - ly do, You shall

oth - ers to glad - ness be - guile, If a face like the light of the
pa. for each step of the mile; Let your faith the great prom-is - es
rea. a re - ward af - ter - while; On - ly grace in your serv-ice can

CHORUS.

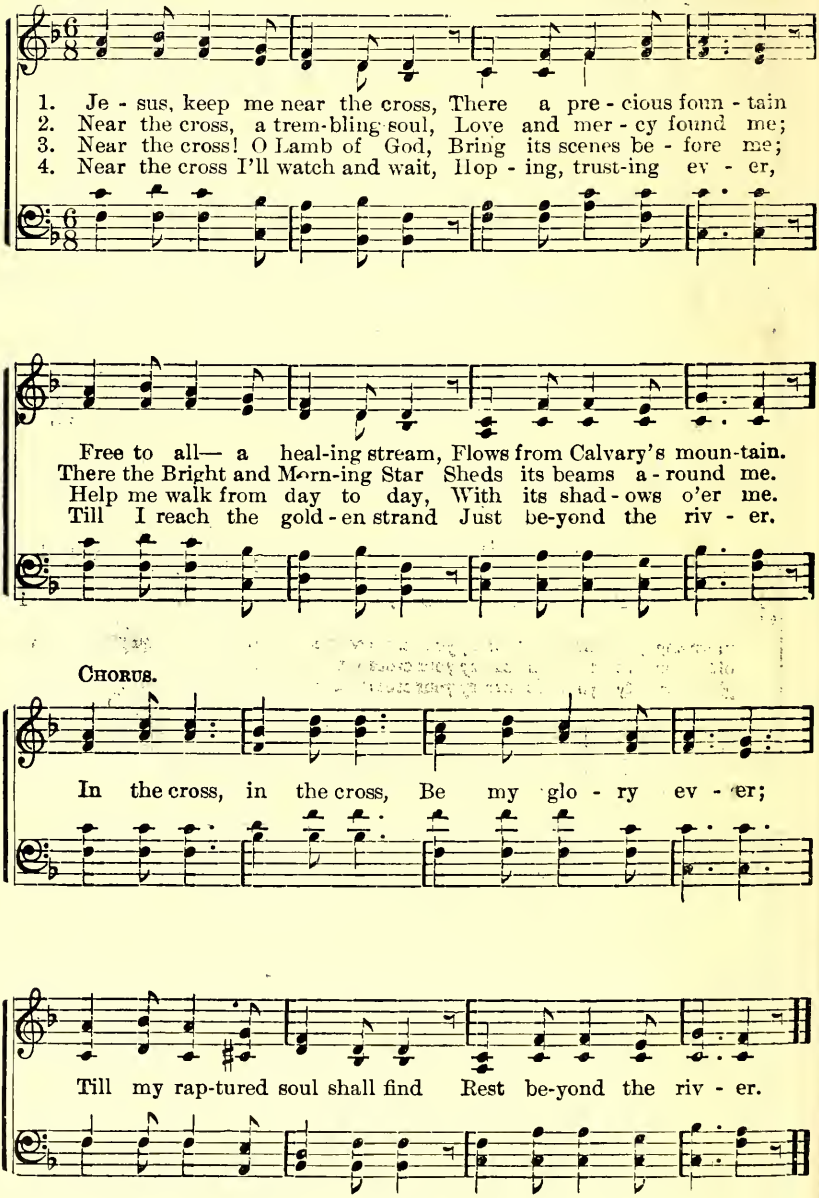
morn-ing you wear, And car-ry your cross with a smile! Car-ry your cross with a
oft - en re - call, And car-ry your cross with a smile!
glo - ri - fy you, So car-ry your cross with a smile! Car - ry your cross

smile,..... Car - ry your cross with a smile;.... You may oth - ers from
with a smile, Car - ry your cross with a smile;

sad-ness to glad-ness be-guile, If you car - ry your cross with a smile!

164 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.



165 Far, Far On the Other Side.

PAUL RADER. ARTHUR W. McKEE.



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166 There Are Lonely Hearts to Cherish.

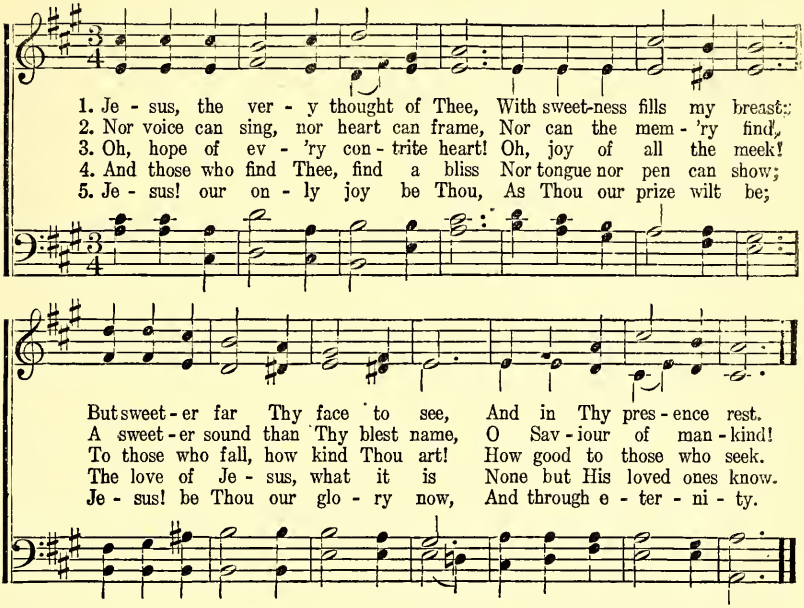
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George Cooper, by per. Ira D. Sankey.



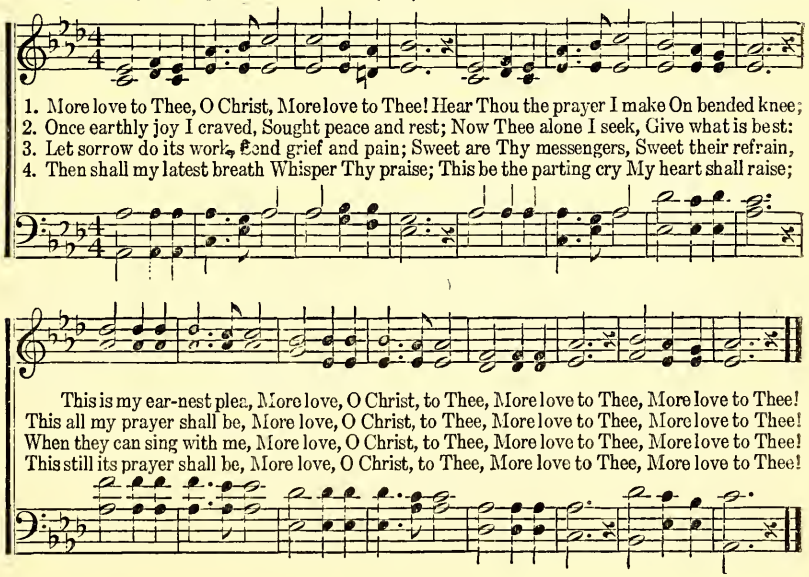
167 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

E. Caswall. (St. Agnes. C.M.) John B. Dykes.



168 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss. (6s. 4s.) William H. Doane.

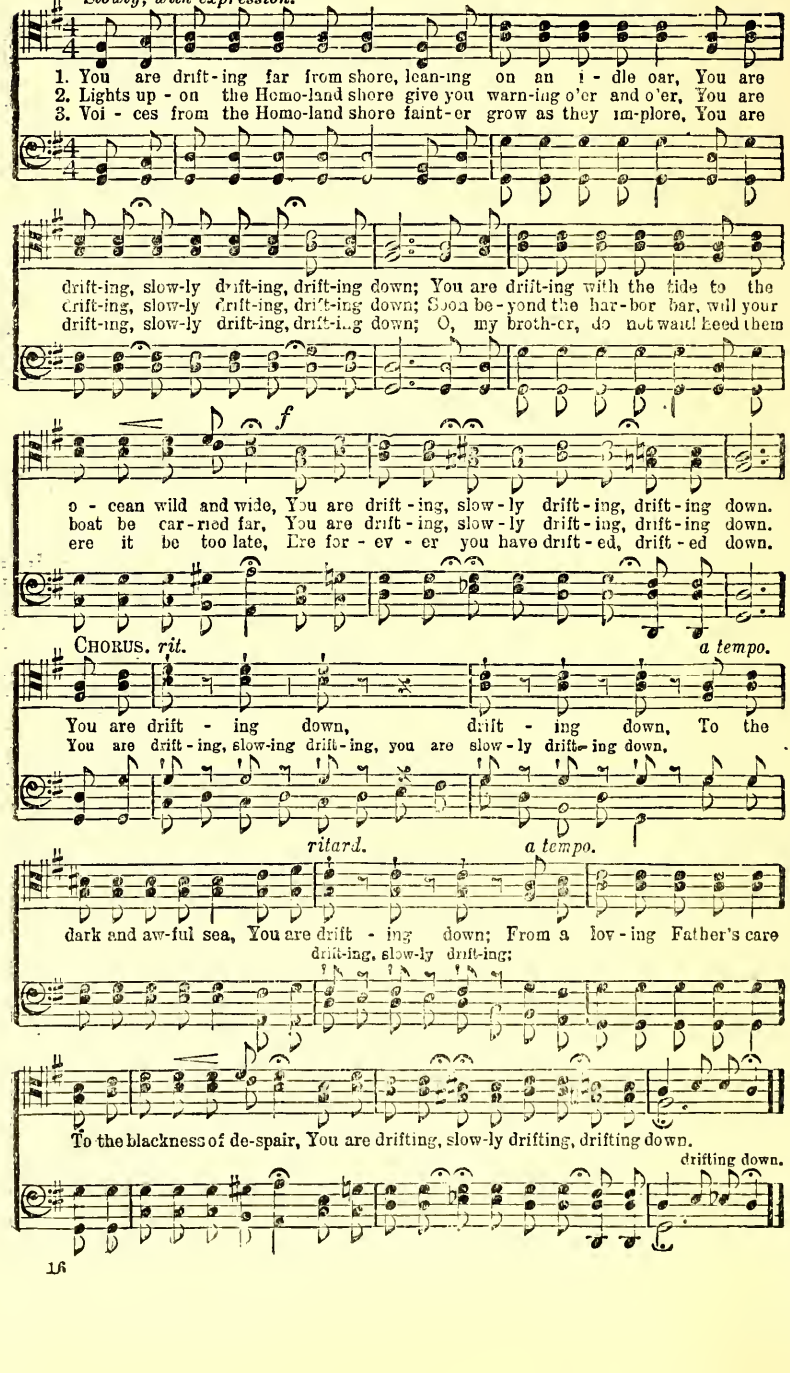


169 Drifting Down.

Copyright, 1895, by W. E. M. Hackleman.
The Standard Publishing Co., Owner.

Jessie Brown Pounds **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

Slowly, with expression.



170 The Joy of My Life.

Copyright 1921 by Thoro Harris

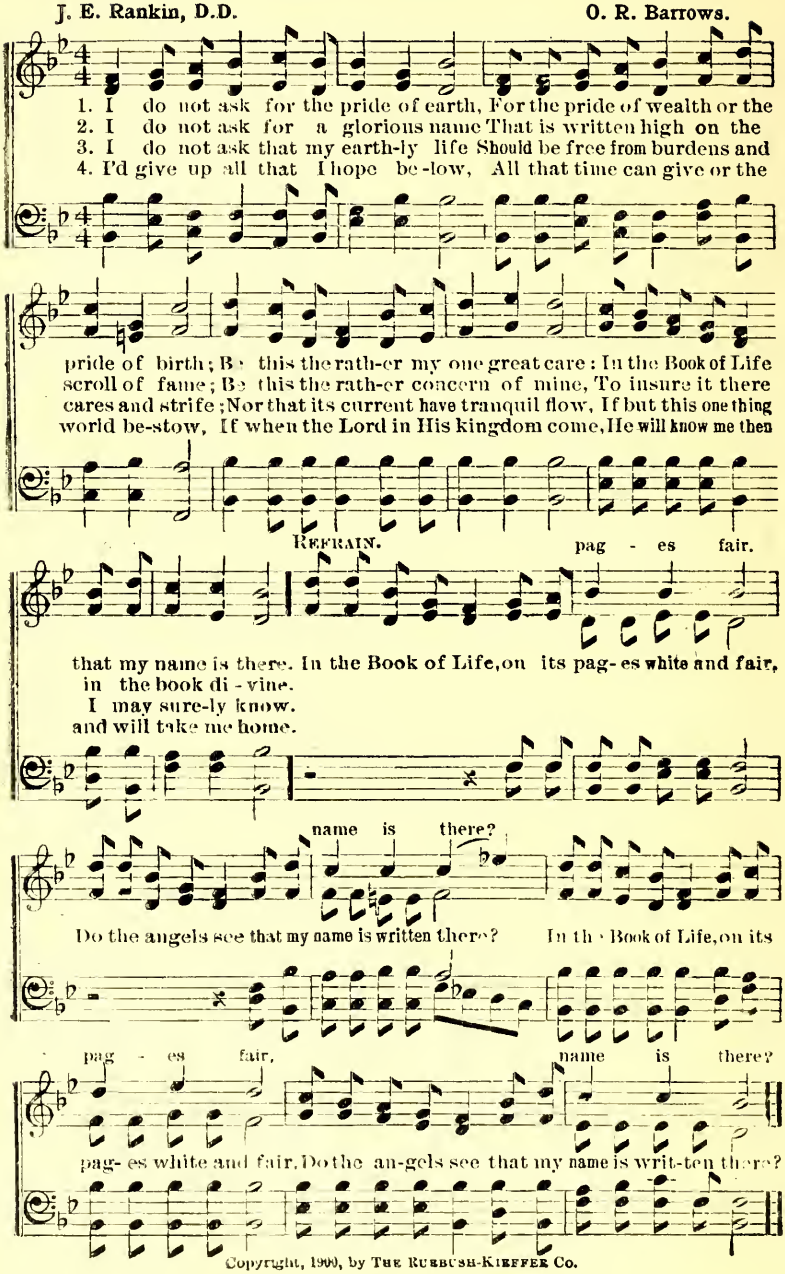
T. H. Thoro Harris

Solo or unison



171 Do the Angels See My Name There?

J. E. Rankin, D.D. O. R. Barrows.



Copyright, 1900, by The Rubush-Kieffer Co.

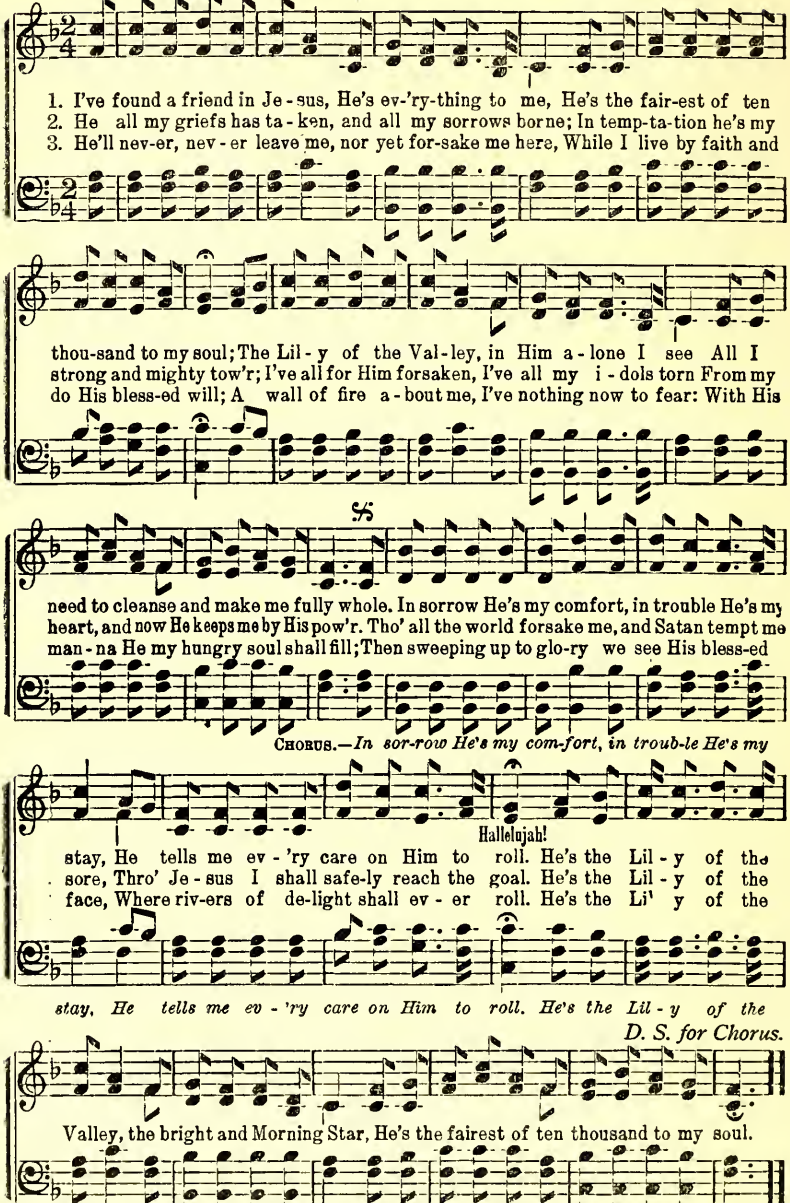
Throw Out the Life-Line.

E. S. U. Rev. Edwin S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



The Lily of the Valley.

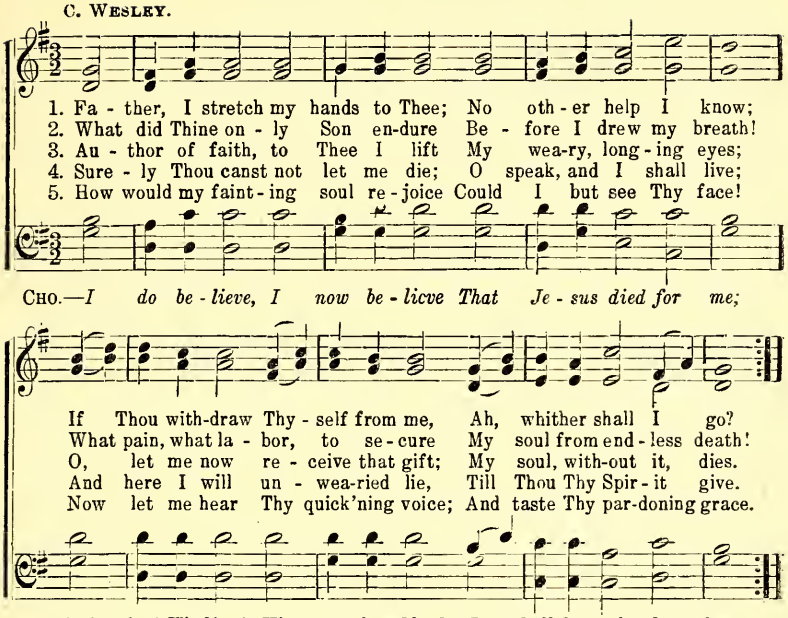
Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.



Copyright, 1884, by McDonald & Gill.

174 I Do Believe.

C. WESLEY.



175 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLENDLY. Arr.



Show Your Colors.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

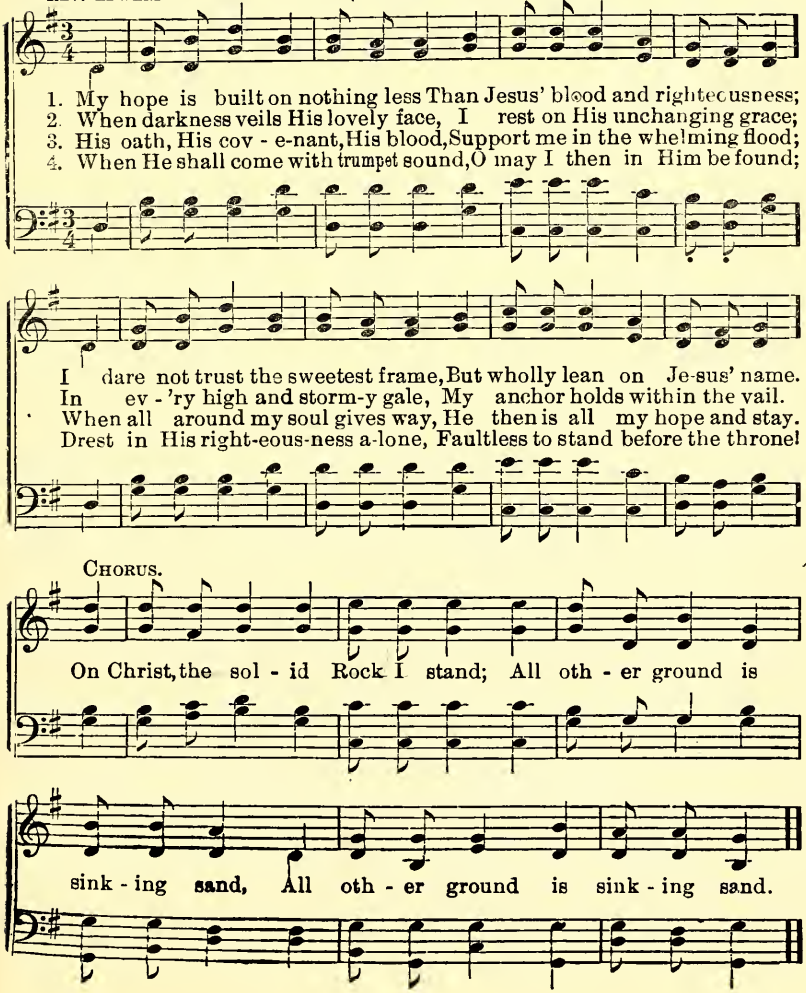


Show Your Colors.—Concluded.



177 The Solid Rock.

REV. EDWARD MOTE. (G. H. 2-30.) WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



178 Saved by the Blood.

S. J. Henderson. D. B. Towner.



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179 "Some Day," May Be Too Late.

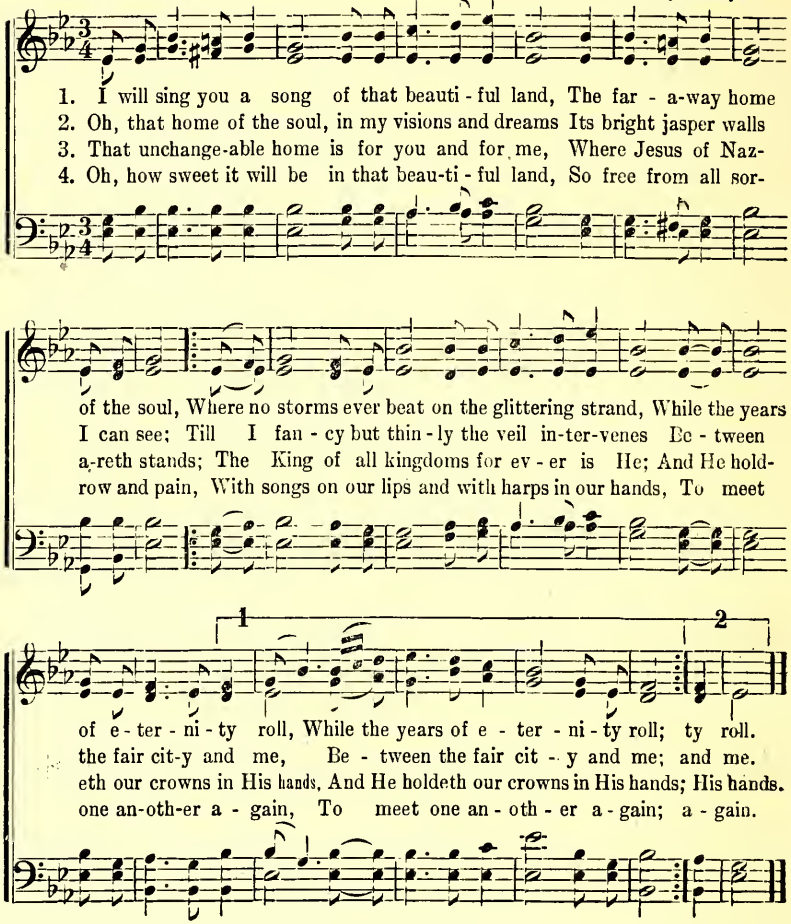
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James Rowe. De Loss Smith.



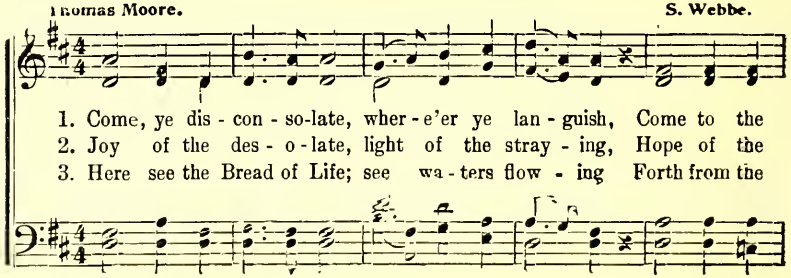
180 Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.



181 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. S. Webbe.

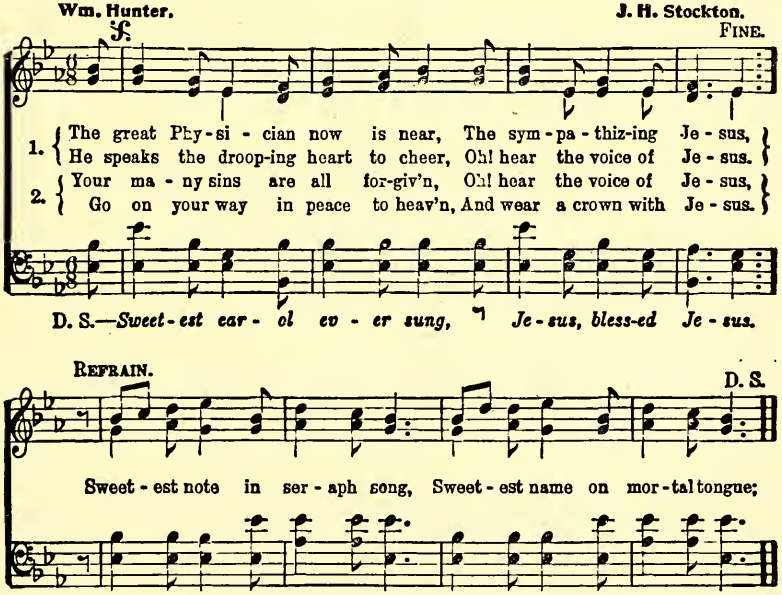


Come, Ye Disconsolate.—Concluded.



182 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

183 Believe On the Lord Jesus Christ.

Christian B. Anson. Harry D. Clarke.



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184 Working Out Your Own Salvation.

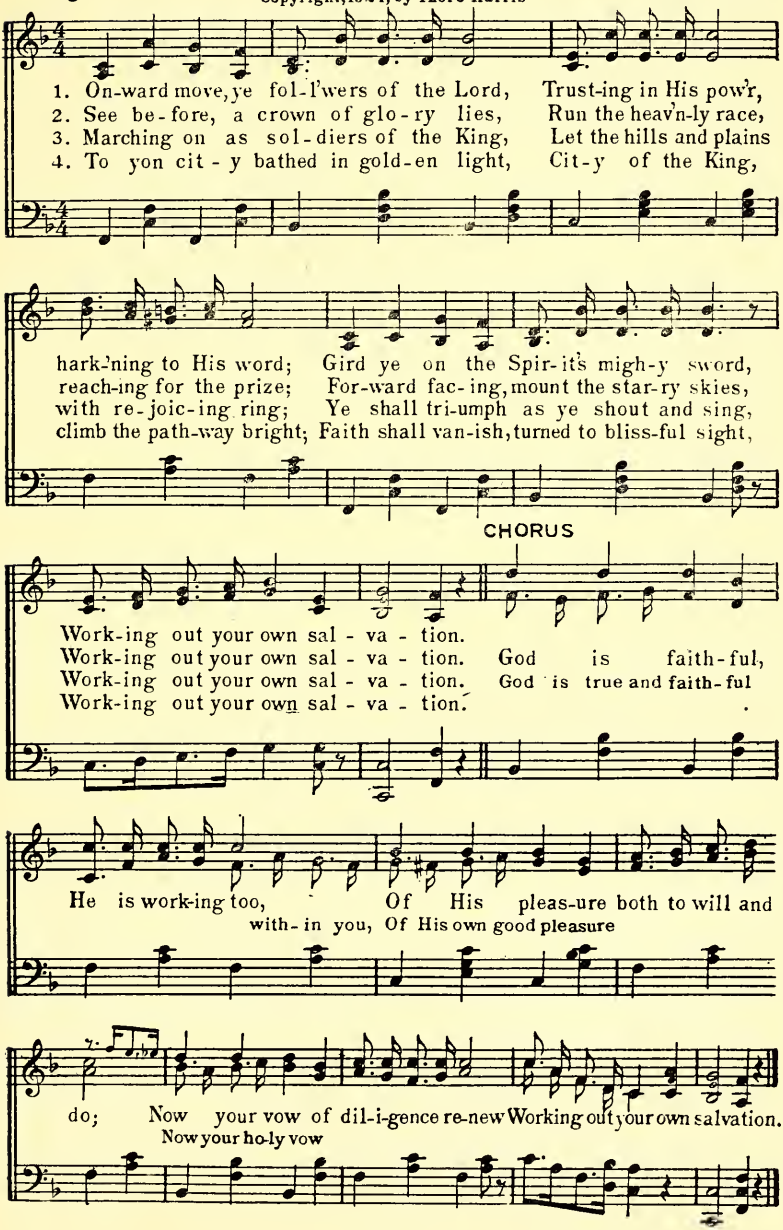
T.H.

PROCESSIONAL

Phil. 2: 12,13

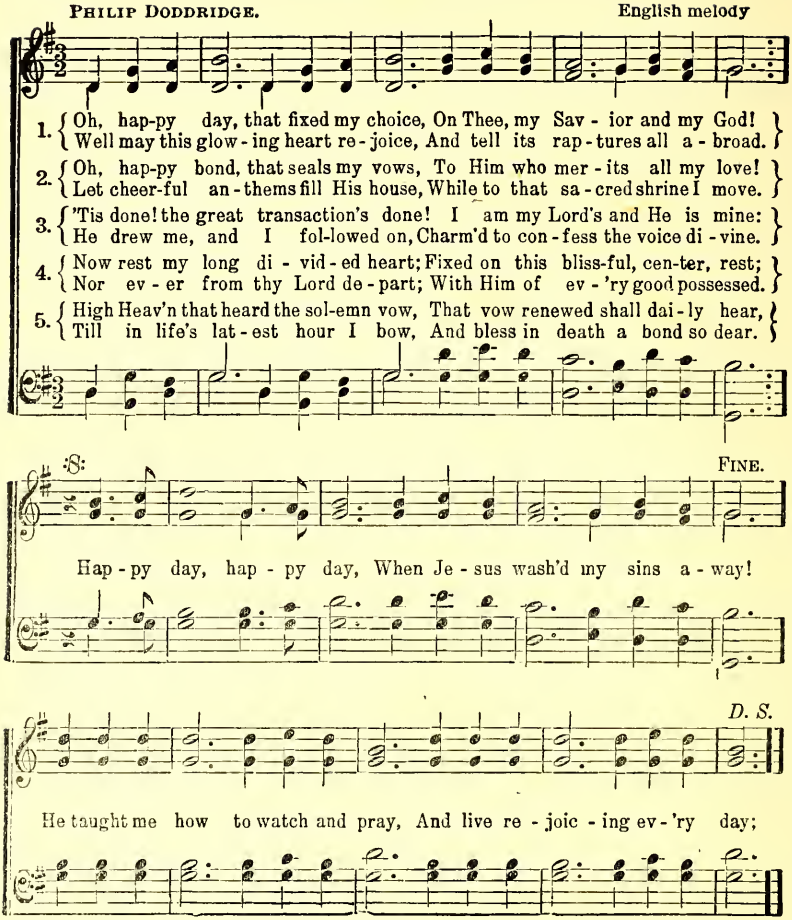
Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris



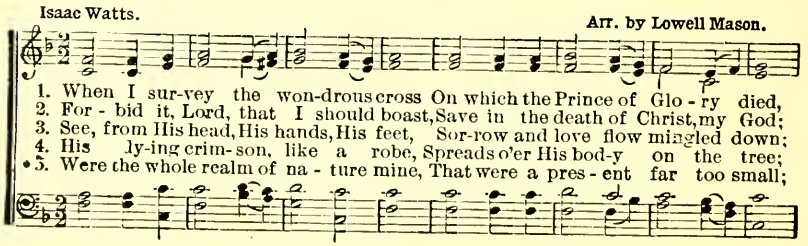
185 Oh, Happy Day.

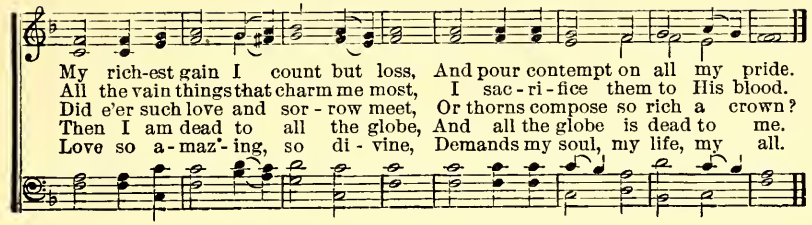
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English melody



186 When I Survey.

Isaac Watts. Arr. by Lowell Mason.





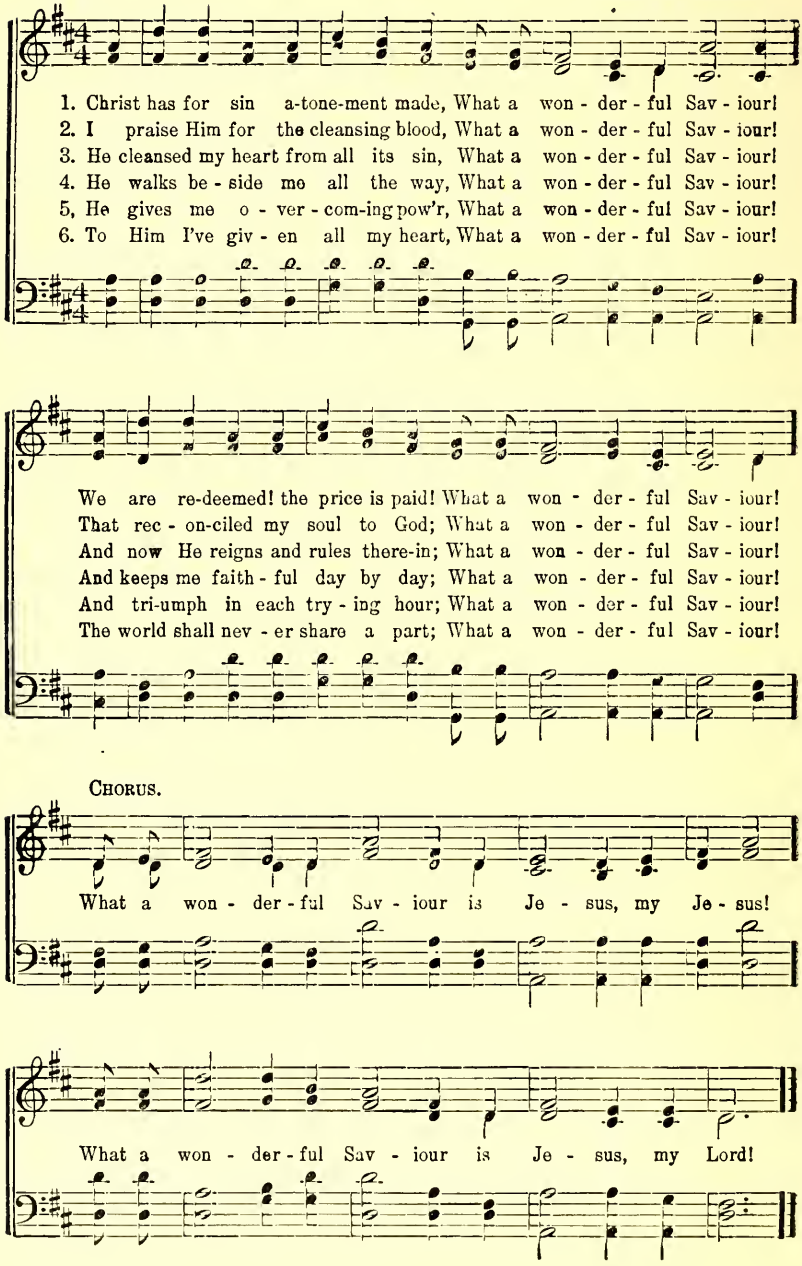
187 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. (St. Margaret. 8s. 6.) Albert L. Peace.



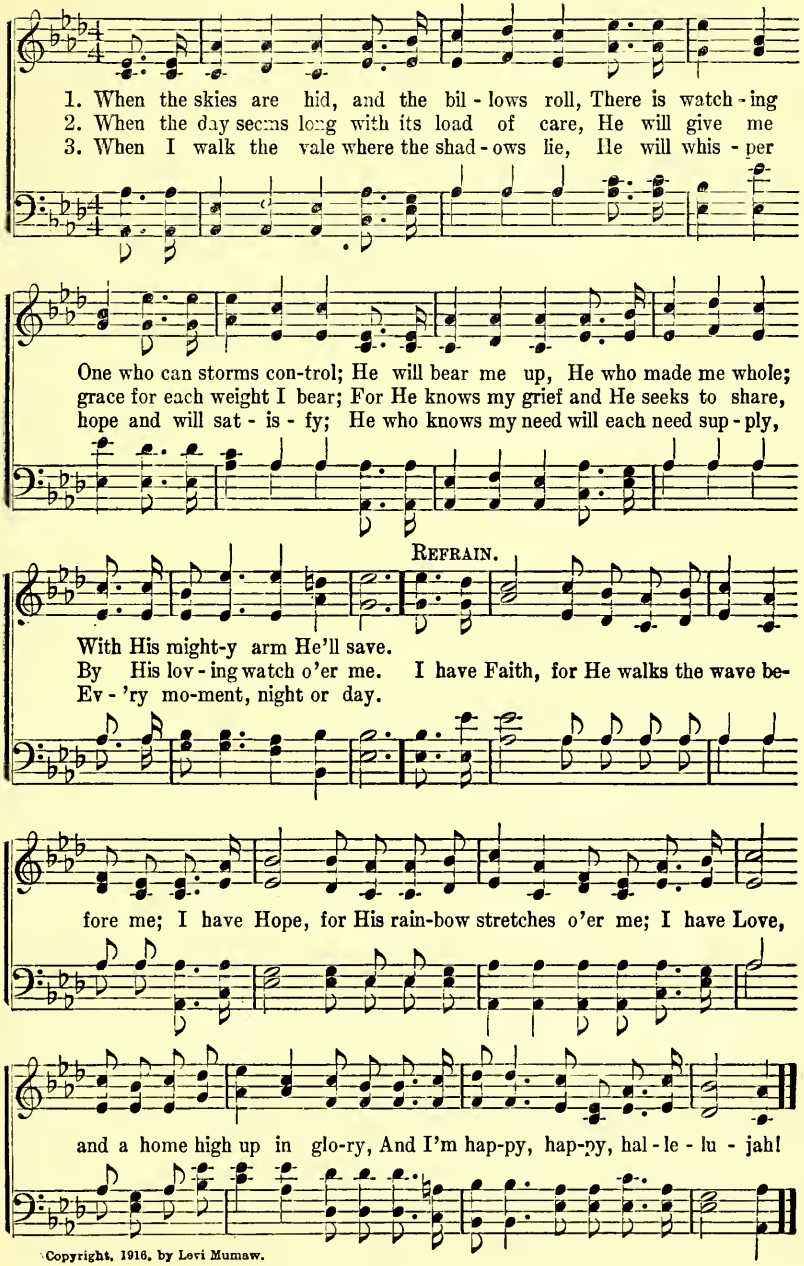
188 What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.



189 I Am Happy.

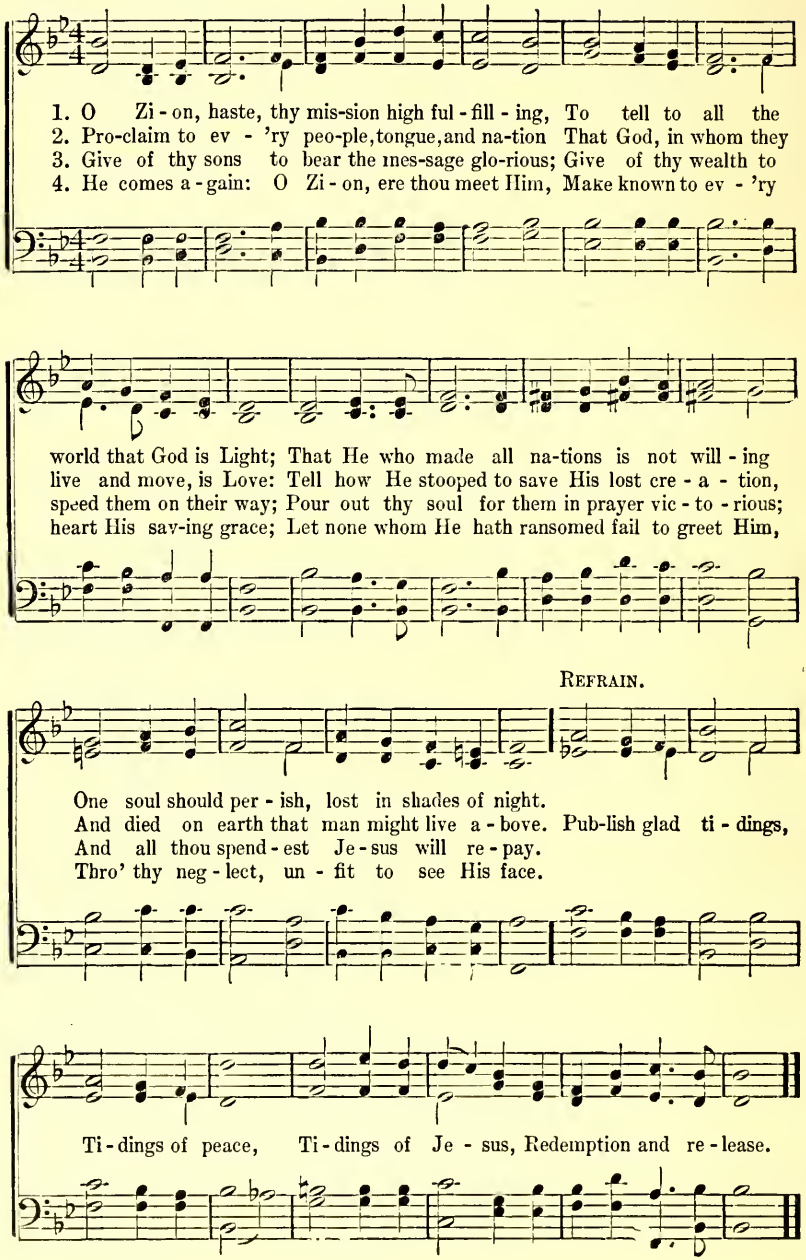
W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



Copyright, 1916, by Levi Mumaw.

O Zion, Haste.

MARY A. THOMSON. (TIDINGS.) JAMES WALCH.



191 No One Has Loved Us Like Jesus.

James Rowe. Florence Williams Falconer.



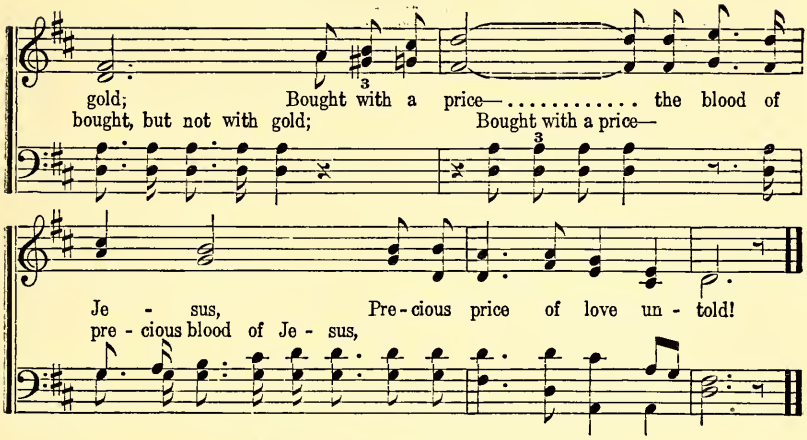
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192 Nor Silver Nor Gold.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner



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193 My Sins Are Forgiven.

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.



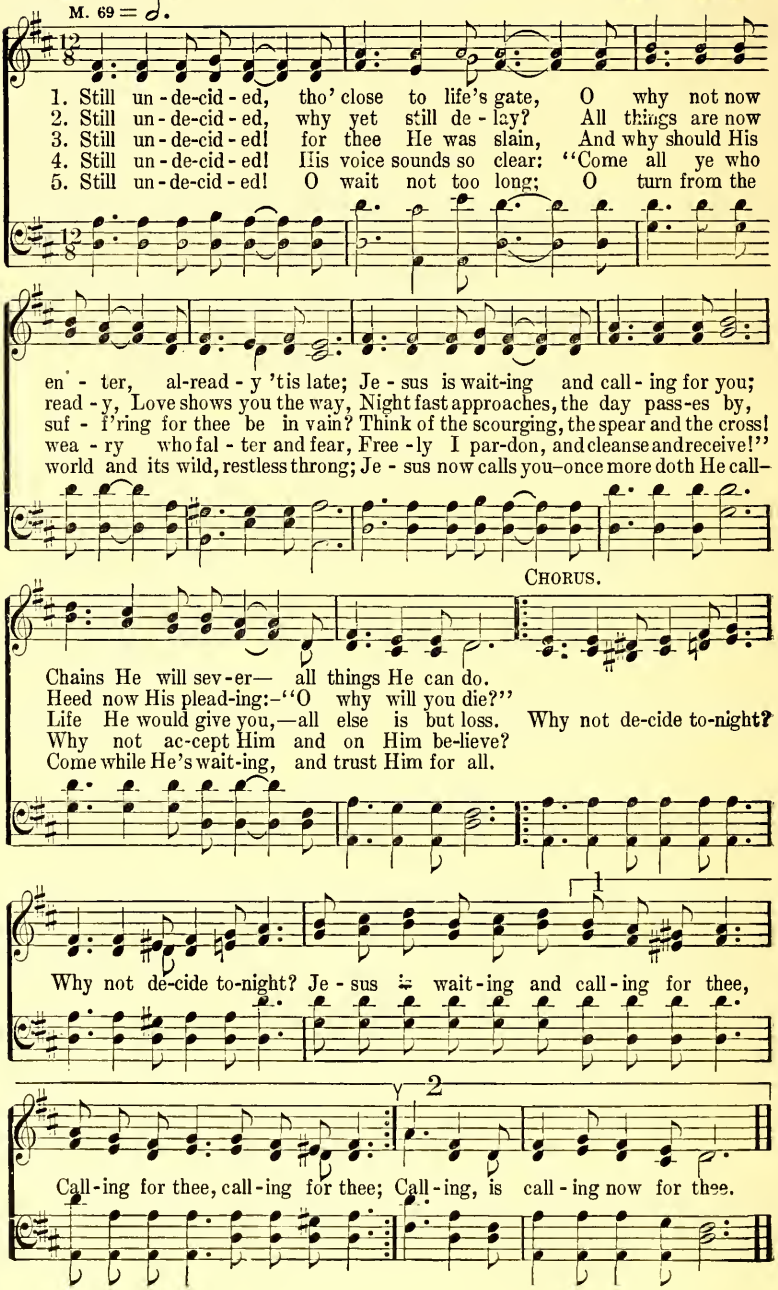
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194 Still Undecided.

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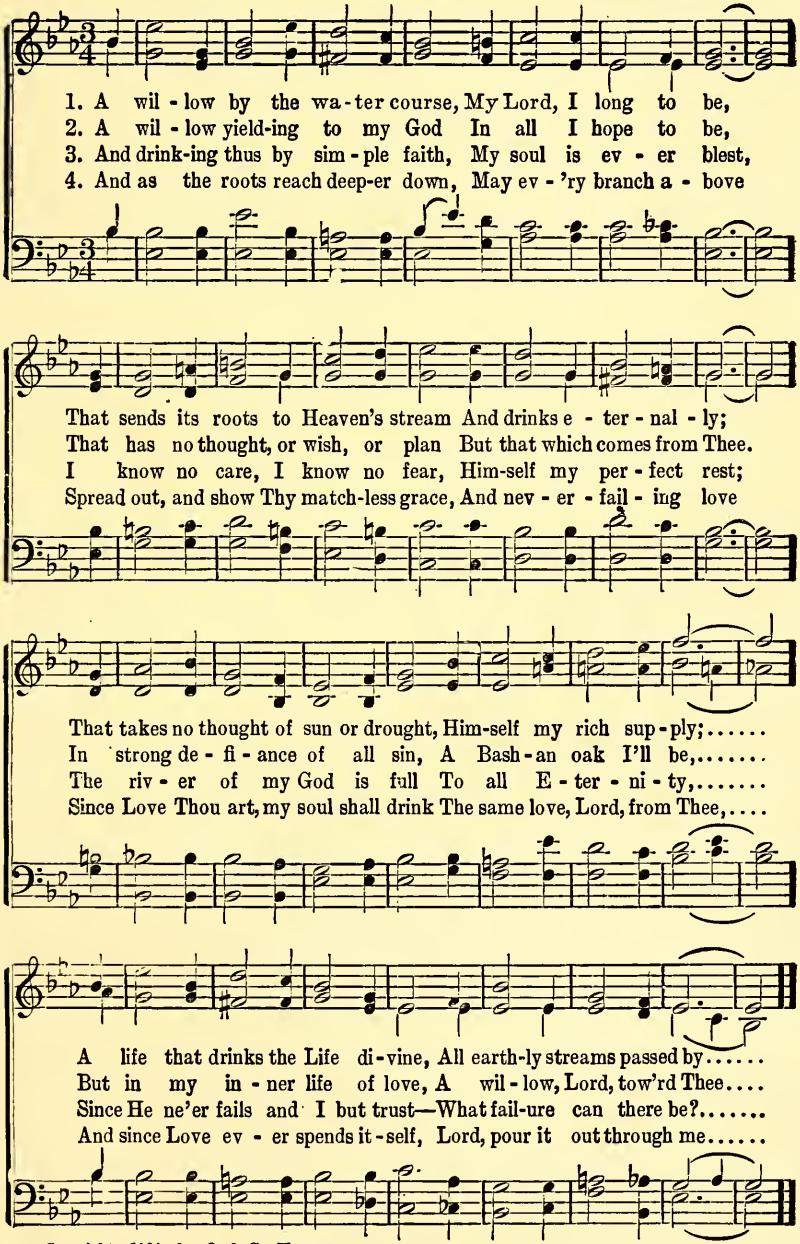
Ernest G. Wesley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 69 = ♩.



195 "Willows By the Watercourses."

Carrie Judd Montgomery. (Isa. xliv: 4.) Oral G. Thomas.



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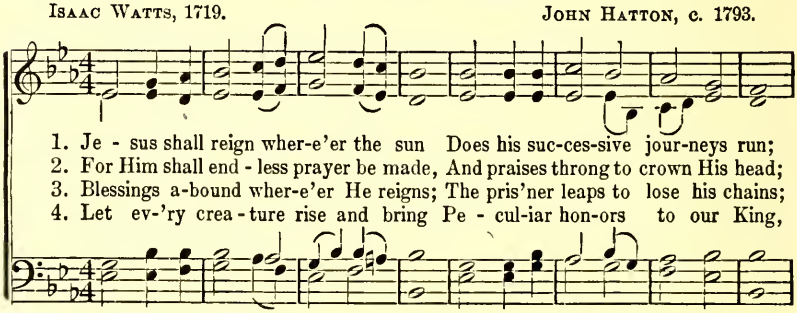
196 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

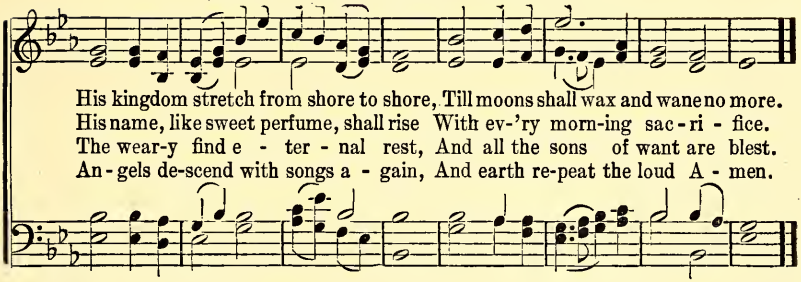


197 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. JOHN HATTON, c. 1793.



Jesus Shall Reign.—Concluded.



198 What a Friend.



199 Revive Us Again.

WM. PATON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.



200 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.



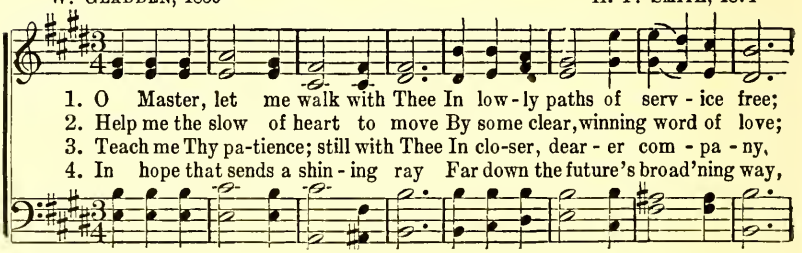
201 Lead, Kindly Light.

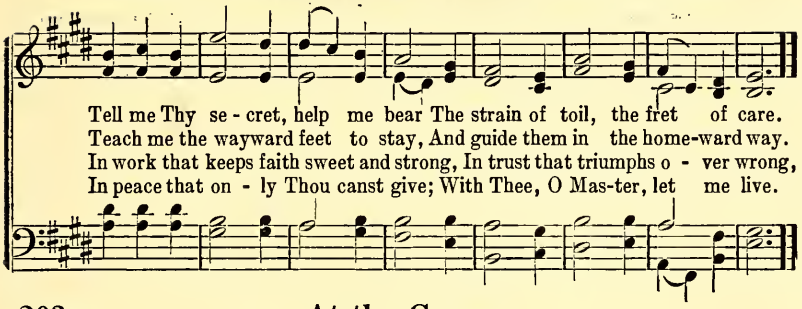
J. H. Newman, 1833. (Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10.) J. B. Dykes, 1867.



202 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden, 1880 H. P. Smith, 1874





203 At the Cross.

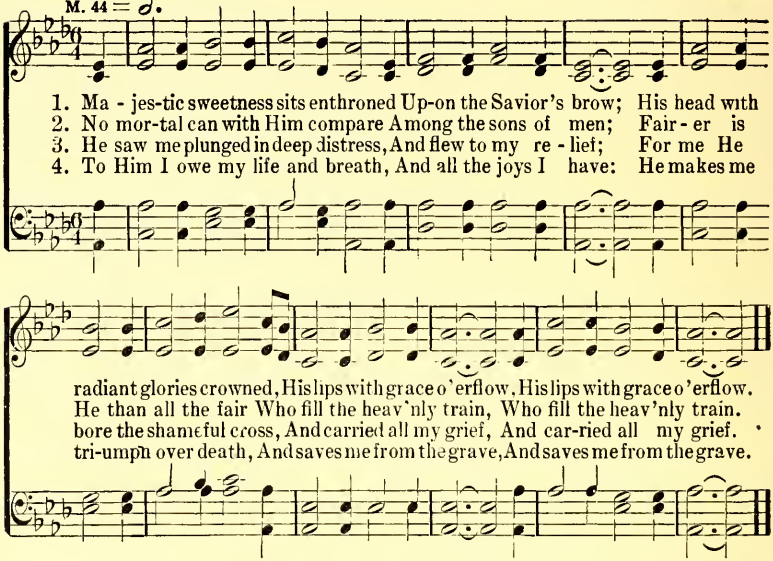
R. Kelso Carter. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.



204 Majestic Sweetness.

Samuel Stennett. **Thomas Hastings.**

M. 44 = 𝅗𝅥.



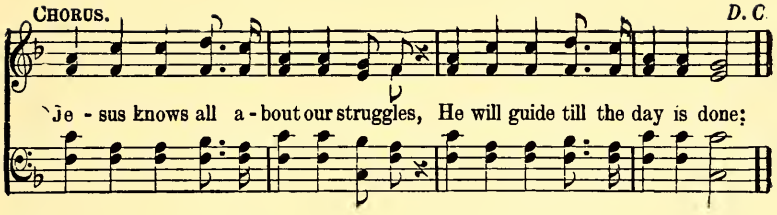
205 No, Not One!

USED BY PER. MRS. G. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

M. 84 = ♩





206 Rescue the Perishing.

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Fanny J. Crosby. M. 80 = ♩ William H. Doane.



Glory Gates.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hott.



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208 Open My Eyes That I May See.

C. H. S. *Gentlyand reverently.* Psalm 119:18. CLARA H. SCOTT.



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209 Will You Take Jesus To-day?

William W. Rock. Robert Harkness.



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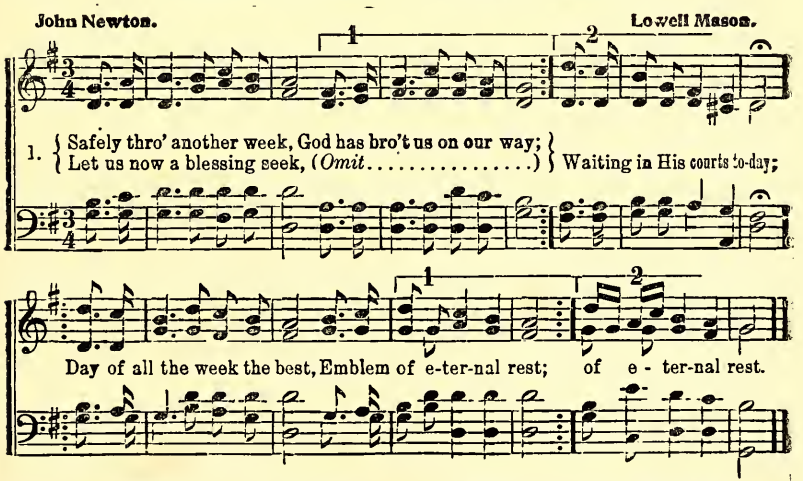
210 Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



211 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Lowell Mason.



2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

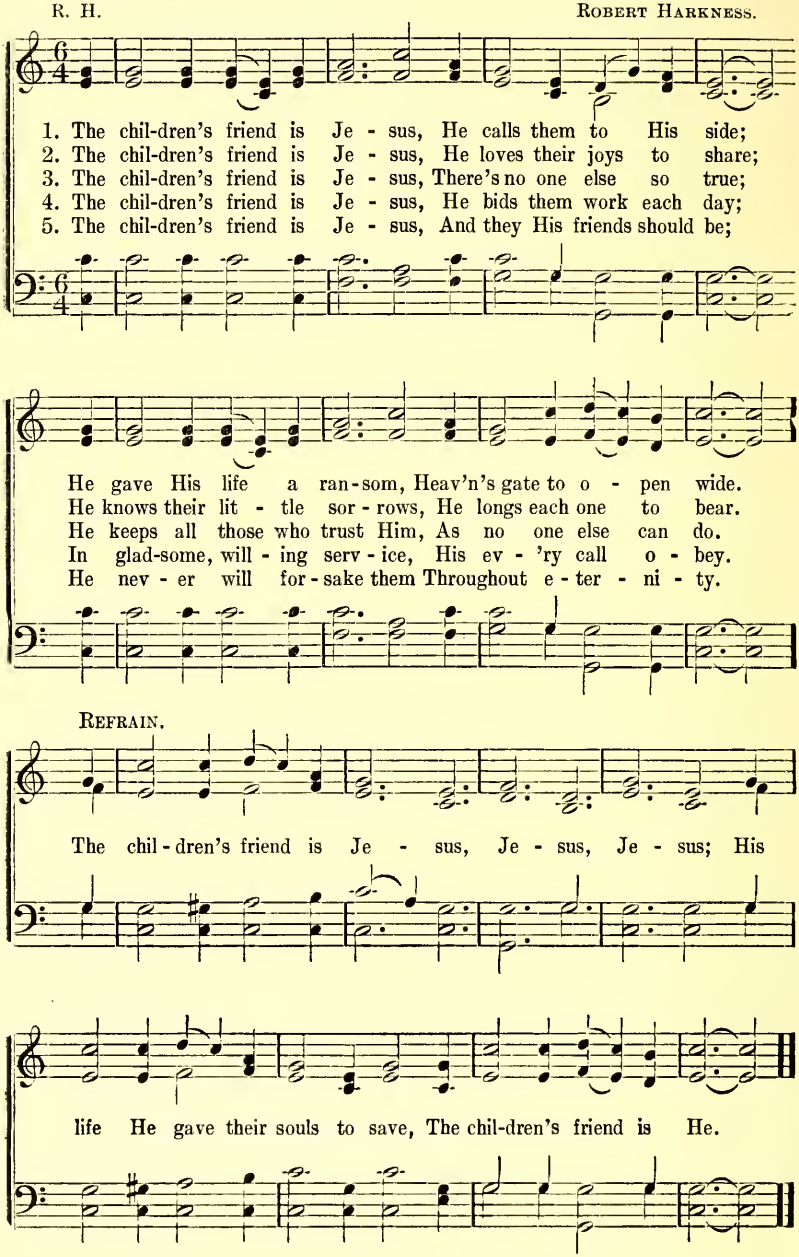
3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our worship prove,
Till we join the church above.

212 The Children's Friend Is Jesus.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE 18: 16.

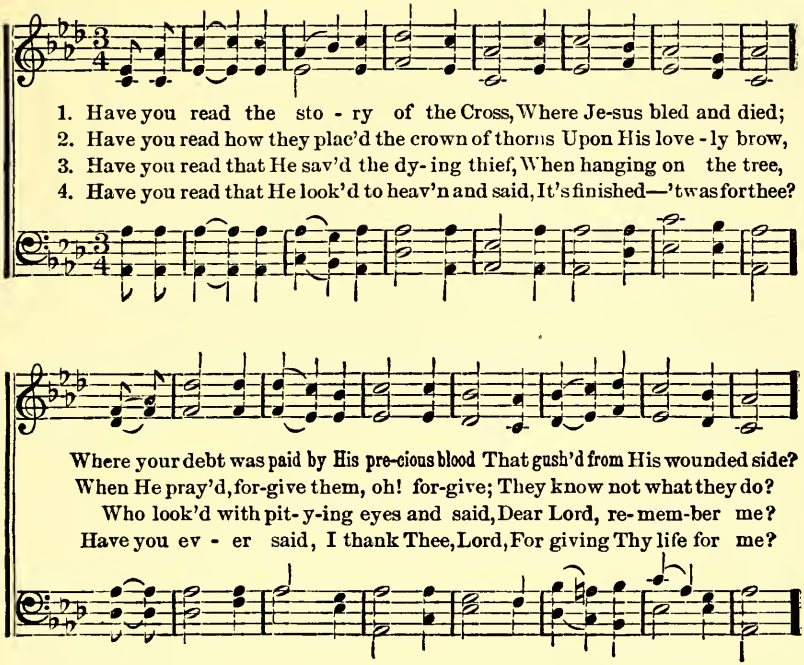
R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.



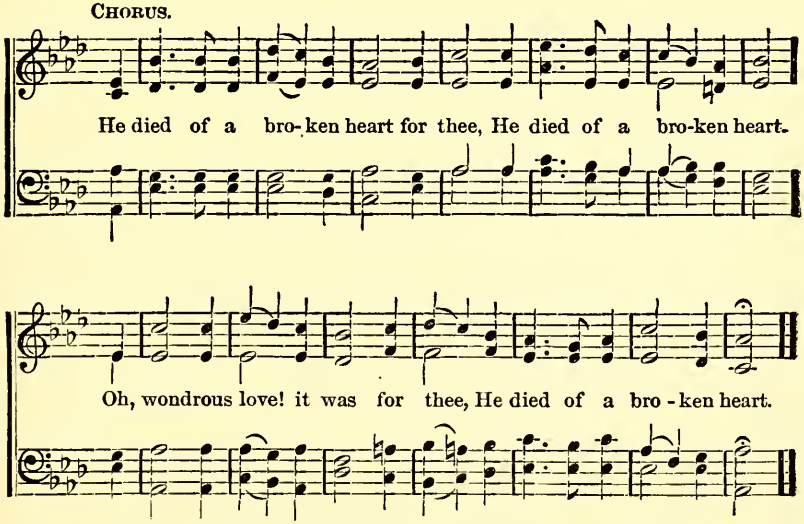
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213 The Broken Heart.

T. D. T. DENNIS.



CHORUS.



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Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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215 Good Is Jehovah the Lord.

PSALM 100. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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Oh, What a Change!

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.



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Oh, What a Change!—Concluded.



217 There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

Wm. Cowper, 1772. (Fountain. C. M.) Arr. Lowell Mason.



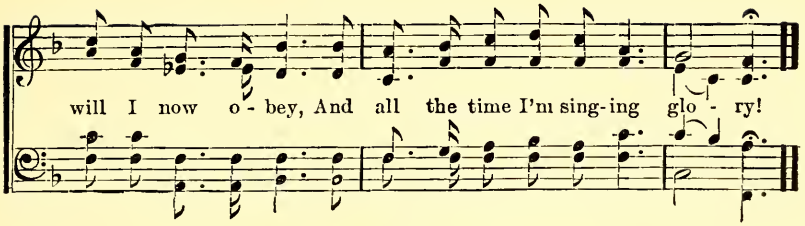
Singing Glory.

"Singing with grace in your heart to the Lord."—Col. 3: 16.

L. R. M. L. R. MINOR.



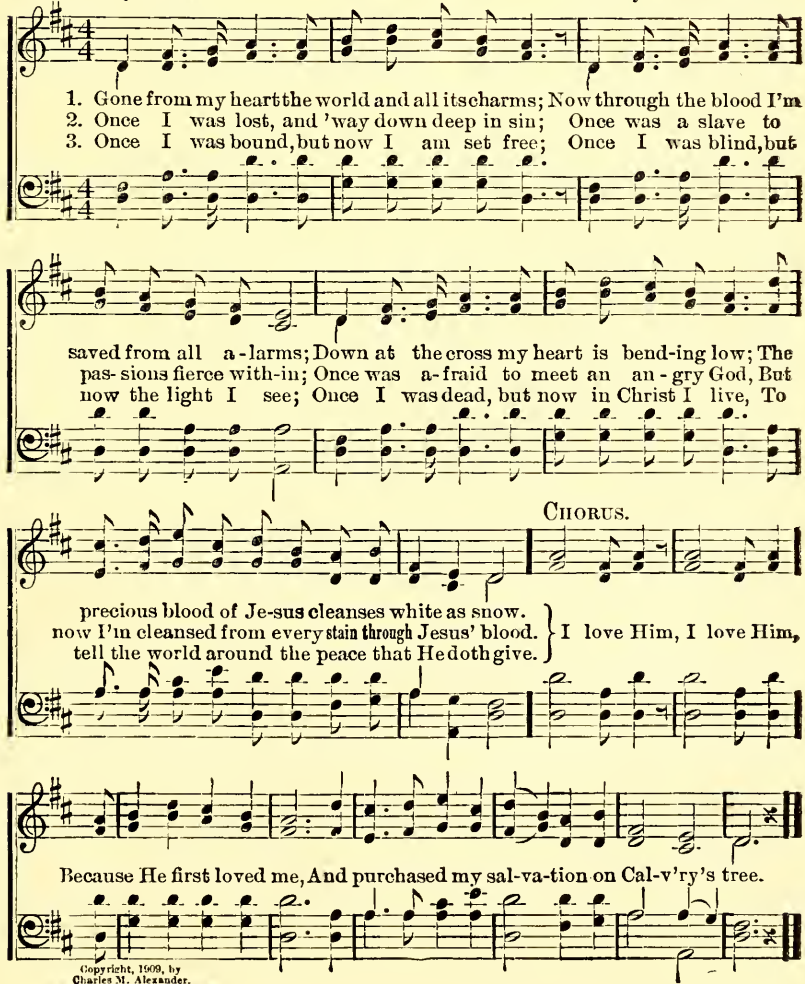
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219 I Love Him.

As sung by Mrs. W. Asher in her prison work.

London Hymn Book. Arr. by D. B. Towner.

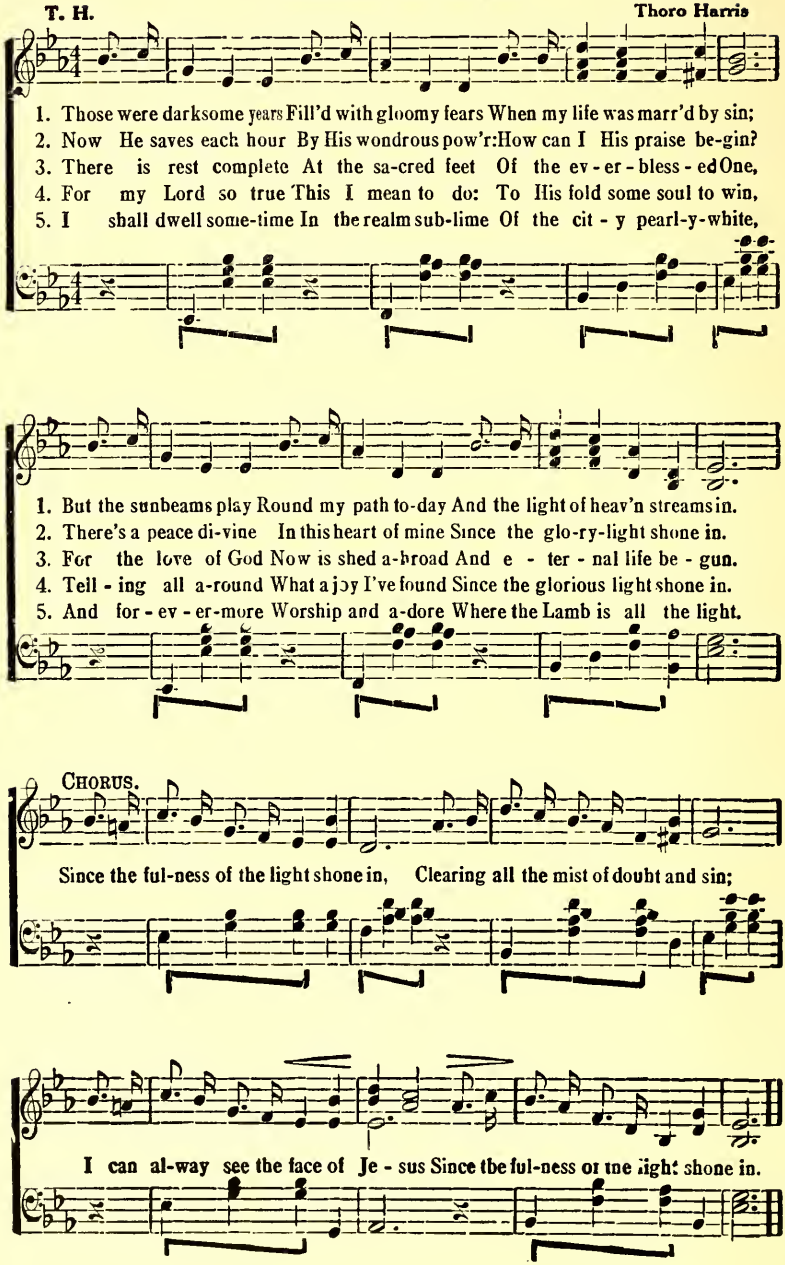


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220 Since the Fulness of the Light Shone In.

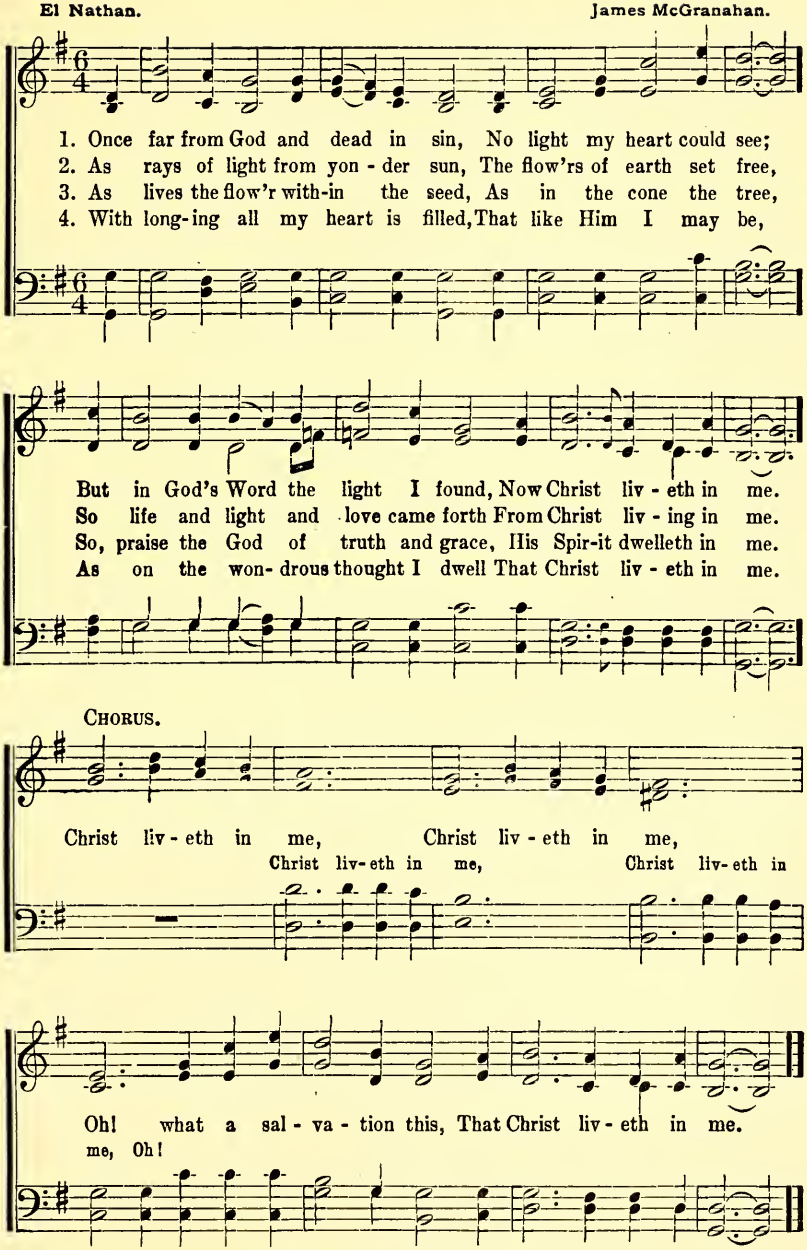
Copyright, 1921, by Thoro Harris

T. H. Thoro Harris



221 Christ Liveth In Me.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.



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International Copyright Secured.

I Sing of Jesus.

T. H. Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris. Thoro Harris.

DUET.

1. I sing of Je - sus, the King im - mor - tal Who came from glo - ry my soul to win, Who brake the fet - ters of death's dark por - tal, Who o - pened Par - a - dise and en - tered in.
2. I sing of Je - sus, who chides me nev - er, Tho' far I wan-der on plains of night, A ten-der Shep - herd who leads me ev - er Back to the nar - row way, the path of light.
3. I sing of Je - sus: O won-drous sto - ry! He brings sal - va - tion to sin - ners lost; Soon all the na - tions will praise, in glo - ry, The Man who ran-somed them at aw - ful cost.

CHORUS.

1

{I sing of Je - sus: O praise His wor - thy name, My faith - ful
{With all the ran - somed I would His love proclaim, [*Omit.....*

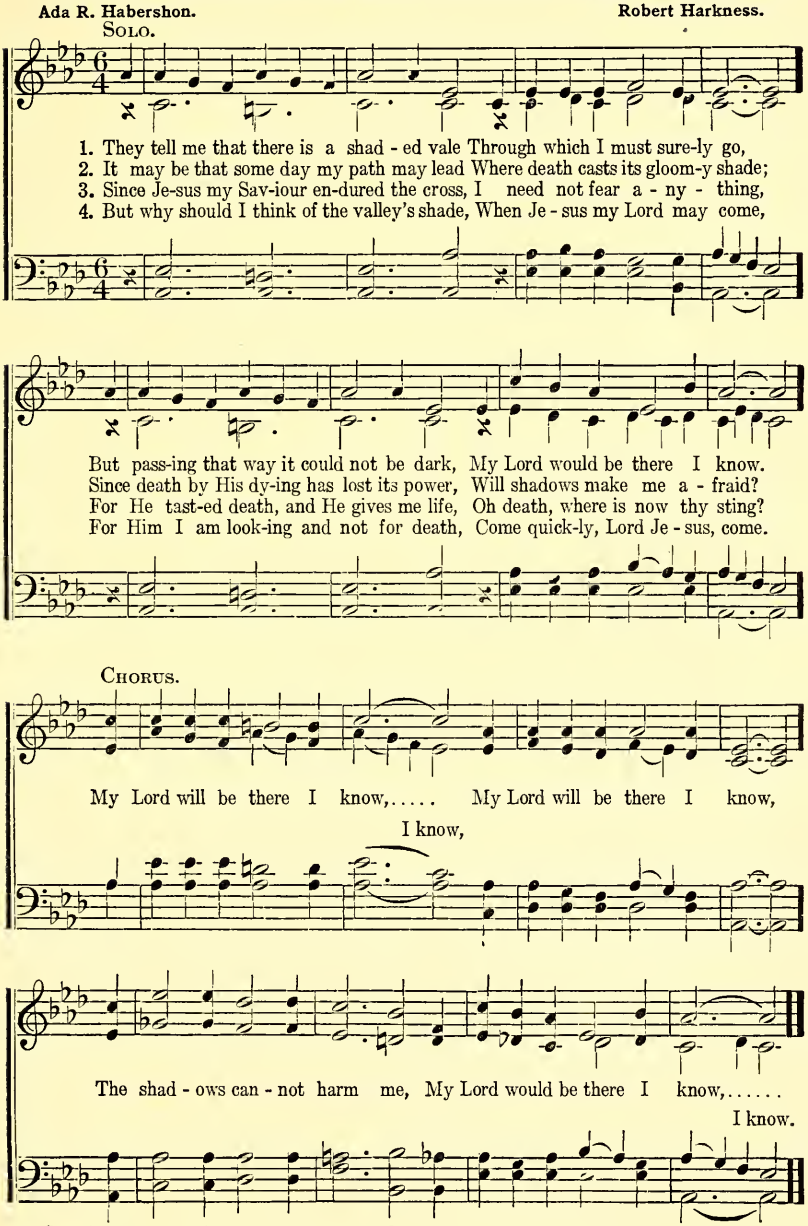
2

Sav - ior, my Friend for-ev - er; Till all shall crown Him their Lord and King.

223 The Valley of Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm 23: 4.

Ada R. Habershon. Robert Harkness.



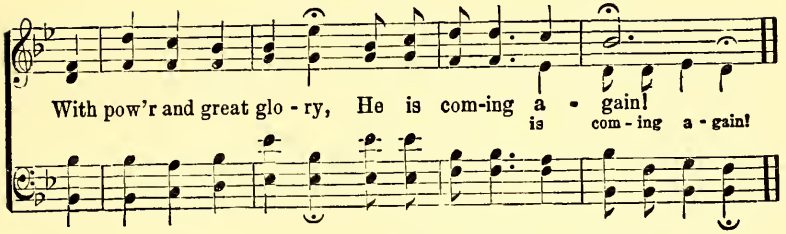
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224 He Is Coming Again.

M. J. C. Mable Johnston Camp.



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225 I've Found Him.

J. H. THAYER. D. B. TOWNER.



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Glory to Jesus.

A. F. M. Arr. A. F. Myers.

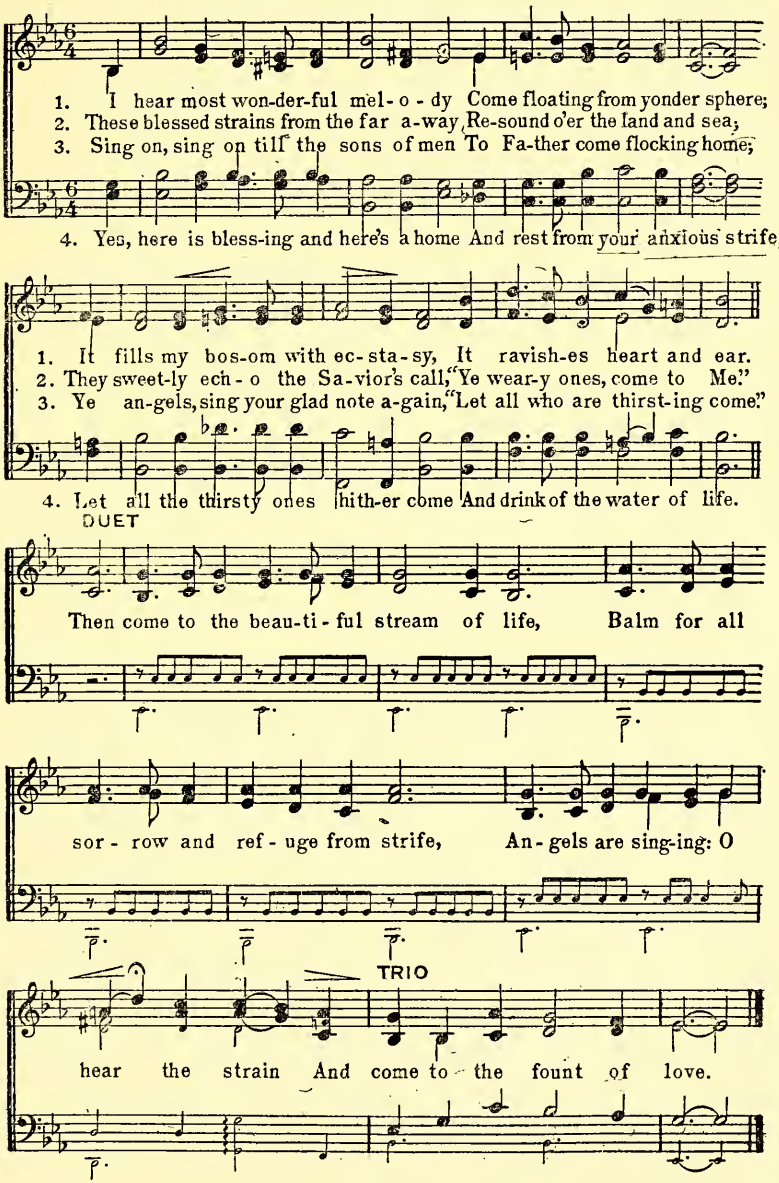


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227 Strains From the Far Away.

Copyright, 1924, by Thoro Harris

T. H. THORO HARRIS



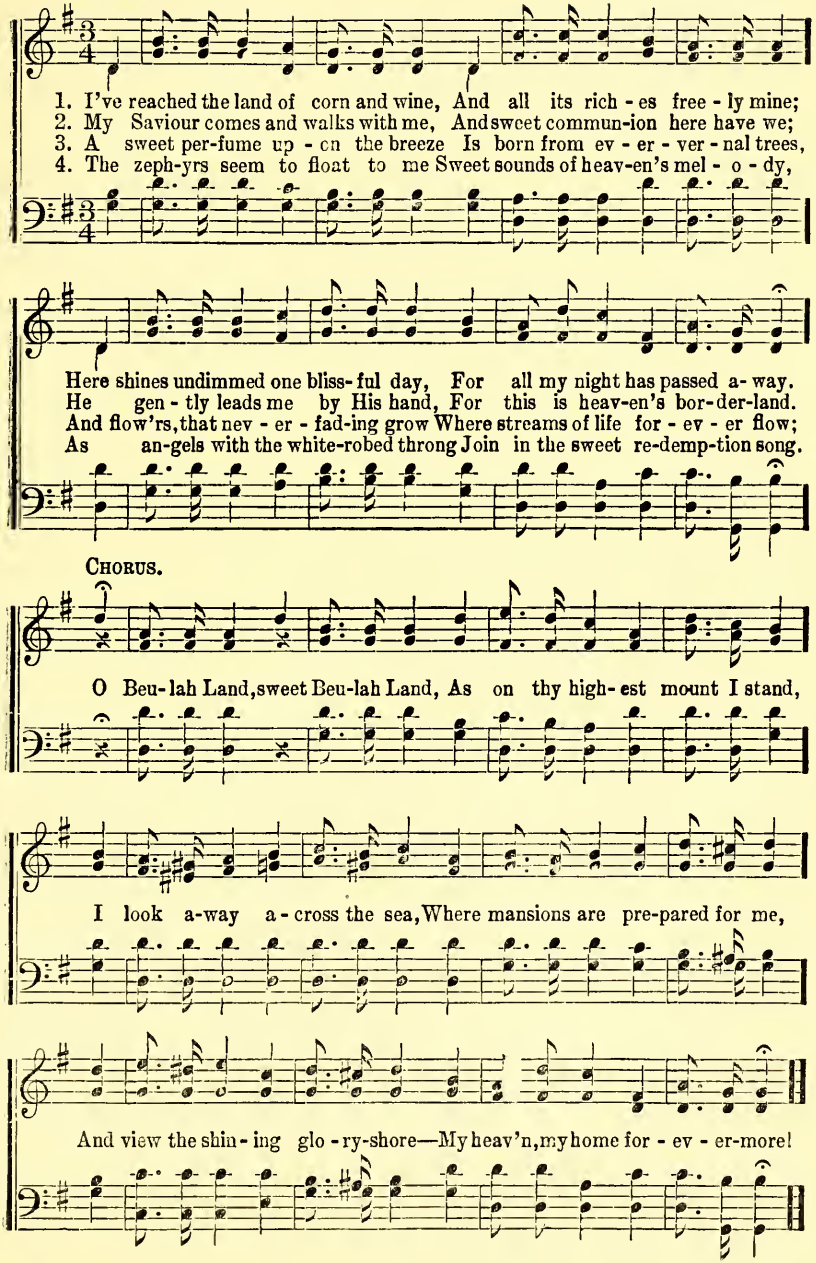
Twilight Is Stealing.

A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD.



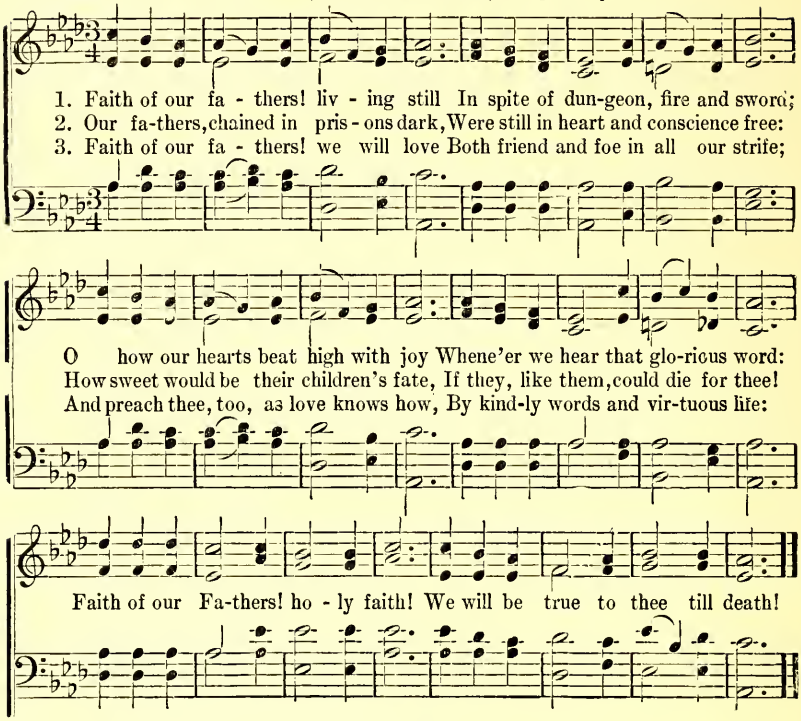
229 Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. Jno. R. Sweney.



230 Faith of Our Fathers.

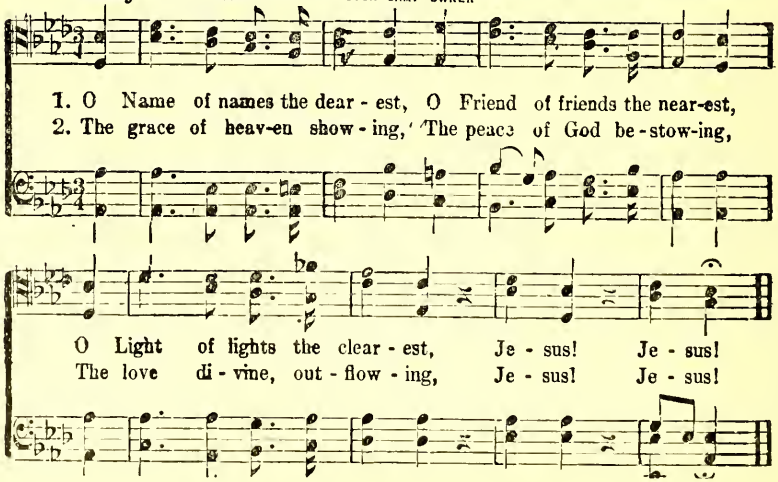
FREDERICK W. FABER. (ST. CATHERINE.) Adapted by J. G. WALTON.



231 Jesus.

M. J. C. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. **Mabel Johnston Camp.**

Melody in 2nd Tenor MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP OWNER



Jesus.—Concluded.

3 The Comforter in sorrow,
The Guardian of the morrow,
The Strength whose power we borrow,
Jesus! Jesus!

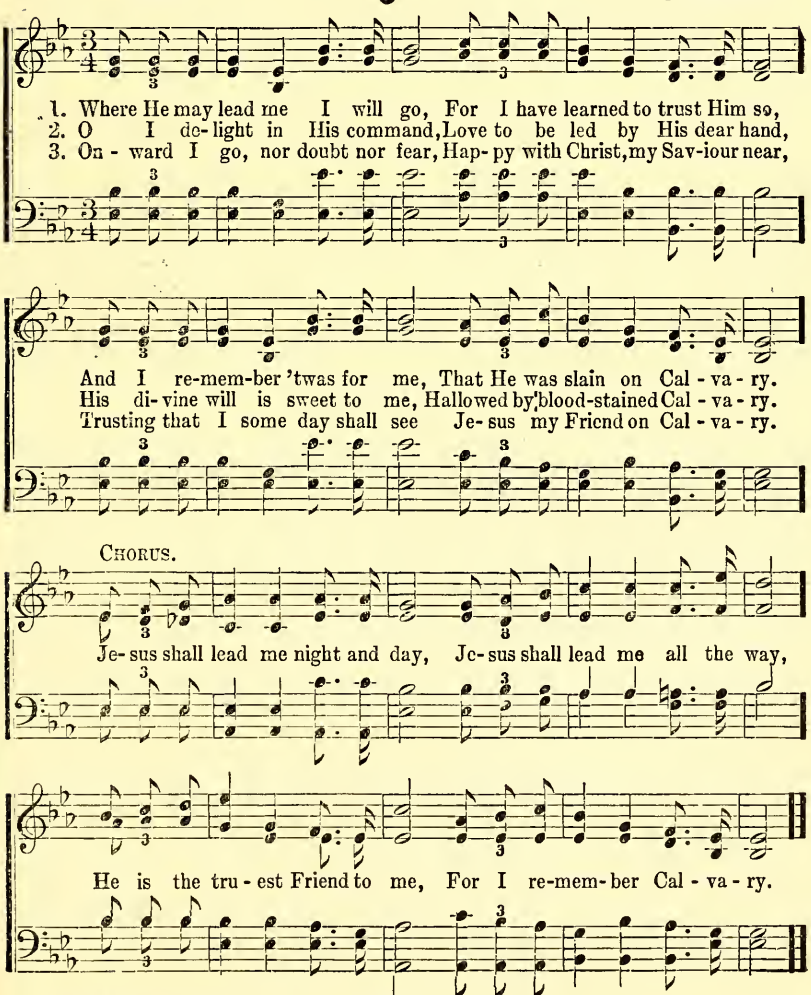
4 The Way to realms supernal,
The truth forever vernal,
The Life complete, eternal,
Jesus! Jesus!

5 The Saviour true and tender,
The Shelter and Defender,
The Hope none can surrender,
Jesus! Jesus!

6 O Name of names the dearest,
O Friend of friends the nearest,
O Light of lights the clearest,
Jesus! Jesus!

232 I Remember Calvary..

Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.

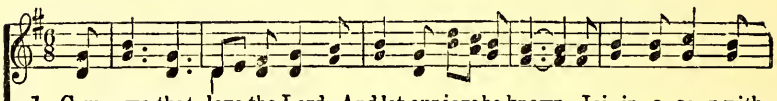


Copyright, 1900, by J. M. Black. Tabernacle Publishing Co., owner.

233 We're Marching to Zion.

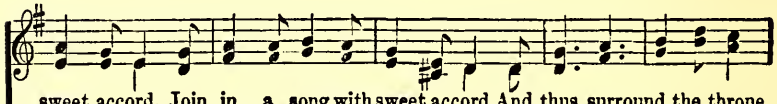
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY

REV. I. WATTS. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

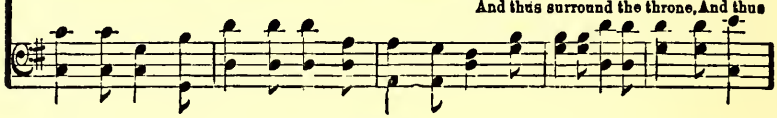


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But children of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sacred sweets, Before we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im





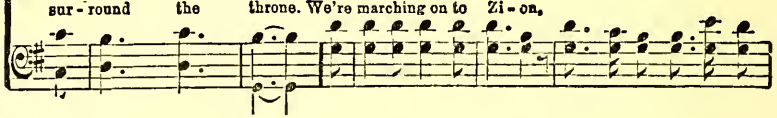
sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad,
heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,
And thus surround the throne, And thus



CHORUS.



And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys abroad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,





Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,



I Know the Way Back Home.

ISAIAH, 55: 7, Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man His thoughts and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him and to our God for He will abundantly pardon.

FIRST JOHN. 1: 9. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

JOHN, 6: 37. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

First Chorus

J. M. Henson. (Copyright, 1921, by Charlie D. Tillman.)

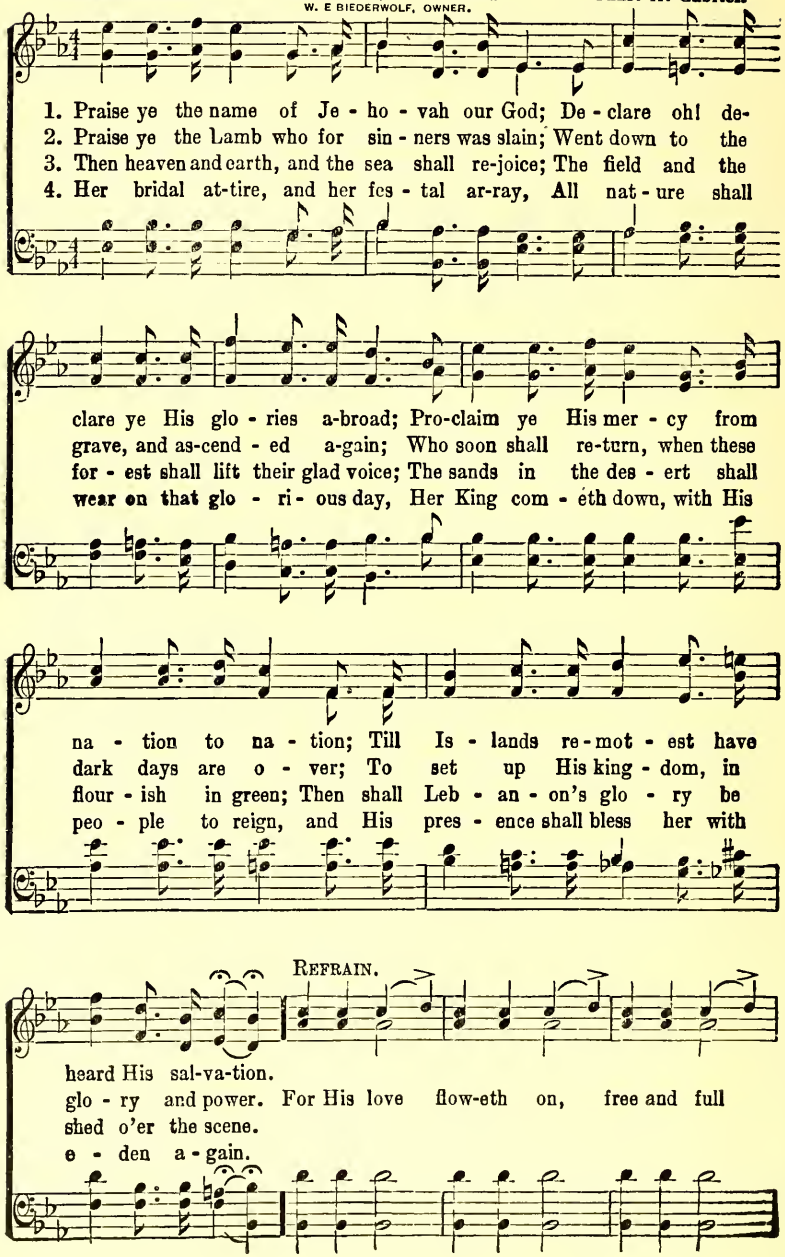
C. D. T. **Charlie D. Tillman.**



Fine results may be obtained by using this song during the progress of revivals as follows—Use it both as an invitation song and a song of experience with new converts as well as those being reclaimed, who especially appreciate the last chorus.

235 Praise Ye the Name of Jehovah.

Horatious Bonar. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. MCEWAN. W. E BIEDERWOLF, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



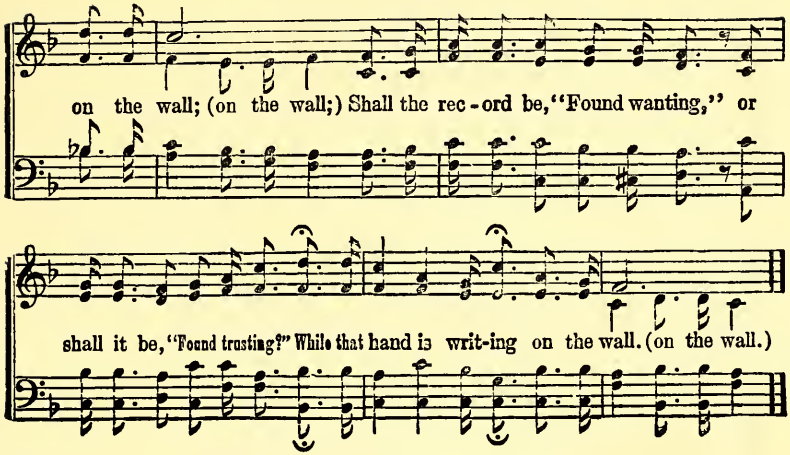
Praise Ye the Name of Jehovah.—Concluded.



The Handwriting On the Wall.

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.





237 Glory to His Name.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. STOCKTON.



Eternal Rest.

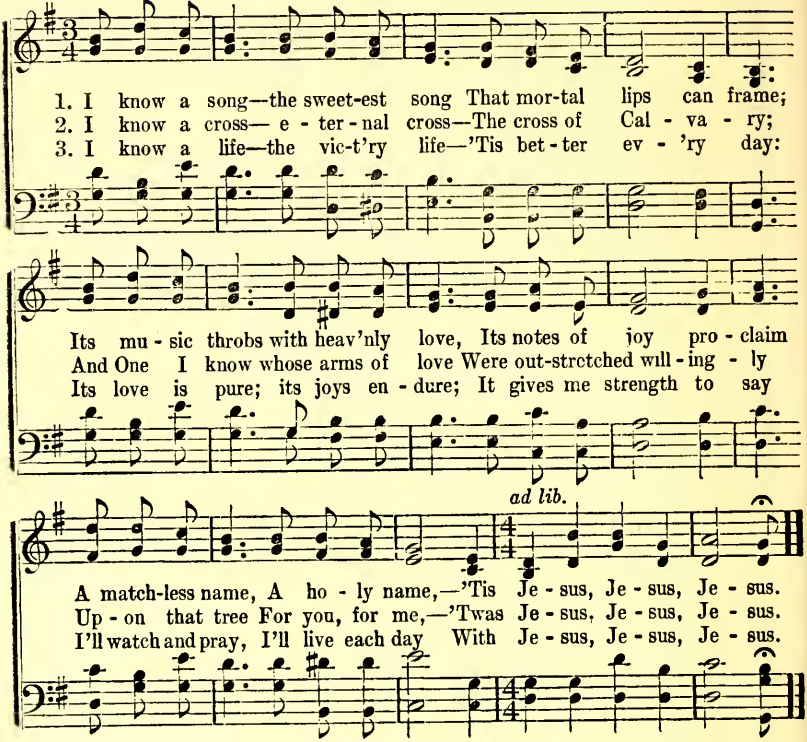
Thoro Harris Copyright, 1923, by Thoro Harris T. H. arr.




Chorus.
ff
m
1. Glo - ry aud praise to God.
2. Gladness shall o-ver-flow.
3. Blessing for all man-kind. Glo - ry, glo - ry to God! Thus will the
4. Wor-thy of praise is He.
5. Crowns of e - ter - nal life,
Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est!
ff
m
ransom'd sing.....
ar-mies sing.
Glo - ry, Glo - ry to God!
Glo - ry to God!
ff
The ev - er - last - ing King!
ev - er - last - ing om-nip-o-tent King!
Glo-ry, glo-ry in the high - est!
Glo - ry to God!
m
mp
ff
Saints of the Lord, To that e - ter - nal sphere.....
To that e - ter - nal sphere.....
We are
wait - ing for our trans-lat-ing, The time is near.
is draw - ing near.

239 A Song, a Cross, a Life.

A. S. R. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ.

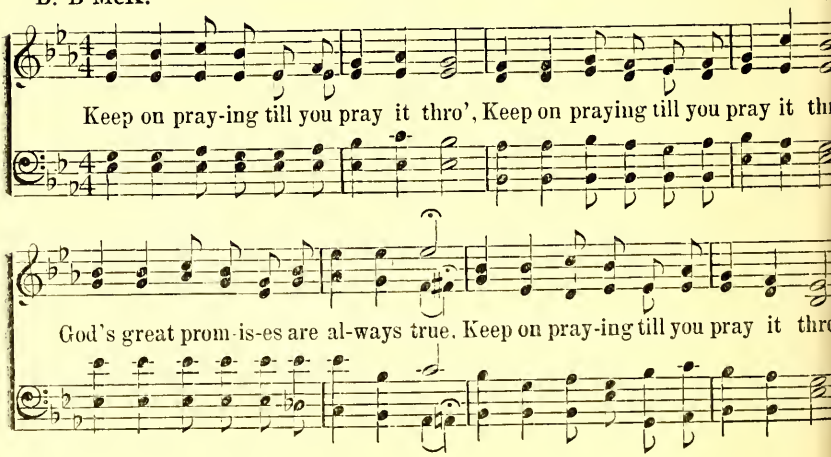


Copyright, 1911, by A. S. Reitz. English Copyright by Charles M. Alexander.

240 Keep On Praying.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

B. B McK. B. B. McKinney.



241 My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

(Jewett. 6s. D.)

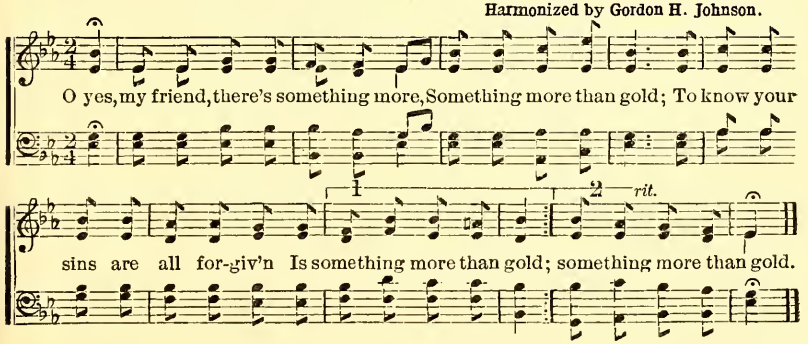
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

Carl M. von Weber, 1821;
Arr. by H. P. Main.



242 Something More Than Gold.

Harmonized by Gordon H. Johnson.



243 Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. Butler. J. M. Black.



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244 Work, for the Day Is Coming.

(Tune: No. 264)

1 Work, for the Day is coming!
Day in the Word foretold,
When, 'mid the scenes triumphant,
Craved by saints of old,
He, who on earth a stranger
Travers'd its paths of pain,
Jesus, the Prince, the Saviour,
Comes again to reign.

2 Work, for the Day is coming!
Darkness will soon be gone;
Then o'er the night of weeping
Endless day shall dawn.
What now we sow in sadness
Then we shall reap in joy;
Hope will be changed to gladness,
Praise be our employ.

3 Work, for the Lord is coming!
Children of light are we;
From Jesus' bright appearing
Powers of darkness flee.
As from the mist arising,
Souls like the dew are born;
O'er all the East are spreading
Tints of rosy morn.

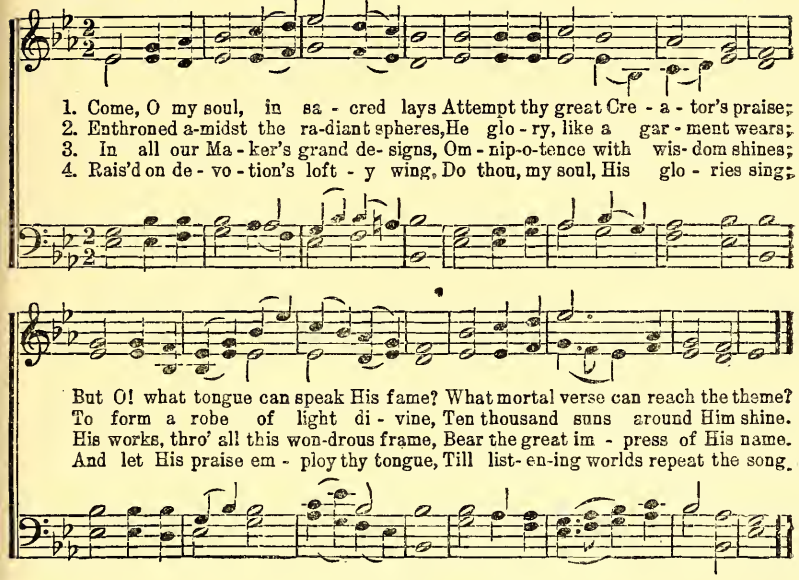
4 Work, then, the Day is coming!
No time for sighing now!
Harps for the hands once drooping,
Wreaths for victor's brow.
Now morning light is breaking,
Soon will the Day appear;
Night shades appal no longer,
Jesus Christ is near.

—Anonymous.

245 Come, O My Soul, In Sacred Lays.

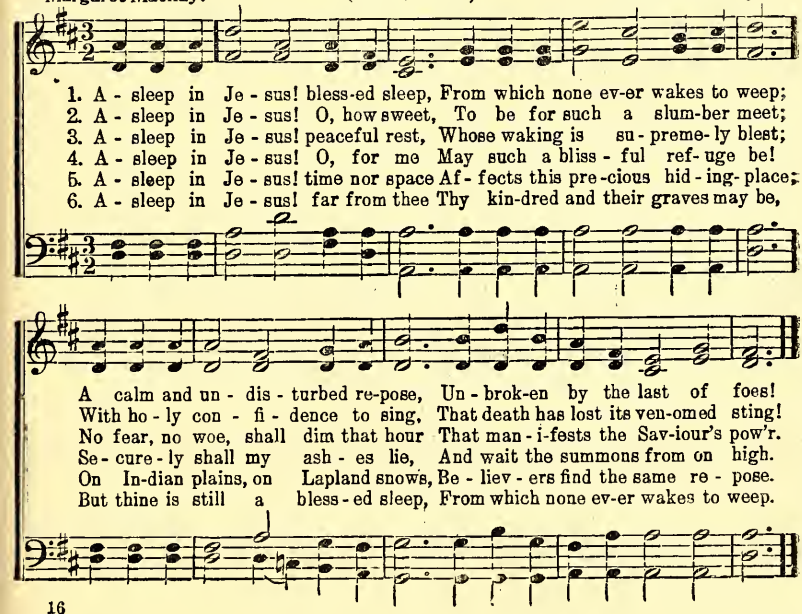
(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

Thomas Blacklock. John Hatton.



246 Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. (REST. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury.



The Heavenly Vision.

FRANK H. EXLEY

MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP



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The Heavenly Vision.—Concluded.



248 Grave On the Green Hillside.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

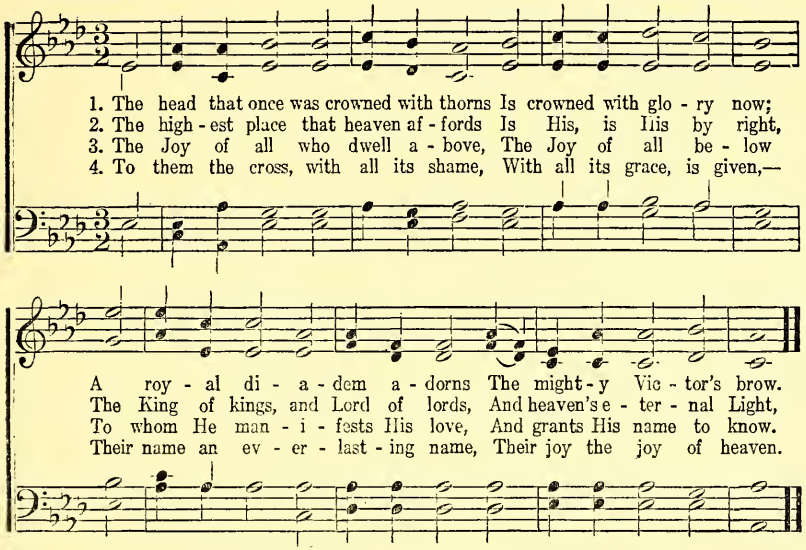


The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

249 The Head that Once was Crowned with Thorns.

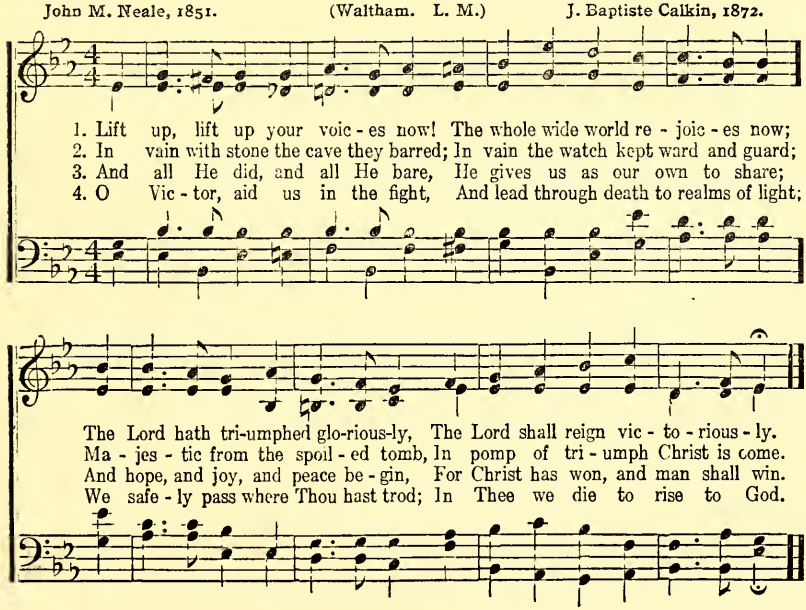
(Azmon. C. M.)

Thomas Kelly, 1820. Carl G. Glaser, Arr. by Lowell Mason.



250 Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now.

John M. Neale, 1851. (Waltham. L. M.) J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.



The Earth Is the Lord's.

Psalm 24.

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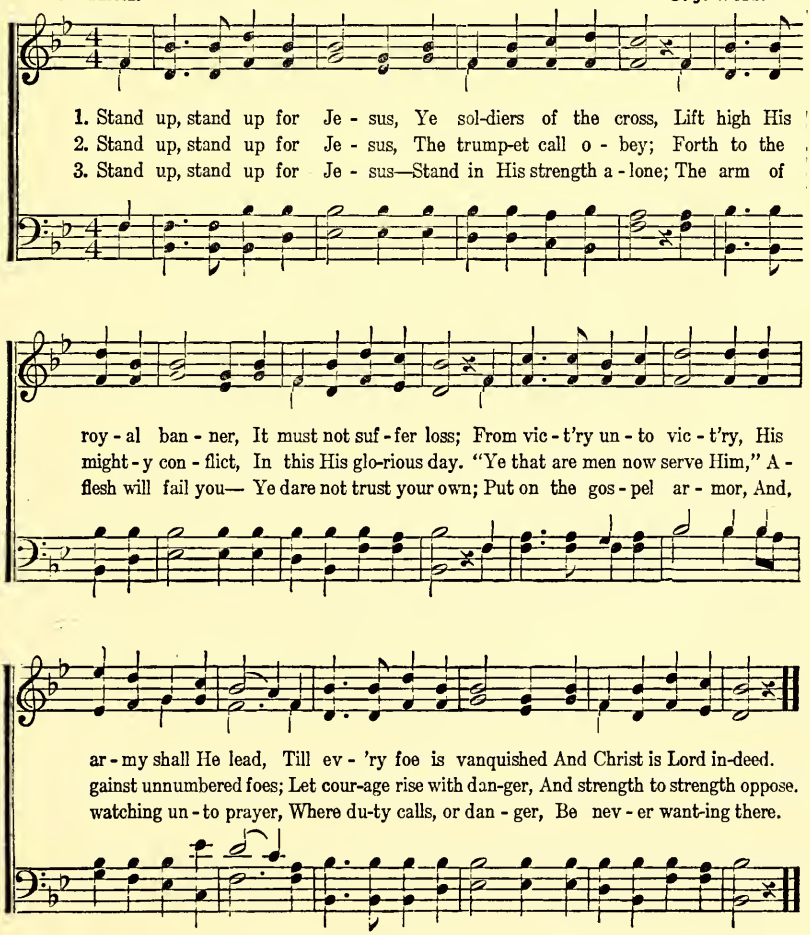
Chas. H. Gabriel.





252 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.



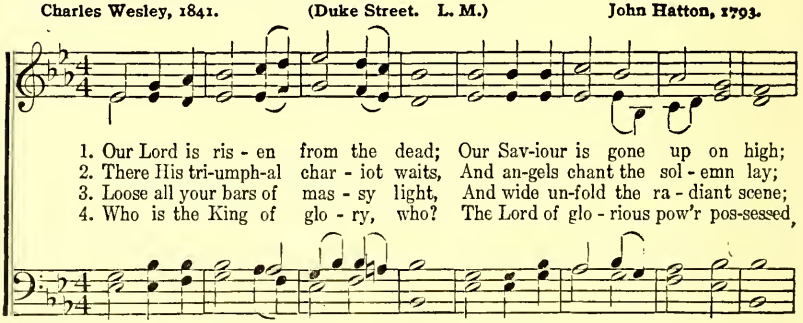
253 Rise, Glorious Conqueror, Rise.

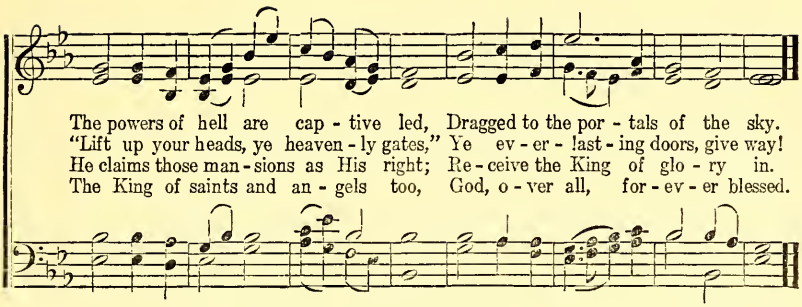
Matthew Hodges, 1848. (Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.) Felice de Giardini, 176_.



254 Our Lord Is Risen From the Dead.

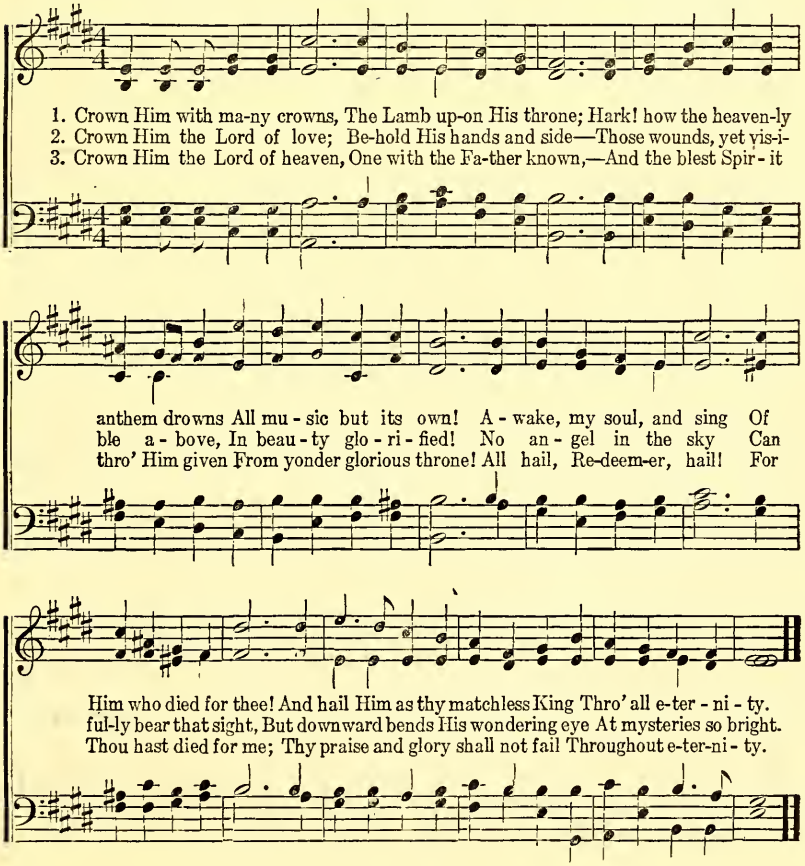
Charles Wesley, 1841. (Duke Street. L. M.) John Hatton, 1793.





255 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Mathew Bridges, 1851. (Diademata. S. M. D.) George J. Elvey, 1868.

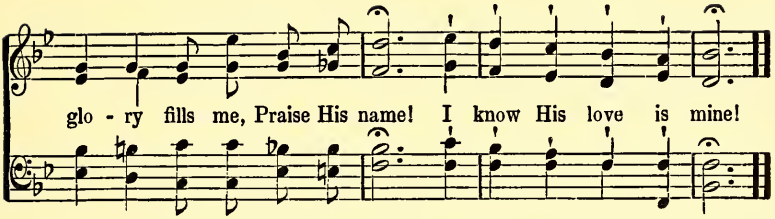


256 I Know His Love Is Mine.

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN. ALBERT ALLEN KETCHUM.



Copyright, 1921, by Albert Allen Ketchum.



257 Rejoice, The Lord Is King.

CHARLES WESLEY. WARREN C. COFFIN.



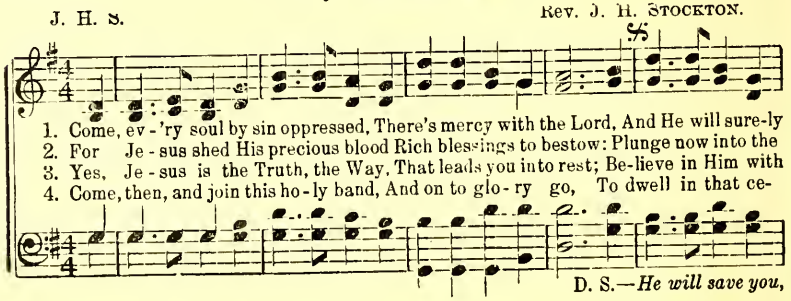
Copyright, 1921, by Warren C. Coffin.

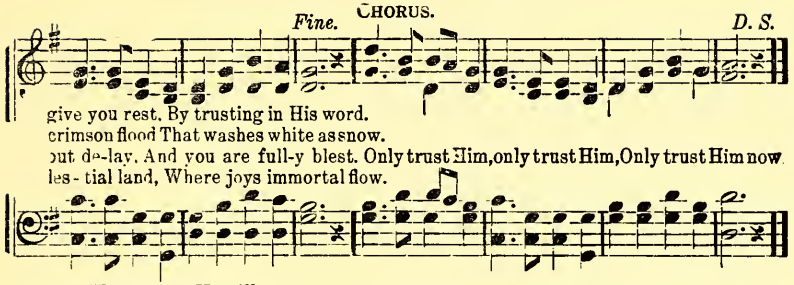
Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.



259 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. Rev. J. H. Stockton.





260 When I See My Saviour.

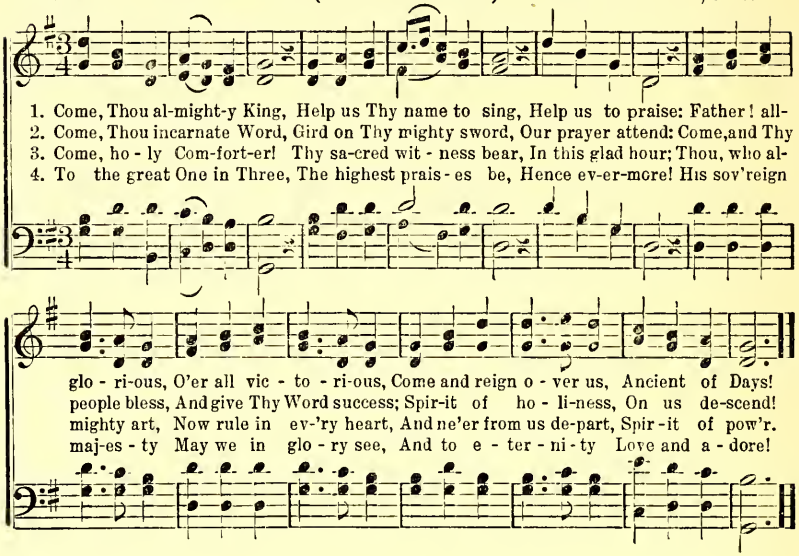
Maud Frazer. Robert Harkness.



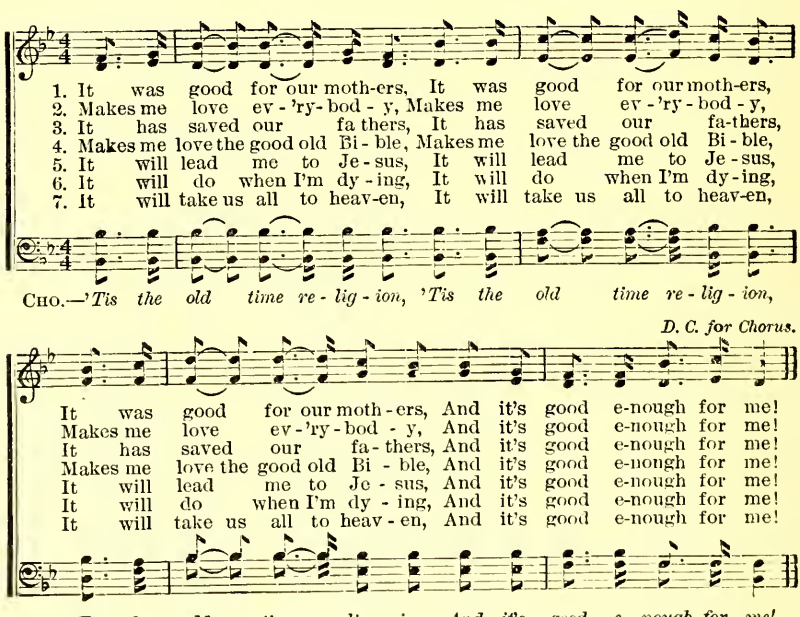
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261 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ITALIAN HYMN.) FELICE GIARDINI, 1769.



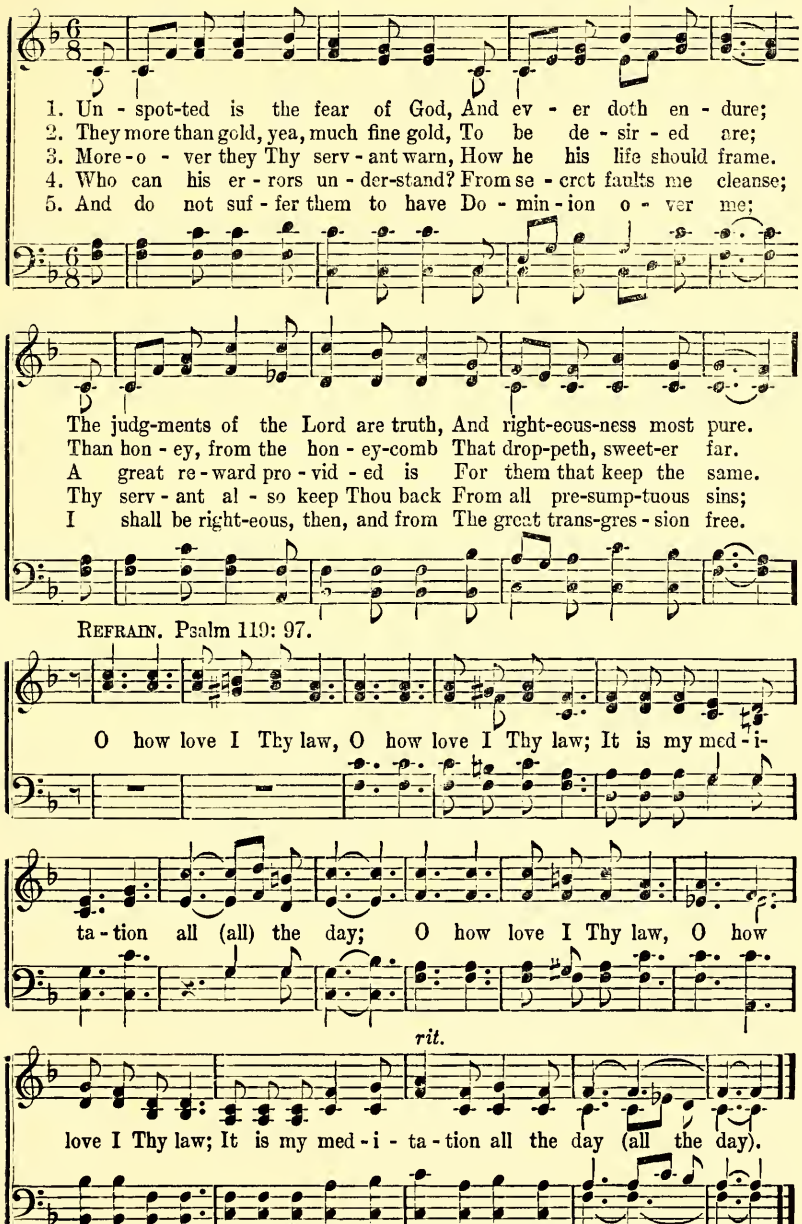
262 The Old-Time Religion.



263 O How Love I Thy Law.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

ANON. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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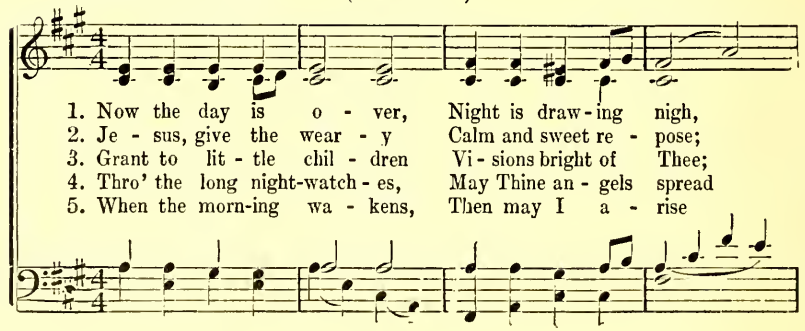
264 Work, For the Night Is Coming.

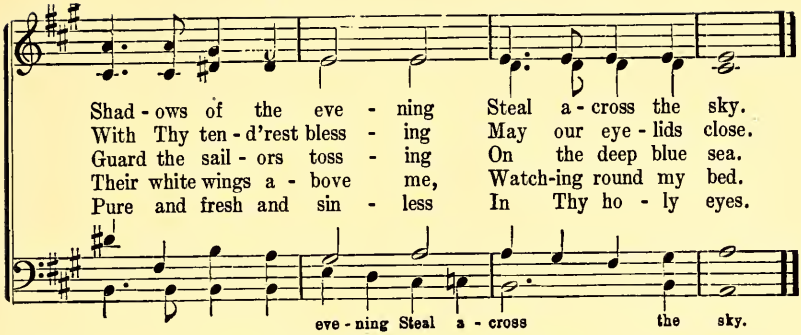
Anna L. Coghill, 1860. (Work Song. 7s. 6s. 5s.) Lowell Mason, 1864.



265 Now the Day Is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. (EMMELAR.) Joseph Barnby.





266 He's Everything to Me.

J. J. B. JAS. J. BELL.



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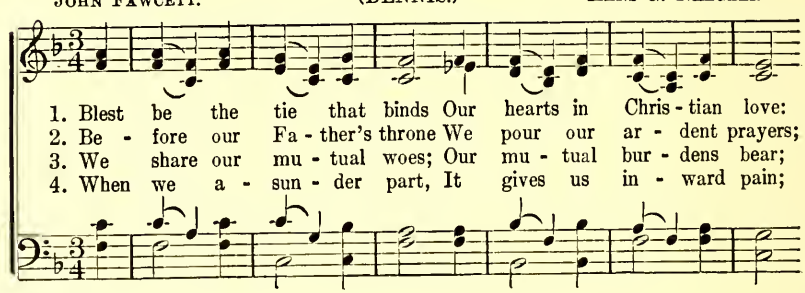
267 He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought.

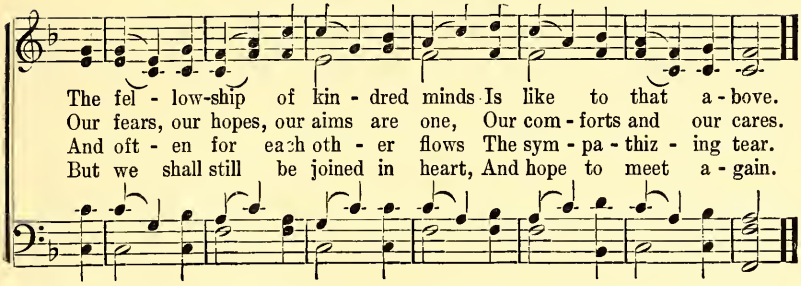
J. H. Gilmore, 1861. (He Leadeth Me. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury, 1864.



268 Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

John Fawcett. (Dennis.) Hans G. Naegeli.





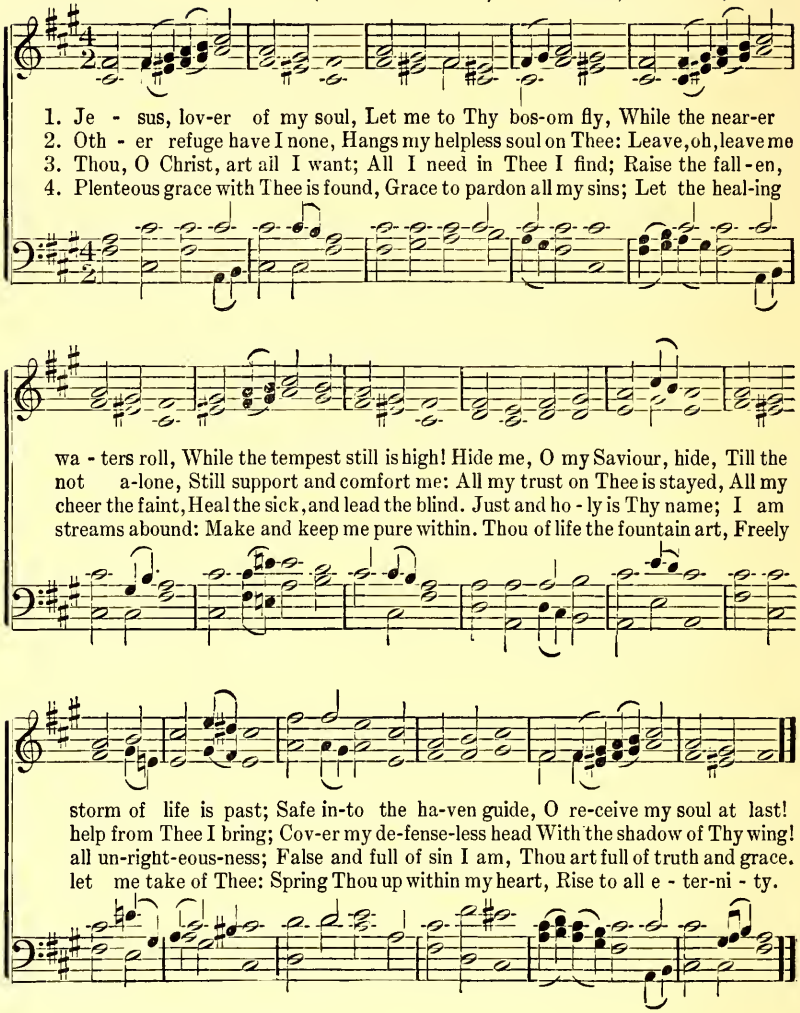
269 Holy Quietness.

M. P. Ferguson. Arr. from W. S. Marshall.



270 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

RHIF. 193. (ABERYSTWYTH.) J. PARRY, MUS. Doc., 1841.



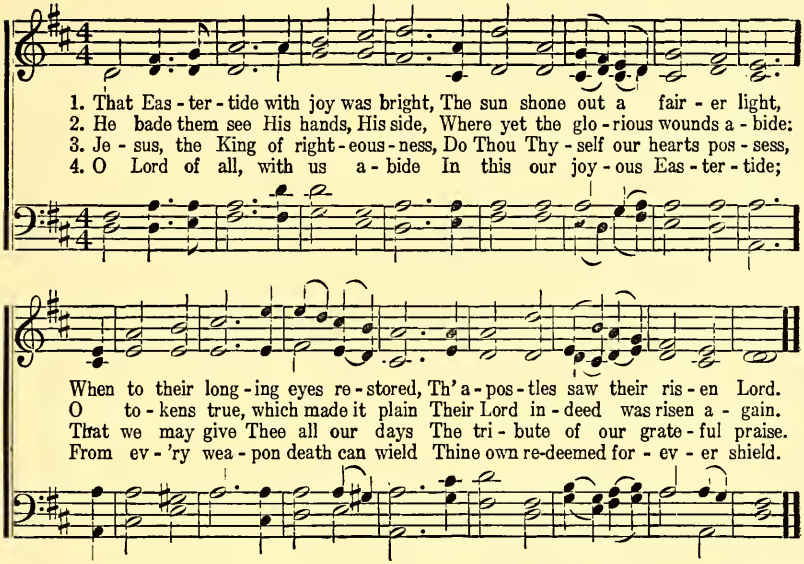
Martyn.

S. B. MARSH.



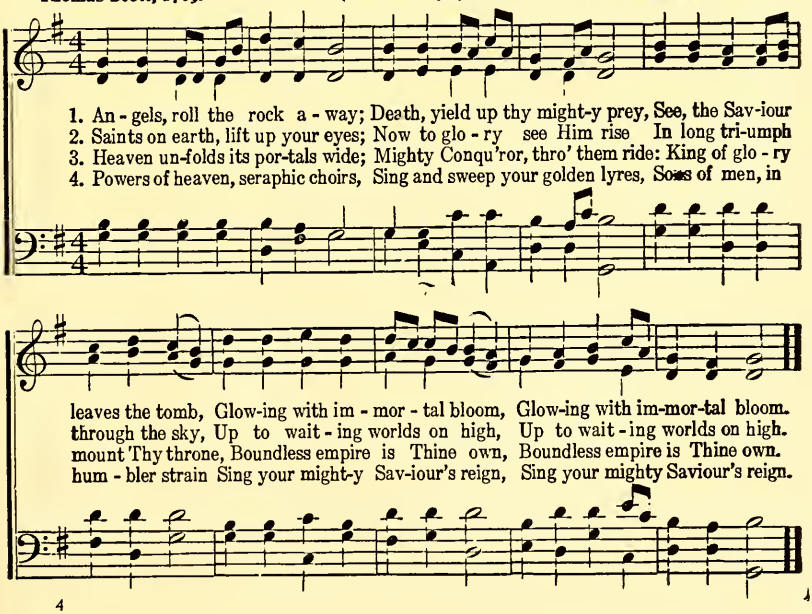
271 That Eastertide With Joy Was Bright.

Anon. (Truro. L. M.) Charles Burney, 1779.



272 Angels, Roll the Rock Away.

Thomas Scott, 1769. (Hendon. 7s.) H. A. Cesar Malan, 1827.



273 Whiter Than Snow.

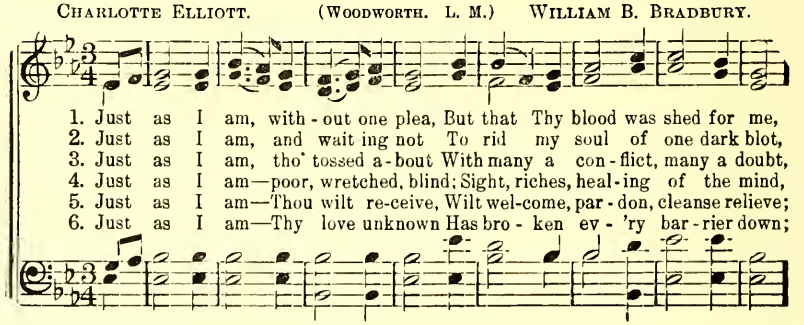
JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.



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274 Just As I Am.

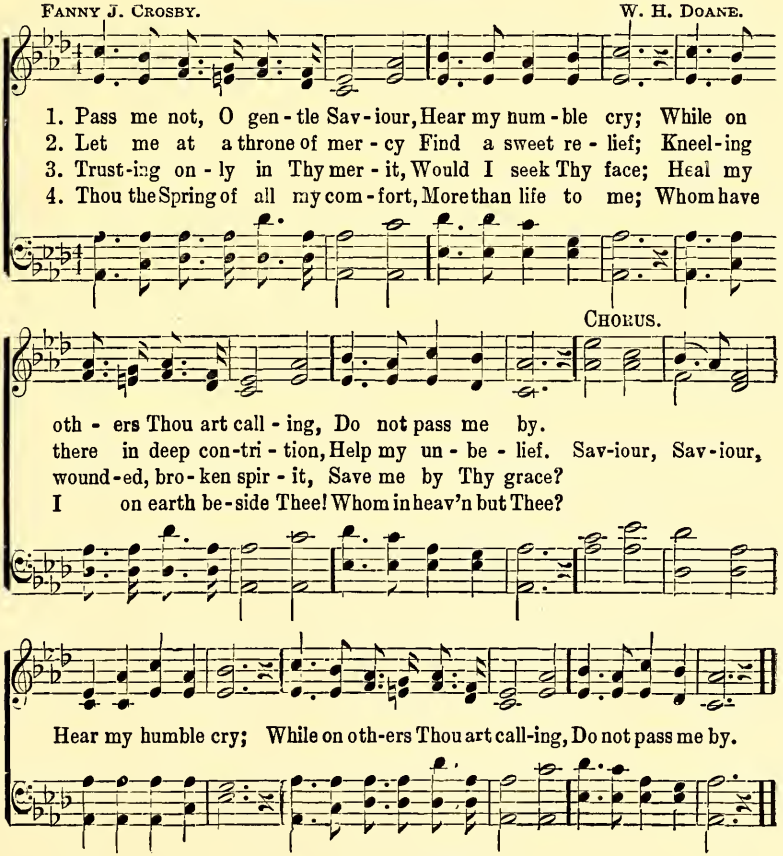
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.





275 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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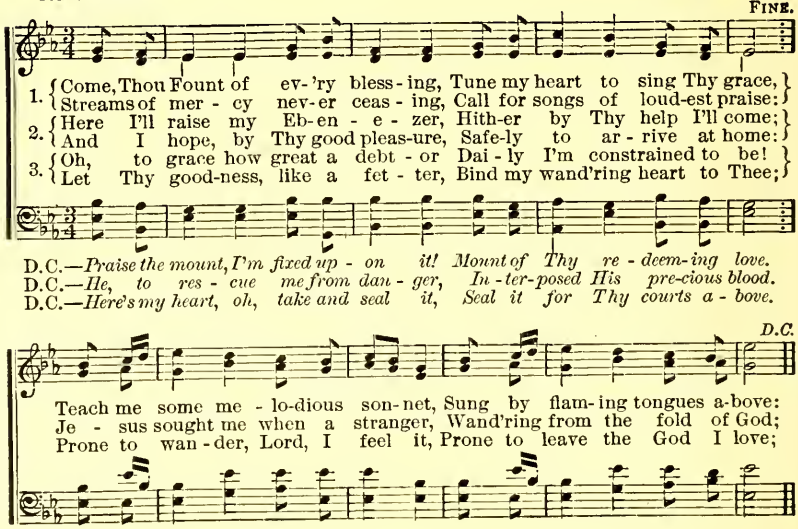
276 Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



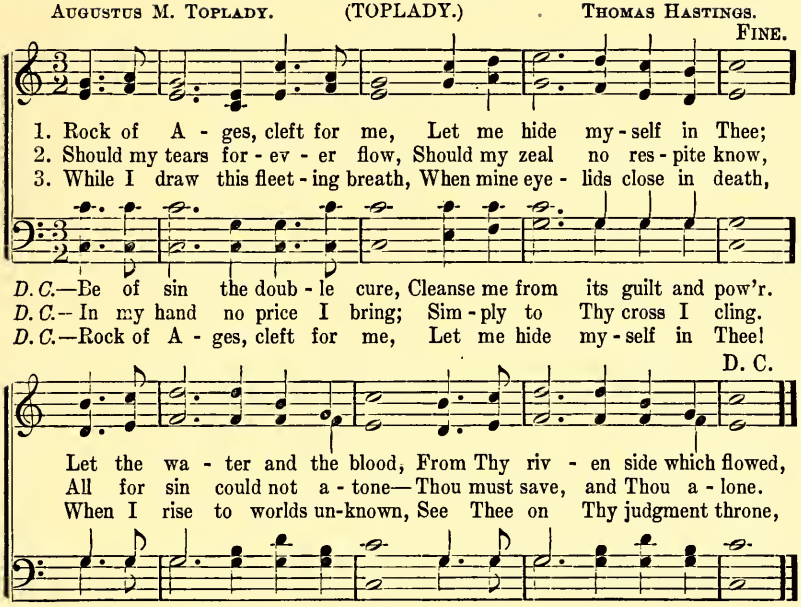
277 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.



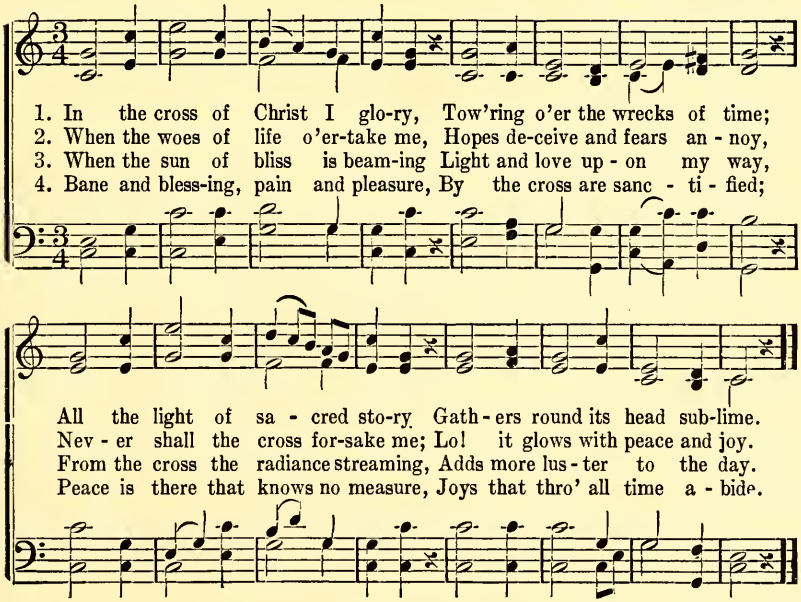
278 Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY.) THOMAS HASTINGS.



279 In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. (RATHBUN.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.



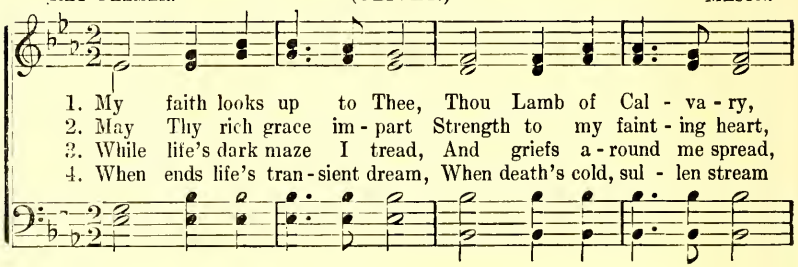
280 Holy, Holy, Holy.

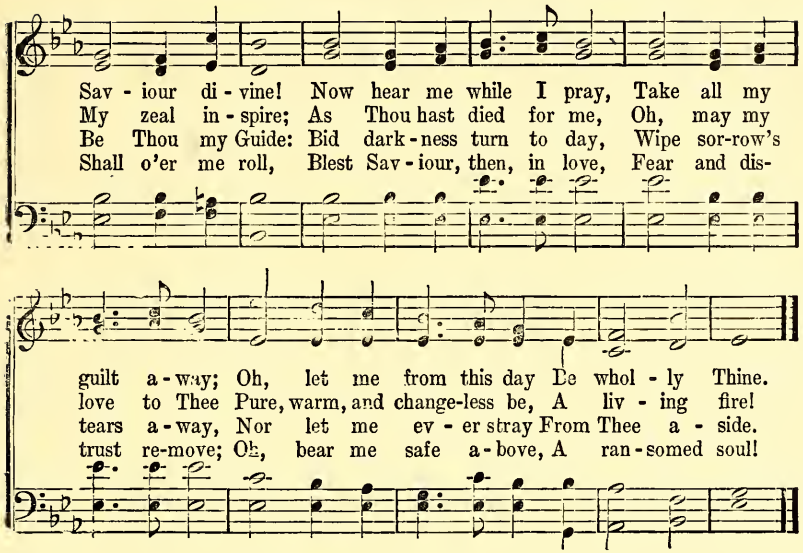
REGINALD HEBER. (NICEA.) DYKES.



281 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

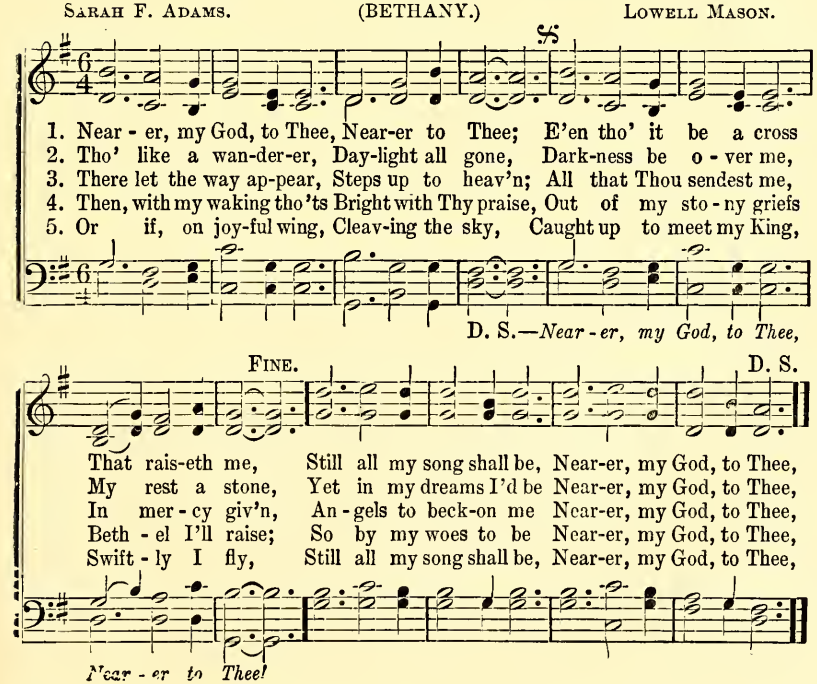
RAY PALMER. (OLIVET.) MASON.





282 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. (BETHANY.) Lowell Mason.



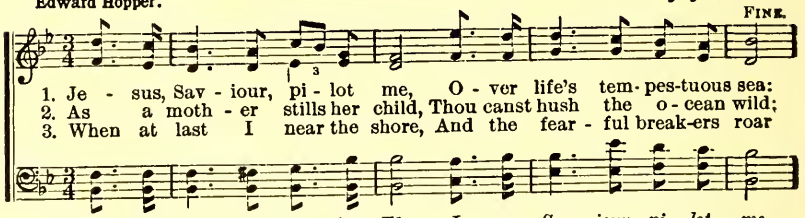
283 Silent Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.



284 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. J. J. Gould.



Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.—Concluded.



285 Teach Me Thy Will.

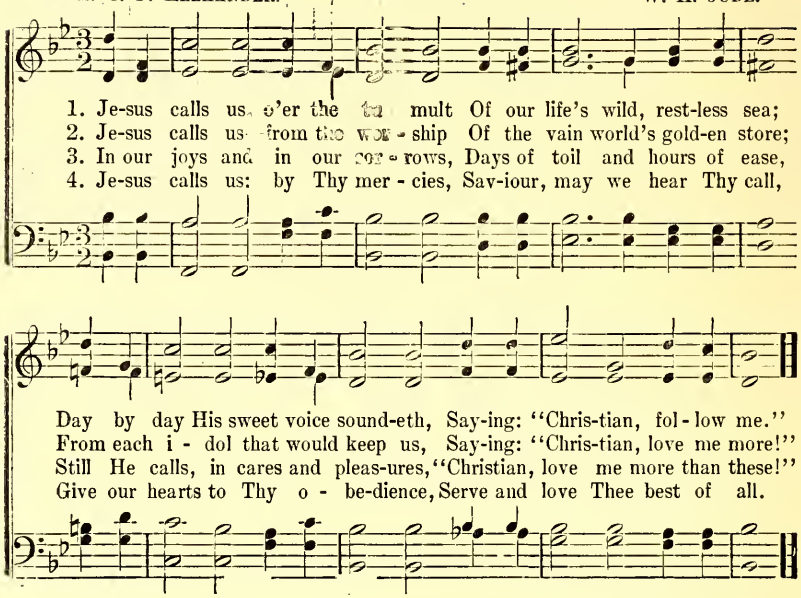
MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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286 Jesus Calls Us.

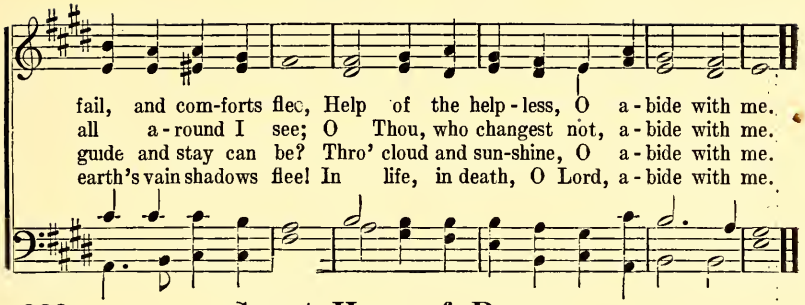
MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.



287 Abide With Me.

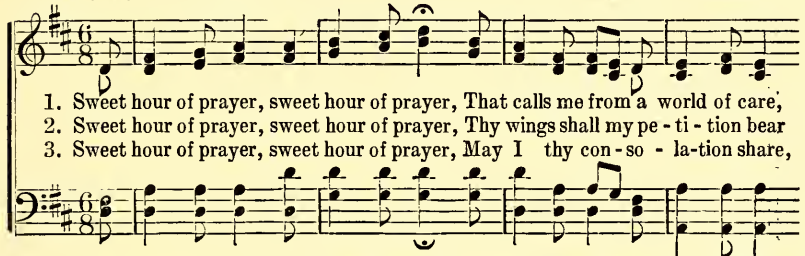
HENRY F. LYTE WILLIAM H. MONK.





288 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

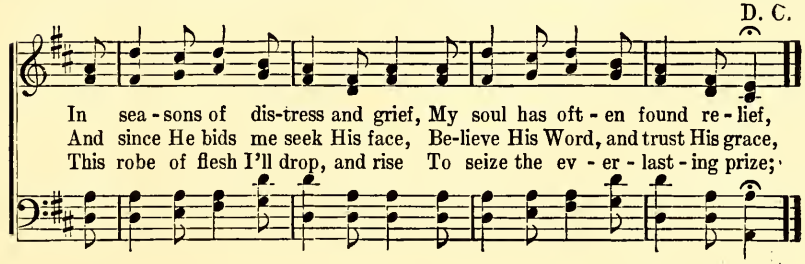
Rev. W. W. Walford — Wm. B. Bradbury.



FINE.



D. C.

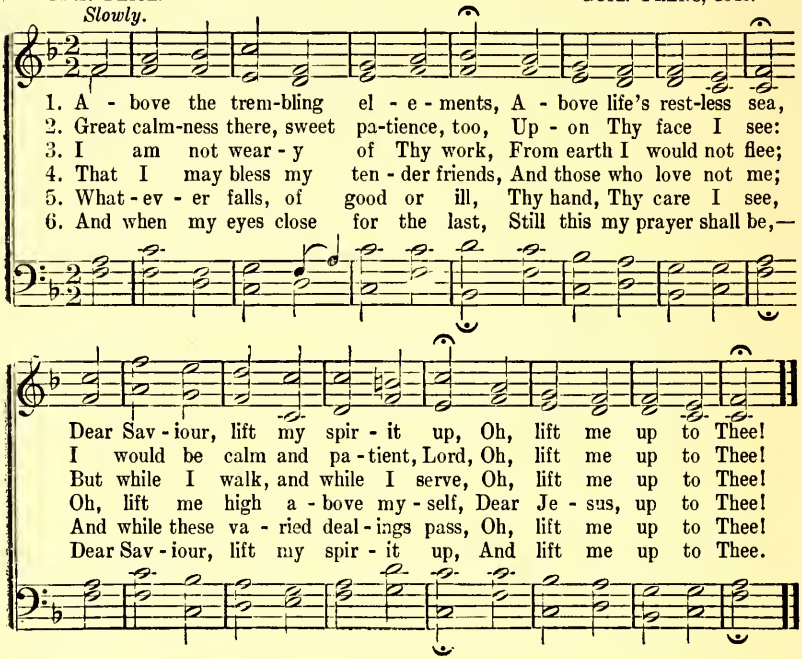


289 Oh, Lift Me Up to Thee.

"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens."—PSALM 36: 5.

MRS. PRICE. GUIL. FRANC, 1545.

Slowly.

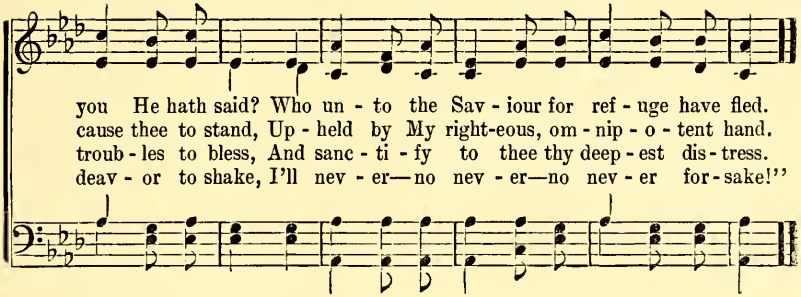


290 How Firm a Foundation.

"Great and precious promise."—2 PET. 1: 4.

GEO. KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.





291 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

REV. H. F. LYTE. MOZART.



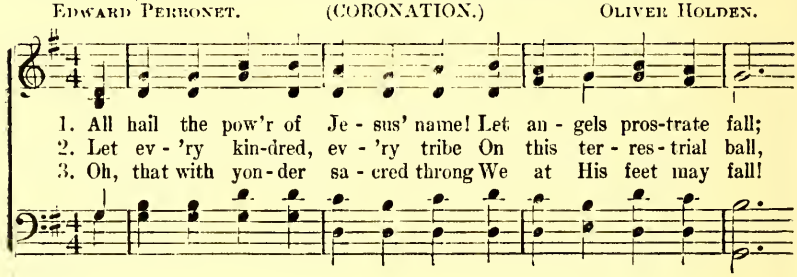
292 Loving-Kindness.

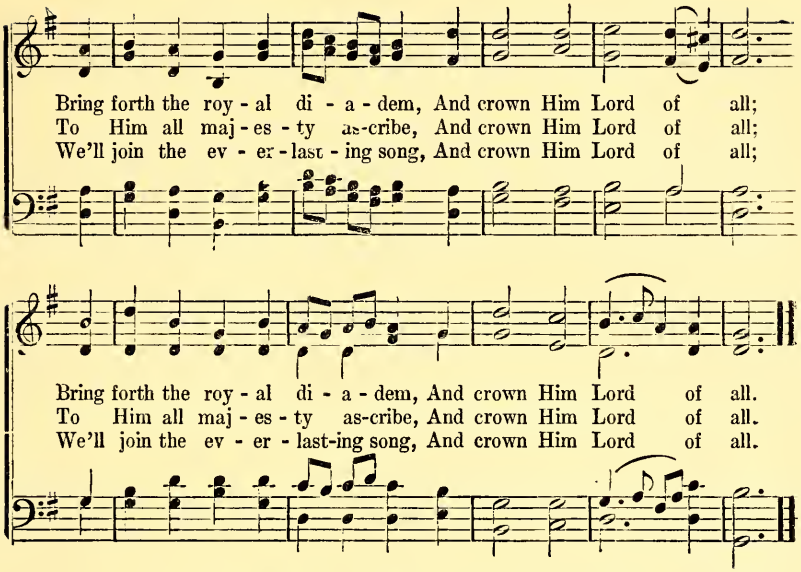
SAMUEL MEDLEY.



293 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

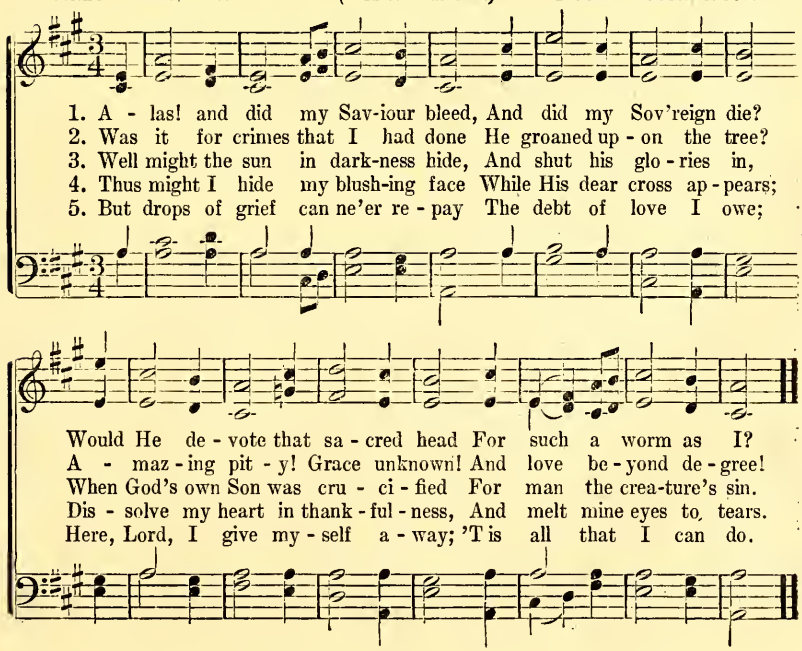
EDWARD PERRONET. (CORONATION.) OLIVER HOLDEN.





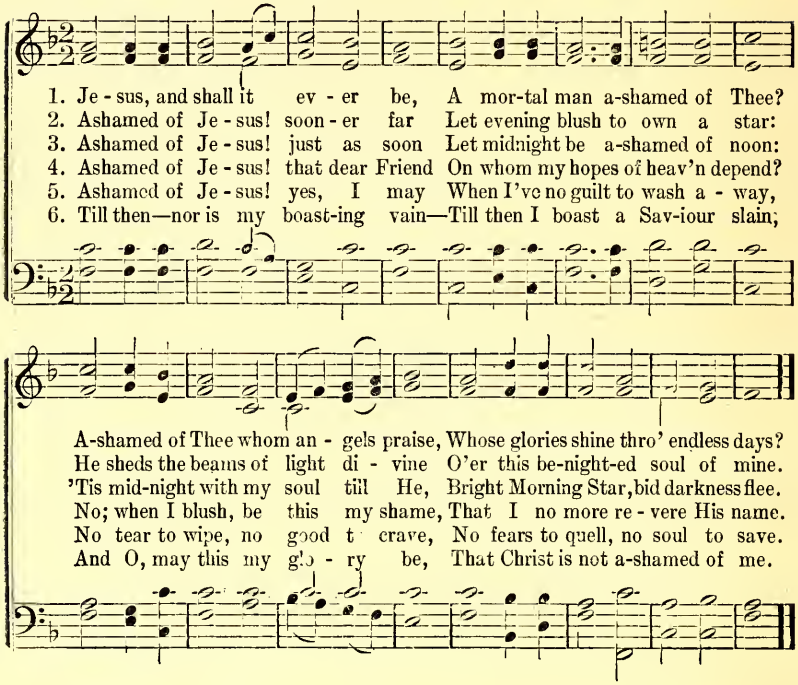
294 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. (MARTYRDOM.) HUGH WILSON, c. 1825



295 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be.

JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL STREET.) HENRY K. OLIVER.



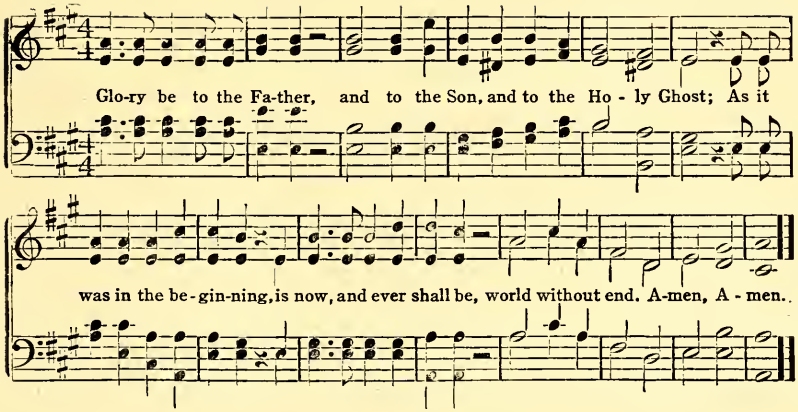
296 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. (WILMOT.) VON WEBER

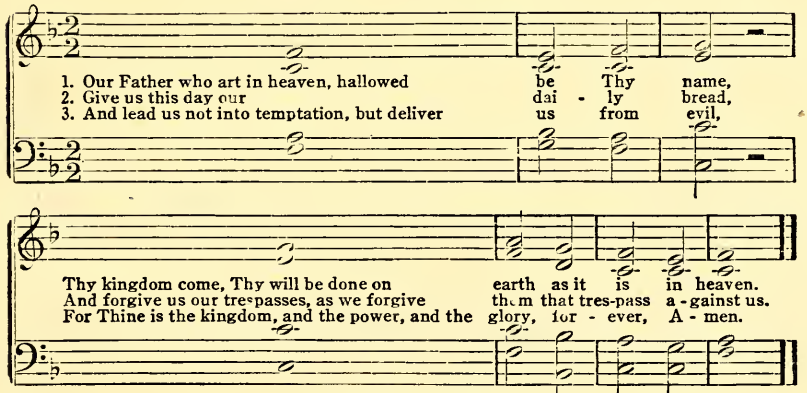


297 Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

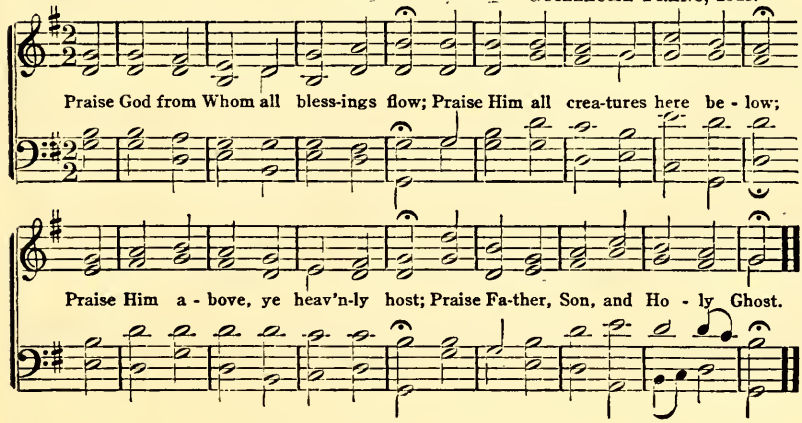


298 The Lord's Prayer.



299 Old Hundred.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543.



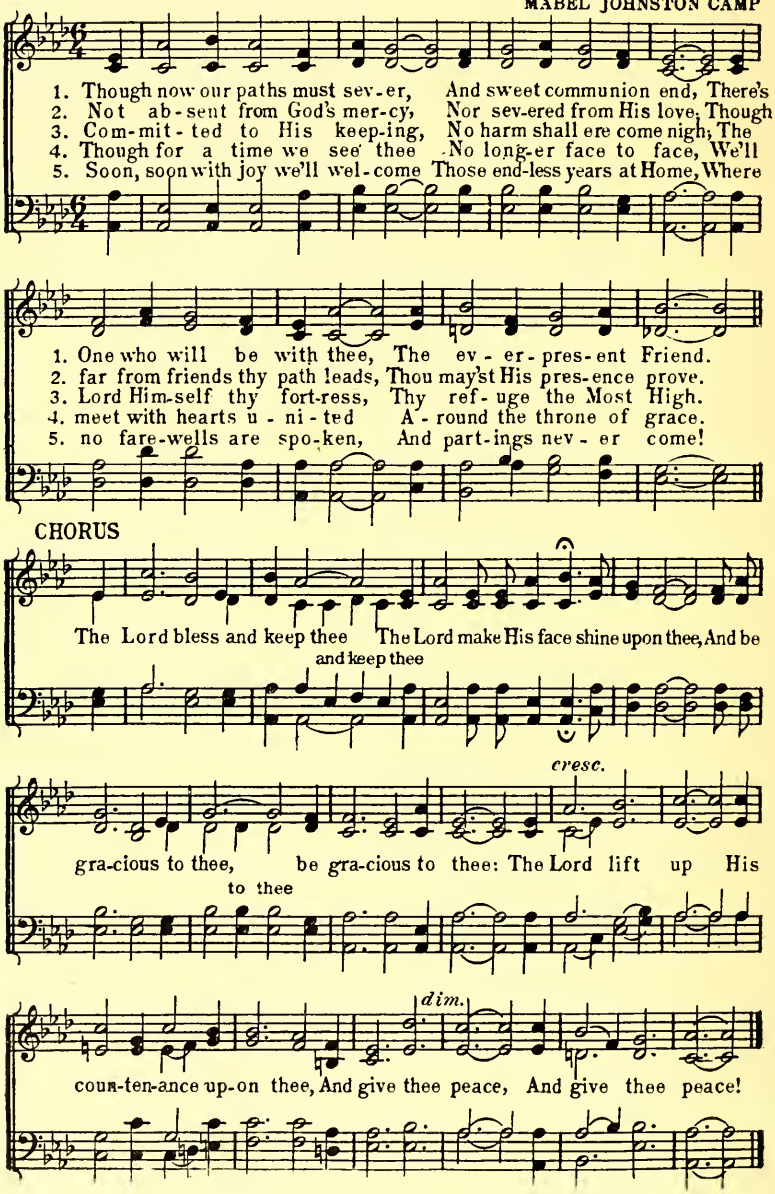
300 The Lord Bless Thee.

A PARTING SONG

Dedicated to the
International Union of Gospel Missions
New York Convention, 1924

M.J.C.

MABEL JOHNSTON CAMP



Copyright 1924 by Mabel Johnston Camp.

INTERESTING NOTATIONS FOR LOVERS OF MUSIC AND SONG

To many worshipers the hymn book is a compendium of theology, the only one with which they are familiar.

* * * * * * *

Music and poetry have ever had a large place in that which is highest and holiest in the life of man.

* * * * * * *

Dr. Isaac Watts of two centuries ago wrote songs on well nigh every subject found in a good hymnal.

* * * * * * *

One of the most vital factors for good in the development of our civilization is Christian Song and Hymnology.

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The rise and spread of early Methodism can be attributed to the songs of Charles Wesley as well as to the preaching of his brother John.

* * * * * * *

There is something sublimely grand about much of the Psalmody of Scripture.

* * * * * * *

David was termed the "Sweet Singer of Israel;" and as such, undoubtedly exercised greater power than he did upon the throne as King.

* * * * * * *

Some songs spring up like the poppy by the garden wall, only to perish and be forgotten; but others, like the sturdy oak, have stood the storms of time and change, and still endure, grand and beautiful in their strength.

* * * * * * *

The lasting qualities of a hymn tune are not determined by its simplicity or its difficulty. Some of our greatest hymns are very simple, (e. g., "Jesus Lover of My Soul) while others (e. g., "Christ the Lord Has Risen Today," 1739) are most difficult. Rather they are the product of composers who possessed true artistic sense, whose workmanship is above criticism and whose compositions are of the highest musical quality. Some of the oldest hymn tunes were written by some of the world's greatest composers: "Joy to the World, Handel; "O Worship the King," Haydn; "Jesus I My Cross Have

Taken," Mozart; "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," Mendelssohn.

* * * * * * *

There is a tendency in this age to minimize God and exalt man; this is also evident in some songs. Such songs will and deserve to die. The profuse use of the pronoun "I" is an evidence of a weak song. An example of such a song is, "When I Sing Redemption's Story They (the angels) Will Fold their Wings."

* * * * * * *

"Music rules the human world. It elevates the thought, purifies the soul, uplifts the life, awakens holy emotions.

"It gives polish and finish. It vivifies the inspiration, energizes the muscles, quickens the circulation, stirs the soul. Not what a man says but what a man sings determines his character. Not the acts but the songs reveal the man."

* * * * * * *

"Among the older class of Gospel song composers, William J. Kirkpatrick was the last one to leave this world. Of the men who gave us the songs the Christian Church sings today, only three remain: Geo. C. Stebbins, of New York City, the last of the Moody-Sankey group, author of **'Saved by Grace;'** J. H. Fillmore of Cincinnati, composer of **'Going Down the Valley,' 'I am Resolved,'** etc.; and E. S. Lorenz, author of **'Thou Thinkest Lord of Me,' 'I Want my Life to Tell,'** etc. Of the above mentioned Geo. C. Stebbins is the monarch, but they are all blooming for the grave. Stebbins is in his 79th year, Fillmore is in his 75th year and Lorenz is in his 70th year."

* * * * * * *

"Mrs. Kirkpatrick found her husband's body in his chair (though she at first supposed him to be asleep) on the morning of Sept. 29, 1921. At his feet was found a small slip of paper on which were these lines:

"'Just as thou wilt, Lord, his is my cry:
Just as thou wilt, to live or die.
I am thy servant; thou knowest best;
Just as thou wilt, Lord, labor or rest.'

"Under these lines he had placed 9-29—2 A. M., which would indicate the time of the night he wrote it. On the other side of the paper these words were found:

" 'Just as thou wilt, Lord, which shall it be,
Life everlasting waiting for me,
Or shall I tarry here at thy feet?
Just as thou wilt, Lord, whate'er is meet.'

"Some think that if he had lived a little longer, he would have written a third stanza. We take the following from the Gospel Choir by the pen of Chas H. Gabriel that voluminous writer of sacred song: 'Surely he saw the Boatman when he was yet far out at sea, and, in his eagerness to leave behind him yet one more testimony of the King he loved and served so faithfully for nearly half a century, he struggled with his mind and pen while the oncoming Boatman plied his oars. At the end of the first stanza I fancy he looked out over that mystic river and noted the rapid pace of that silent craft; anxious to finish his task, he wrote the second stanza; after which, being weary, he, perhaps, closed his eyes for a moment's rest, only to open them as the grim Mariner drew up to the shore and beckoned him to come aboard — thus leaving his last prayer unfinished on earth, to be completed in the presence of the King.' "

* * * * * * *

Combining musical sounds creates melodies that are the "Universal Language of Mankind," understood by any and all.

* * * * * * *

There are about four great material wants that man is in constant need of: "food, raiment, shelter, and music."

* * * * * * *

To many people religion makes no appeal. Music is the only connection they have with the world beyond the physical. Many have been led to Christ thru the instrumentality of a song, when no other way could be found to bring them to their Saviour.

* * * * * * *

"Much editorial comment by both religious and secular press has been evoked by the death of Sabine Baring-Gould, the author of the words of 'Onward Christian Soldiers.'

"The reason for this is not far to seek. Few hymns have ever attained such wide hold and popular usage by so many divisions of the Church, by different sorts of religious worship and expression, and by different races and classes of culture

during the lifetime of its author as has this hymn. Like 'Lead Kindly Light' it has a rare combination of lyrical beauty, poetic imagery, scriptural suggestiveness, and singability—this last being one of its chief assets.

"But how many who have thus made comment have given much (or any) consideration to the musical setting that has carried it onward to popularity? Sir Arthur Sullivan gave to these words a tuneful and lively setting that is appealing and catchy.

"Besides theology, music is the only art capable of affording peace and joy of the heart like that induced by the study of the science of divinity. The proof of this is that the Devil, the originator of sorrowful anxieties and restless troubles, flees before the sound of music almost as much as he does before the Word of God. This is why the prophets preferred music before all the other arts, proclaiming the Word in psalms and hymns. My heart, which is full to overflowing, has often been solaced and refreshed by music when sick and weary."

* * * * * * *

In an evangelistic campaign conducted in Western Pensylvania the audience was singing, "Now I'm Resting, Sweetly Resting." The singing was so dragging, and lifeless, that the evangelist requested them to sing, "Asleep in Jesus." They might have fallen asleep altogether then.

* * * * * * *

Three books are needed to run a live Mission: the Bible, the Song Book, and a Pocket-book.

* * * * * * *

The united singing of an entire congregation in a wholehearted way, be that congregation large or small is bound to be helpful and inspiring, as well as pleasing to the ear of God.

* * * * * * *

For a long period prior to the Reformation singing was prohibited in church worship. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the men that brought about the possibility of using vocal music in the worship of God.

* * * * * * *

The first book printed in America was a Psalmbook.

* * * * * * *

Music is more healing than medicine.

At the Dedication of the Temple in the days of Solomon, there were 200,000 singers. Such a treat has seldom been the portion of any of us. No wonder that the Jew with all his folly is not ready after two millenniums of time to entirely discard even his dead and lifeless religion. It was rooted by preaching and watered by singing in those memorable days.

* * * * * * *

The world needs more of the "SHEET MUSIC OF HEAVEN" and a whole lot less of what are called the latest hits. If they hit at all, it is below the belt line and they are called foul.

* * * * * * *

"Music always reflects personality and racial characteristics. Americans, a composite of all races, will not be satisfied (nor willing, we are persuaded) to return to syllabic forms, to German choral singing, nor to the use of Gregorian chants. The much (and properly) condemned jazz music is but an extreme perversion of what might be used with effectiveness and dignity."

* * * * * * *

"When Handel writing the Messiah wrote, "He was despised and rejected of men," he fell sobbing. Handel had ears we wot not of."

* * * * * * *

"The man that hath not music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

* * * * * * *

"The great musical productions have been religious productions. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' Haydn's 'Creation,' Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' Bach's 'Ascension,' Sophr's 'Last Judgment.' "When Spurgeon has been forgotten, and Beecher's name is mildewed and Luther's sermons are out of print—Wesley, Toplady, Perronet, and Adams will live on through their 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Coronation,' and 'Nearer my God to Thee.' A chronometer can measure time, a cyclometer can measure distance—but nothing can measure the power of music."

* * * * * * *

"Philip Bach says, 'One of the noblest objects of music is the spread of religion and the elevation of the human soul.'

When Handel was told that the performance of the 'Messiah' had given much pleasure; he replied, 'I did not intend to amuse or afford pleasure; I meant to make the world better.' Luther says, 'Song makes the sad, joyful; it gives courage to the faint-hearted and the haughty it makes more gentle.' "

* * * * * * *

"That was a great day when the planets first swung in place and space. That was a great day when the spheres were anointed with song. The world was born with music—when the 'stars first sang together.' The world was redeemed with music—'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' The world will end with music—'The song of Moses and the Lamb.' "

* * * * * * *

The author of one of the most stirring hymns of the Christian Church, "O, Worship the King, All Glorious Above," was Robert Grant. It is interesting to know that when his health and vitality failed him he breathed a song that should encourage many hearts, it is this:

"And now **In Age** and grief Thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee.
Oh yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee."

* * * * * * *

The last utterance of the writer of that beautiful lyric of praise, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was "GLORIA," and we hope that the last stanza of the song supplied by Dr. Rippon is true in his case, that he has joined yonder sacred throng, singing the everlasting song, crowning Jesus Lord of all. The tune is called "Old Coronation" which title has now been earned by its age. Some one has aptly remarked, that "this tune and song were happily wedded because heaven intended them to be." The last utterance of the writer of the music was, "Such beautiful themes, such beautiful themes, but I can write no more."

* * * * * * *

When Haydn wrote his great oratorio of **"The Creation"** at sixty-seven years of age, he said, "I knelt down every day, and prayed God to strengthen me in the work." When he died in Vienna, 1809, he heard for the last time his magnificent

chorus, **"Let there be Light!"** He exclaimed, "Not mine, not mine. It all came to me from above." Such ought to be the humility of great and useful men.

* * * * * * *

Isaac Watts called his song, "Come we that Love the Lord," "Heavenly Joy on Earth." He writes in that song, that "the hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets before we reach the heavenly fields." This should be the Christian's experience en route home.

* * * * * * *

Thomas Abney invited the song writer, Isaac Watts, to his home at Theobaldo for a week's rest because of his illness. This, however, was a stay for the rest of his life—thirty-six years. God doth care for his servants.

* * * * * * *

The writer of the hymn, "It is Well with My Soul," Horatio Gates Spafford, suffered the loss of the bulk of his fortune thru a fire, and later lost his children on the steamer, Ville de Havre. He wrote this song at the end of that year. These sorrows and some mental disturbances in his life later on are beautifully commented upon by Mr. Hubert P. Main and T. Brown. "In 1881 he went to Jerusalem under the hallucination that he was a second Messiah and died there on the seventh anniversary of his landing in Palestine, Sept. 5, 1881." The aberrations of an overwrought mind are beckonings to God's compassion. When wandering He takes the soul of His helpless child into His own keeping—and "it is well."

* * * * * * *

The reason for the existence of the song, "Almost Persuaded," occurred when P. P. Bliss heard his friend, Mr. Brundage, preach a sermon in which the closing words were, "He who is almost persuaded, is almost saved; but to be **almost** saved is to be eternally lost." This song has been used mightily in the salvation of souls.

* * * * * * *

The motto over the picture of Christ in the art gallery of Dusseldorf, Prussia, gave Frances Havergal the inspiration for the song of such lasting qualities, "I Gave My Life for Thee; What Hast Thou Given for Me." The first line of the

song was the motto. She once said, "'Writing is praying with me."

* * * * * * *

Heber's Missionary Hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has rightly been called "the silver trumpet among all the rallying bugles of the Church." It was specially written for a missionary service when Dean Shipley spoke on the theme, "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." Its message and tune are undying.

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As ships pull away from our shores with their precious freight of foreign missionaries, no better song can be sung than the song written for just such occasions: "Speed Away, Speed Away."

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The song, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," had rather a unique birth. The writer, Phebe Hinsdale Brown, was an orphan, kept in a life of drudgery. Her spirit was somewhat crushed. Later she was married and lived at Manson, Mass. In the midst of much care with her children and sick sister, she would go into the beautiful garden of a rich neighbor at sunset. She was called to account as an intruder, so she sent her apology in nine verses, written while half blinded with tears, "An Apology for my Twilight Rambles." The first verse:

"I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble grateful prayer."

* * * * * * *

The writer of the hymn, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," Robert Robinson by name, was known for his unsteadiness of mind. This in part accounts for his experience on the train when in later years a lady passenger was singing his song to relieve the monotony of the journey. He said to her, "Madam, I am the unhappy man who wrote that hymn many years ago; and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, if I could feel as I felt then."

* * * * * * *

Probably the trinity of songs that would receive the widest appreciation and vote as popular Gospel Hymns are the well known songs, "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Nearer My God to Thee." They have been sung by

living and dying. The hymns have been good to live by, and they have helped men die in the faith.

* * * * * * *

Isaac Taylor said of the hymns of Charles Wesley, "There is no main article of belief.... no moral sentiment peculiarly characteristic of the Gospel that does not find itself.... pointedly and clearly conveyed in some stanza of Charles Wesley's poetry." He has been called the most gifted writer of songs of the modern Church. He wrote no less than 6000 hymns.

* * * * * * *

John Bowring, a man living in the same generation as the famous Napoleon Bonaparte, accomplished more by the stroke of his pen than the combined forces of Napoleon's army by the stroke of the sword. Among a long list of useful enterprises he will be remembered longest by the marvelous song, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

* * * * * * *

Matthew Arnold has called the hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," the greatest hymn in the English language. This song was largely intended for communion seasons. In one of the stanzas generally omitted there appears a sublime thought of Christian devotion,

"Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me."

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Christian brotherhood is best described by the hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds." This song was born in the heart of John Fawcett, the pastor of a flock of Christians at Wainsgate, who was getting ready to move to London. He and his dear wife could not stand the parting scene, with its tears and farewells. He said, "I will **STAY,** you can unpack my goods, and we will live for the Lord lovingly together."

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"Nearer My God to Thee," can well nigh be called the Universal Song. While the Name of Jesus Christ is not mentioned, it is implied by the words as every devout soul sings it, for our nighness to God was brought about by Himself. There might have been other ways, but it pleased God for Jesus to drink the cup; thus the cross of Calvary has brought us to God, not only nearer, but nigh, being justified, sanctified "in Him," and some day to be glorified together.

The hymn, "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me," was written by Edward Hopper, pastor of Mariner's Church at New York Harbor, "The Church of the Sea and Land." The imagery of the sea has told its message well, with Christ described as the Pilot of the human soul.

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Dr. Cuyler once said to Ira Sankey, "There is more electricity in the song, 'Throw Out the Life Line,' than in any other song I know. If the results of that song could all be compiled it would fill a volume.

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Dr. Witter, the writer of the hymn, "Come, Sinner, Come," gives this curious testimony: "While I cannot sing myself, though fond of music, the hymn sang itself into me by the roadside **in almost the same tune given to it by Professor Palmer**,—which proves that Professor Palmer had the feeling of the hymn—and that the maker of a true hymn has at least the sub-consciousness of its right tune, though he may be neither a musician nor a poet.—T. Brown.

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The writer of the poem, "The Ninety and Nine," Mrs. Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland, never had the satisfaction of seeing her song in print. The day she wrote this song she accomplished a life work. Her's will be a rich reward, when she will be rewarded by her Creator.

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The song, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," was the result of an illustration told by D. L. Moody in his own characteristic way, and heard by that noted song writer, P. P. Bliss.

"A stormy night on Lake Erie, and the sky pitch dark.

"'Pilot, are you sure this is Cleveland? There's only one light.'

"'Quite sure, Cap'n.'

"'Where are the lower lights?'

"'Gone out, sir.'

"'Can you run in?'

"'We've got to, Cap'n—or die.'

"The brave old pilot did his best, but, alas, he missed the channel. The boat was wrecked, with a loss of many lives. The lights had gone out.

"Brethren, the Master will take care of the great Lighthouse. It is our work to keep the lower lights burning."

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore."

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Augustine defines a hymn as "praise to God with song."

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Hymn singing has been called "a devotional approach to God in our emotions." This applies to both music and the words of the hymn.

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In a song book some of the secondary things connected with religion are placed in the background. A song may be written by men baptized either by pouring or immersion, and yet it seemingly makes no difference in the message, other things being equal. Men who place emphasis at different points have been able to voice their faith and hope in the ministry of Christian Song in the same books.

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The Jewish Psalter is the mother hymn-book of the world, Jews being the only ancient nation that possessed a complete psalter.

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Like a flower and its fragrance, hymn and tune are one creature, and stand for a whole value and a full effect.—T. Brown.

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In the church of St. Mary of Woolnoth, London, there is a brief autobiography of John Newton, the author of that world-famous hymn, "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds." "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of a slave-dealer in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy."

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Four great hymns, "Wondrous Cross," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Coronation," are printed in more collections, translated into more tongues, and used in more congregations than any others. These were written within the space of one hundred years.—Henry F. Cope.

"Just as I Am, Without One Plea" is probably the greatest Special Evangelistic Hymn in existence. Innumerable stories of its power are widely known.

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"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun" was sung at the gathering of converts from the islands of Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji, in 1862, when these people formally renounced their old faith for the new. This is one of the greatest missionary songs in hymnals of today.

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"Day is Dying in the West," "Abide With Me," and "Sun of my Soul" are the triumvirate of evening songs that hold the front rank of high appreciation.

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The evening hymn, "Glory to Thee, My God" is especially interesting in that it contains the verse that is sung more frequently and by more people than any other single selection; this is the last verse, commonly known as "the long metre doxology." "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow" by Bishop Thomas Ken.

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Edward Perronet, London, England, 1726-1792, an eccentric preacher associated with the Wesleys, would have been forgotten long ago but for his great hymn which has been given a place in the group of the four greatest Christian hymns. It is "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name, "commonly called "Coronation."

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"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" was written by Ray Palmer at the age of twenty-two, but this song is bound to abide through all the passing changes in the world till the return of Jesus Christ.

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The comforting song, "Abide With Me" was written by the minister of the Gospel, Henry Francis Lyte, Kelso, Scotland, in the evening after partaking of his last communion service, to which he went in the afternoon as he says, "scarce able to crawl."

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"I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's, "Jesus! Lover of My Soul" than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earth." Henry Ward Beecher.

George Duffield, of Carlisle, Penna., wrote the song, "Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus" as the conclusion of one of his sermons. This song was largely responsible for a great revival in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1858.

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It is rather strange that two outstanding hymns should have been handed down to us without the certain names of the authors. They are, "How Firm a Foundation," and "Come Thou Almighty King." However they have been credited to possible authors.

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No missionary service today seems complete without the song "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." This "Missionary Hymn" was written by Reginald Heber, at the request of his father-in-law, who had to deliver a missionary sermon the next morning, and who could find no suitable song for the service.

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"Nearer My God to Thee" has taken its place as one of the ten greatest hymns. It would be hard to find a hymnal from which this song has been omitted. This is remarkable from the fact that it was written as recently as 1840. The popularity of this song among Christians is due in part to the splendid and appropriate music to which it was set by Dr. Lowell Mason, called the father of American church music.

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The Hymns of the English speaking people have done more to mould their characters than all the sermons spoken or written. This is true of many other languages as well.

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One of the greatest philosophers that ever came from the land of China once said, "Heaven was the house of hymns."

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It is sabbath evening. The services are over, the darkness has fallen, the long day closes. The missionary sits on the verandah after the torrid heat, enjoying the cool of the African night, when the sound of singing is borne to his ears. Lanterns gleam through the trees, and a body of young people pass by on their way to the township.

He recalls how twelve years ago, when first he came to this district, the grown-up people held aloof from him in the towns, and the children stood far-off, timid and afraid at the

sight of a white man. Coaxing some of the little ones near to him, he taught them the simple words and tune of "Bia ma Jesus ubua" ("Come to Jesus just now"), while their seniors sat at a distance, making game of the white man and his foolish ways. Then he unrolled a picture of Jesus and told the tiny tots of the Good Master who loved little children.

And now? Now there go some of these same people singing, "Sinners, Jesus Will Receive," "Mighty to Save," "Lead, Kindly Light," and other hymns that celebrate the Great Redemption. This singing is priceless. It is carrying the Gospel into the hearts of the people.—J. M., in the "Record."

HELPS TO BETTER SINGING

Too often the names in small type at the top of the pages of a song book do not have the meaning to the singer that they should. Back of the names attached often stands some historical data in the history of a human soul worth our knowing. A new meaning comes to the singer when these little and large incidents are brought to his notice. We ought to get a more intimate knowledge of the men and women that have given sensible expression as well as a musical setting forth of the best that this world knows in the realm of Christian truth, and the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

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We should not restrict ourselves to the use of songs that live. Others often express the need of the hour even tho like us ourselves they are beset with a faulty construction, and fail to have the most appropriate music. Some of these songs fit the occasion, the place and the audience.

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The object of all singing should ever be kept before us; namely, the edification of the Church and the conversion of sinners.

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The men that write Church music should be the greatest men in the Church. They should possess the best souls, the most devout souls, the greatest loyalty to Christ and the Gospel.

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A good song should temperamentally and physically prepare the hearer for the emotions to be aroused by the spoken address, thus placing the hearer in a receptive mood for the message.

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Songs ought to be used for stimulating emotions that already exist in the soul and life of the individual. The constant repetition of the same song or chorus ought to increase the soul's power over the human will, making the will more pliable, yielding itself to the spirit of the song that has been sung.

There is a physical reaction if the song that is sung following an address is not appropriate. The nerves of the physical organism should be satisfied with the same type of a song as the message that the mind has already accepted. This will bring a harmonious response of the whole being to the address given, and tends to leave the most permanent benefit.

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The song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," seeks to transfer a known factor and spirit in human life into the realm of the spiritual. Many great spiritual ideas and truths can be transferred from a known natural interest to an individual that might otherwise never grasp the same if brought to him in an unassociated way. This relating of the common experiences of life to some great spiritual idea is Scriptural and proper. It was the constant method of the Master as He preached the Gospel in His day.

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"A song that lives may express some universal religious sentiment. It may carry a message of instruction, or conviction. 'You can sing men into the kingdom as well as pray them in.' God speaks through such songs as 'Almost Persuaded.' He stirs our hearts to missionary activity in the singing of 'Work for the Night is Coming' and 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.' Many of the oldest songs speak of Christ's nativity: 'Joy to the World,' 'Silent Night,' 'Hark, the Herald Angels Sing;' others deal with the passion of Christ in, ''Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow,' 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.' 'Jerusalem, the Golden' carries our own thought to heaven. There are the hymns which voice our own helplessness and need in words of prayer: 'Just as I Am,' 'Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah,' 'My Faith Looks up to Thee;" and then we worship and adore our God in 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.' Such hymns as these which express the deep emotions of the soul and lift our hearts toward God will continue to live to bless the world and bring glory to God."

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"There is many a melodic gem of purest ray serene that has been lost for lack of a proper strong harmonic accompaniment. One weakness of many of the Gospel songs is their

lack of well worked-out and strong harmonic foundations. Both melody and harmony must interplay."

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There must be a general structure and proportion in a great hymn. In it we must have a combination that wins even those who lack poetic insight or "technical musical appreciation. It just naturally finds each one of us. We have a feeling that each progression, each musical idea, fits the word and that the climax and close are such as we would have written had we been the author. In fact it is natural, and this is the highest art."

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There are about three classes of songs in the average hymnal and song book: first, preparatory songs; second, songs of worship; and last songs that are of a general nature, which should clinch the truth that has been given. The leader in song should know his song book as the preacher should know his Bible. The preacher that must page through his Bible for a lengthy period is as handicapped for service as the chorister that can hardly find the right song. It is advisable for the speaker to tell the chorister the nature of his sermon.

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When the vibrations are fewer than 16 or more than 8192 in a second they tell us that a sound ceases to be music and should be called mere noise.

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Some songs should be sung with stately and dignified action, such as "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Others should be sung with a deeply reverential spirit, such as, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." Some should be sung tenderly, such as "O Lamb of God, I Come." Others should be sung with a fast gait, such as "We'll Work Till Jesus Comes." Then again others should be sung slowly, such as "Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing." Some are of the enthusiastic type, such as "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The music should always be written and sung according to the nature of the words.

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"A good melody or 'tune' is the vehicle for carrying the message. It ought never to be divorced from the words; like those marriages said to be made in heaven, it ought to be so

welded as to be indissoluble.

"A careful study of the musical setting of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" will reveal some things that should be considered by all composers and ought to be known, in a general way at least, by those who make choice of hymn books and by leaders who select music for special occasions.

"The first thing worthy of note is the melody. Since this hymn has been given to the world others have tried their hands at composing a musical setting, but none have equaled that of Sullivan. His is singable, there are no awkward skips, and in going it gets somewhere. There is a logical progression, a strong climax and a satisfactory ending. There are no dreary repetitions, nor the introduction of any conflicting ideas."

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"A good song leader will introduce into the singing an element of give and take in order to interpret the message of the song. If hymns are always sung in strict time without regard to interpretation the effect must be unsatisfactory. The weakness of the average hymnal is the lack of expression marks alongside the verses of the hymns. Expressionless singing is not calculated to inspire an audience or to drive home the vital message of the song. In the rendition of all hymns and Gospel songs the main objective should be the driving home of the message."

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Many an otherwise powerful sermon has been spoiled by an improper selection of song. The chorister who selects his songs needs the same direction of the Holy Spirit as does the preacher of Divine Truth. The selection of a song from the standpoint of the melody only is unworthy of singing in church, and is bound to be confusing to the minds of intelligent and thoughtful worshippers.

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Quite often the janitor in the church building works against the Lord when he keeps the foul air inside, and the pure air outside. Sermons and songs lose their wings when the air is foul and impure in the building. A wide awake janitor is a valuable asset to any church, and he can be a great helper in making the singing more enthusiastic and thoughtful.

In a revival meeting where the speaker closed his message with a request for a song, the audience being under deep conviction, the chorister selected the following song and chased away the impressions made by the sermon, "I Feel Like Singing All the Time." This song was about as appropriate as singing the song, "Carry Your Cross With a Smile" at a funeral.

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There is a disease prevailing in many church buildings, and it seems to be contagious. For want of a better name it might be called. "Sunday Lockjaw." It seems to have a grip on some people when they arrive in church. This disease can not be remedied by a scolding Pastor or Chorister; it responds to the treatment of warming the heart, the expression of some great truth that stirs the mind, to encouragement rather than to adverse criticism. A song that has been scolded out of people will do no lasting good.

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The seatmate of John B. Gough in a city church was a miserable looking man, with a mottled face, twitching limbs and mouth. In his attempts to sing he made fearful work of it. When they were singing the song "Just as I Am, Without One Plea" he asked how the second verse began. It was—

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind."

"That's it," sobbed the strange man, "I'm blind—God help me!" and the tears ran down over his face—"and I'm wretched—and paralytic," and he tried hard to sing the line with the rest.

"After that," said Mr. Gough, "the poor paralytic's singing was as sweet to me as the Beethoven symphony."—Theron Brown.

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To see an unhappy yoking of hymn and music try to substitute the tunes of these two famous hymns, "Rescue the Perishing" and "Come Ye Disconsolate." This would show that it is true of these two, as someone said of another hymn and tune, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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If one had a hundred hymns in his memory, and if with every changing mood he was accustomed to have to himself

some sweet descant of experience, he would not easily be made unhappy, nor would he wander far from the path of rectitude.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

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It is a rare treat to hear a congregation sing as though it were the sole business of their life. If this has been your opportunity it will be a red letter day in the span of your years.

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"Moses would have reached Canaan had Miriam kept Israel singing." Keeping the heart tuned is the greatest of all sciences. True Christianity professes to do this for all men in all circumstances.

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"Let it not be forgotten that sin is the DISCORDANT NOTE, whose measure is as eternity."

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"A DUMB pew is the source of many a NUMB pulpit."

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Adolescent songs should be characterized by tunefulness. A flowing melody sings its way into the life. It flashes upon the inward eye. It is a moral safeguard. Illustrations of this are, "He's the Lily of the Valley," Nichol's "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," Sherwin's, "Day is Dying in the West."

The hymns for use with the adolescents should have marked rhythm. For example, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," Sullivan's "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

The songs that appeal to youth are songs with a climax of volume and power, such as "Hallelujah for the Cross," and Goss' "Who Is On the Lord's Side?"

Quiet music has a valuable place in the religious development of our youth. Boys and girls need something to calm the tempests within their hearts. They need to be lifted up in soul to a heavenly father. Illustrations of such are, "Abide With Me," "Fairest Lord Jesus."

The songs of youth should have great poetic worth, so as to form a solid background for their lives in the future. Youth loves the great old hymns which have become classic. Youth does not tire so easily of the more solid songs that have great literary value as well as a religious appeal. Illustrations such as these must suffice, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "Faith of Our Fathers."

"Satan trembles whenever he visits a church where everybody sings."

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The Outstanding Objects of Christian Song are:
To Reveal God in All His Glorious Attributes and Works.
To Cause the Soul to Worship its Creator.
To Unfold the Personality of Jesus Christ.
To Point Out the Way of Salvation.
To Invite Sinners to the Gospel Feast.
To Bear Witness to the Truth.
To Sanctify Believers through the Truth.
To Portray the Testimony of Redeemed Men.
To Love the Church of God.
To Call Men to the Service of God.
To Call Men to a Deeper Consecration.
To Warn the Sinner of an Impending Doom.
To Set Forth the Glory of the Heavenly Abode.

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How often has a beautiful stanza of song crept into the mind and unconsciously we have been changed. It has deepened impressions, it has made new ones as it entered the portals of the soul thru the gateway of the mind.

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It is very suggestive of the power of song to notice that after the sermon has been preached, evangelists resort to the singing of a song to get the repenting sinner to the point of confession and decision. Music and song soften the heart.

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The singing of appropriate songs before and after the sermon gives "wings" to the message just delivered.

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"Christian worship is the devotional expression of individual and common human need, and of the absolute worth of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. The elements of worship are a consciousness of need, a consciousness of God, a spirit of humility, a spirit of gratitude and an appreciation of human fellowship. The modes of worship are music,—especially hymn singing,—prayer, the communion, devotional Bible reading, testimony and offering. The aims of training in worship, according to Hugh Hartshorne, are the cultivation of emotion-attitudes: faith, rev-

erence, gratitude, goodwill and loyalty."—H. F. Humbery.

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The matron of an orphan asylum told me not long ago that one of the most interesting experiences in her work was the teaching of hymns to the very young children under her care. She said they invariably chose the better ones if given a choice, and that they instantly recognized a good hymn. When the inferior ones were sung they asked for better ones, and these children chose the best naturally, for they had come from homes where there was no culture, and from parents from whom they could not have inherited this appreciation of the beautiful. So it is well to remember that our young people turn to the good, and if we find they have formed a taste for the ephemeral, we may be sure they have their elders to thank for it.—Caroline Bird Parker.

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The words of Scripture describe two parts into which the material in our hymn books is divided. "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" suggests the true Gospel song, which is directed manward in testimony, instruction or inspirational utterance; while "singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord" describes the nature and office of the true hymn, which is directed Godward in praise, worship and adoration.—Prof. Trowbridge.

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A great preacher in the largest city of our country recently planned a service of songs, and intended making a brief address at the close. After the musical service was concluded he said:

"This service has been so reverent, and the Spirit of God is so evidently in this place, that I do not feel like adding my words."

The congregation quietly withdrew, taking along a permanent blessing with them.

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A schematic outline of the fundamental religious messages that should be voiced in adolescent hymns is as follows:

1. God.
   a. His power in:
      (1) Creation; the world beautiful.
      (2) Guidance of human destiny.
   b. His love for all mankind.

c. His recorded message, the Bible.
d. Our communion with Him through prayer.
e. The inspiration of His Spirit in human hearts.

2. Jesus Christ.
   a. His life, the story of redemption.
   b. His power to transform human life.
   c. His challenge to:
      (1) Decision.
      (2) Consecration.
      (3) Service.
3. The Ministry of Music.
   a. Expression of:
      (1) Aspiration.
      (2) Petition.
      (3) Gratitude.
   b. Inspiration to:
      (1) Communion with God.
      (2) Christian Victory.
      (3) Service for Mankind.
4. The Spirit of Brotherhood.
   a. A manifestation of the mind of Christ.
   b. The motive for human endeavor.
5. The Life Victorious.
   a. The power of Christ to aid in overcoming difficulties.
   b. The Christian Hope of Immortality.

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